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LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

II

WAR AND PEACE

VOLUME II

THE NOVELS AND OTHER WORKS OF

LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

WAR AND PEACE

VOLUME II

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WAR AND PEACE

PART THIRD

CHAPTER I

PRINCE VASILI was not in the habit of forecasting his plans. Still less did he ever think of doing people harm for the sake of his own advantage. He was merely a man of the world, who had been successful in the world, so that success had become a sort of second nature to him. He was always accustomed to allow circumstances and his relations to other men to modify his various plans and projects; but he rarely gave himself a very scrupulous account of them, though they constituted his chief interest in life. He managed to have not merely one and not merely two, but a dozen, such plans and projects on the docket at one and the same time, and thus some only formulated themselves, some came to something, while others fell through.

He never said to himself, for example: "This man is now in my power, I ought to gain his confidence and friendship, and thereby secure myself the advantage of his assistance;" or this: "Here, Pierre is rich, I ought to induce him to marry my daughter, and thus get the forty thousand rubles that I need." But if, by chance, he met the man in power, instinct immediately whispered to him that this man might be profitable to him, and Prince Vasíli struck up a friendship with him, and at the first opportunity, led by instinct, flattered him, treated him with easy familiarity, and finally brought about the crucial conversation.

Pierre was under his tutelage at Moscow, and Prince Vasíli procured for him an appointment as gentleman-in-waiting, which at that time conferred the same rank as Councillor of State, and he insisted on the young man accompanying him to Petersburg and taking up his residence in his own mansion.

Without making any exertion, and at the same time taking it absolutely for granted that he was on the right track, Prince Vasíli was doing all in his power to marry Pierre to his daughter.

If Prince Vasíli had formulated his plans beforehand, he could not have been so natural in his conversation, so simple and unaffected in his relations with all men, not only those above him, but those who stood below him. There was something that ever attracted him to men richer or more powerful than himself, and he was endowed with the rare art of seizing exactly the right moment for profiting by people.

Pierre, who had unexpectedly succeeded to Count Bezukhoï's wealth and title, found himself, after his late life of loneliness and inaction, surrounded and occupied to such a degree that only when he was in bed could he have a moment entirely to himself. He was obliged to sign letters, to show himself at the court-house in regard to matters of which he had no clear comprehension, to ask questions about this and that, of his chief overseer, to ride out to his estate in the suburbs of Moscow, and to receive many people who hitherto had ignored his very existence, but who would now be offended and insulted if he refused to see them.

All these various individuals — business men, relatives, acquaintances — were all, with one accord, disposed to treat the young heir in the most friendly and flattering manner; they were all indubitably persuaded of Pierre's distinguished merits. He was constantly hearing such phrases as: "With your extraordinary goodness;" or, "Considering your kind heart;" or, "You are so upright, count;" or, "If he were as clever as you are;" and so on, until he actually began to believe in his extraordinary goodness and his extraor-

dinary intelligence, all the more because always, in the depths of his heart, it had seemed to him that he was really very good and very clever.

Even people who before had been cross to him and showed him undisguised hatred, now became sweet and affectionate toward him.

For example, the sharp-tempered elder sister, the princess with the long waist and the phenomenally smooth hair, like a doll's, came into Pierre's room after the funeral.

Dropping her eyes and flushing deeply, she assured him how sincerely she regretted the misunderstandings that had arisen between them, and asked him as a special favor, though she felt that she had no right to do so, that she might be allowed, after the blow that had befallen her, to remain for a few weeks longer in the house which she had loved so well, and where she had borne so many sacrifices. She could not restrain her tears, and wept freely at these words.

Touched by the change that the statuesque princess had undergone, Pierre took her by the hand and begged her forgiveness, though he could not have told for what. From that day the princess began to knit Pierre a striped scarf, and became entirely different to him.

"Do this for her, my dear fellow, for she had much to put up with on account of the late count's whims," said Prince Vasíli, giving him a paper to sign for the princess's benefit. Prince Vasíli had made up his mind that he must cast this die, and get this check of thirty thousand rubles for the poor princess, in order that it might not enter her head to talk about the part which he had taken in the matter of the mosaic portfolio.

Pierre signed the check, and from that time forth the princess became still more affectionate to him. The younger sisters also were very flattering in their behavior to him; especially the youngest one — the beauty with the mole — who often embarrassed Pierre with her smiles and her own embarrassment at the sight of him.

It seemed to Pierre so natural that everybody should like him, it seemed to him so unnatural that any one

should not like him, that he could not help believing in the sincerity of those who surrounded him. In the first place, he had no time to question the sincerity or lack of sincerity. He had no time for anything, but was constantly in a state of delicious intoxication, as it were. He was conscious that he was the center of an important social mechanism, felt that something was constantly expected of him, that if he failed to accomplish this he would offend many, and disappoint their expectations. But if he did this thing and that, all would be well, and he did whatever was asked of him, and always imagined that better things lay in store for him.

During this first part of the time, Prince Vasíli, more than any one else, undertook the management of Pierre and his affairs. After Count Bezukhoï's death, he scarcely let Pierre out of his sight. Prince Vasíli acted like a man who, though overburdened with business, wearied, and careworn, was so filled with sympathy that he found it impossible to leave this helpless young man, the son of his old friend, and the possessor of such an enormous fortune, to the play of fate and the designs of knaves.

During the few days which he spent in Moscow after Count Bezukhoï's death, he kept calling Pierre to him or going himself to Pierre, and instructed him on his duties in a tone of such weariness and assurance that he seemed to say each time: 'You know that I am overwhelmed with business; but it would be heartless in me to leave you now; and you know that what I tell you is the only thing feasible.'

"Well, my dear fellow, to-morrow we will start at last," said he one day, closing his eyes and touching Pierre's elbow with his fingers, while his voice had a tone which seemed to imply that this had long, long ago been decided on and was now perfectly beyond question.

"To-morrow we start; I will give you a place in my carriage. I am glad. We have done everything necessary here, and I ought to have been at home long ago. Here's what I got from the chancellor. I asked him

for it for you: you have a place in the diplomatic corps, and are appointed gentleman-in-waiting. The diplomatic career is now open to you."

Notwithstanding the tone of weariness and assurance in which these words were spoken, Pierre, who for some time had been thinking about his future, began to make an objection. But Prince Vasíli interrupted him and spoke on in that low, persuasive tone which effectually prevents any one from breaking into a man's discourse, and which he employed in cases where it was absolutely necessary to meet a final objection.

"But, my dear fellow, I did this for my own sake, to satisfy my own conscience, and there is nothing to thank me for. No one ever complained of being too well loved; but then, you are free; you can leave tomorrow. Then you can see for yourself in Petersburg. It is high time that you left these scenes of painful recollections." Prince Vasíli sighed. "Well, well, my dear. And let my valet follow in your carriage. Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten," added Prince Vasíli. "You know, my friend, we had some accounts with the late lamented, and so I have collected and kept the money from your Riazan property; you don't need it. We will settle it up afterwards."

What Prince Vasíli called "from the Riazan" property was a few thousand rubles of obrok, or peasants' quit-rent, which he had appropriated for his own use.

In Petersburg, just the same as in Moscow, Pierre found himself surrounded by an atmosphere of affection and love. He could not decline the office, or rather sinecure, — for he had nothing to do, — which Prince Vasíli had procured for him, but he was so engrossed with acquaintances, invitations, and social duties, that he felt, even more than in Moscow, the sense of confusion, hurry, and of happiness ever beckoning but never becoming realized.

Many of the set of gay young bachelors with whom he had formerly been intimate were now absent from Petersburg. The Guard were away on the campaign;

Dolokhof was serving in the ranks; Anatol had joined the army, and had been sent into the province; Prince Andreï was abroad, and therefore Pierre had no chance to spend his nights as he had once liked to do, or in occasionally engaging in confidential talks with his old and treasured friend. All his time was spent in dinners and balls, and preëminently at Prince Vasíli's, in the society of the portly princess, his wife, and the beautiful Ellen.

Anna Pavlovna Scherer, like everybody else, made Pierre feel the change which had come over society in regard to him.

Hitherto, Pierre, in Anna Pavlovna's presence, had constantly felt that whatever he said was unbecoming, wanting in tact, unsuitable; that his speeches, however sensible they might seem while he was getting them ready in his mind, were idiotic as soon as he spoke them aloud; while, on the other hand, Ippolit's most stupid utterances were regarded as wise and witty. Now, however, everything that he said was greeted with the epithet 'charming.' Even if Anna Pavlovna did not say this, still he was made to see that she meant it, and that she refrained from saying it only out of regard for his modesty.

At the beginning of the winter of 1805–1806, Pierre received from Anna Pavlovna the usual pink note of invitation, and with this postscript: "The beautiful Ellen will be with us, whom one is never tired of looking at."

On reading this sentence, Pierre for the first time realized that a peculiar bond had sprung up between him and Ellen, recognized by other people, and this thought alarmed him because it seemed to place him under some sort of an obligation which he could not fulfil, and at the same time it pleased him as an amusing situation.

Anna Pavlovna's reception was exactly like the former one, except that the dessert with which she regaled her guests was not Montemart as before, but a diplomat who had just arrived from Berlin, bringing

the freshest details about the visit of the Emperor Alexander at Potsdam, and how the two most august friends had there sworn an oath of eternal alliance to protect the cause of right against the enemy of the human race.

Pierre was received by Anna Pavlovna with a shade of melancholy, evidently having reference to the recent loss which the young man had undergone in the death of Count Bezukhoï, — every one constantly felt it their duty to assure Pierre that he was greatly afflicted by his father's taking off, although he could hardly be said to have known him, — and in Anna Pavlovna's case this melancholy was almost equal to that high degree of melancholy which she always manifested at the mention of the most august Empress Maria Feodorovna. Pierre felt himself quite overwhelmed by this.

Anna Pavlovna, with her usual art, arranged the circles of her drawing-room. The largest, in which Prince Vasíli and the generals were conspicuous, was enjoying the diplomat's conversation. Still another group was gathered about the tea-table. Pierre was anxious to join the former, but Anna Pavlovna, who was in the excitable state of a great captain on the field of battle, when a thousand new and brilliant ideas are struggling almost hopelessly for a successful accomplishment, — Anna Pavlovna, seeing Pierre's motion, laid her finger on his sleeve.

"Wait, I have designs on you for this evening."

She glanced at Ellen, and gave her a smile.

"My dear Ellen, you must be good to my poor aunt, who has conceived a perfect adoration for you. Go and spend ten minutes with her. And lest it should be very tiresome to you, here is our dear count, who certainly will not fail to follow you."

The beauty went over to *ma tante*, but Anna Pavlovna detained the young man, pretending that she had still some indispensable arrangement to complete.

"Charming! is n't she?" said she to Pierre, referring to the stately beauty who was sailing away. "And so self-possessed, and so much tact for a young girl, such wonderful capability and dignity. It all comes natural

to her. Fortunate will be the man who secures her! With her a man, even of the humblest position in society, could not fail to attain the most brilliant position. Isn't that so? I only wanted to know your opinion."

And Anna Pavlovna released Pierre.

Pierre had honestly replied in the affirmative to her question about Ellen's art of self-reliance. Whenever he thought of Ellen, he thought of her beauty, and of her extraordinary ability at appearing grave and dignified in society.

Ma tante received the two young people in her corner, but it seemed as if she were trying to hide her adoration for Ellen, and make rather a show of awe for Anna Pavlovna. She glanced at her niece as if asking how she should behave toward these people. As Anna Pávlovna turned away, she again touched Pierre's sleeve with her finger, and said: —

"I hope that you won't say another time that you are bored at my house," and she glanced at Ellen.

Ellen smiled back with a look which seemed to say that she could not admit the possibility of any one seeing her and not being delighted. The aunt coughed, swallowed down the phlegm, and said in French that she was very glad to see Ellen; then she turned to Pierre with the same compliment and the same look. During their tedious and desultory conversation, Ellen glanced at Pierre, and smiled upon him with the same bright and radiant smile that she bestowed upon all people. Pierre was so accustomed to this smile, that it made little impression on him, and he gave it no special attention. The aunt happened at that moment to be speaking about a collection of snuff-boxes, which had belonged to Pierre's late father, Count Bezukhoï, and she showed him her own snuff-box. The Princess Ellen asked to see the portrait of her husband painted in miniature on the cover.

"That is apparently the work of Vinnes," remarked Pierre, mentioning the name of a distinguished miniature painter. He leaned over the table to take up the

snuff-box, but all the time he was listening to the conversation at the other table. He got up, intending to pass around; but the aunt handed him the snuff-box, passing it directly behind Ellen. Ellen moved aside to give room, and, as she looked up, she smiled. In accordance with the custom of the day, she wore a dress cut very low both in front and behind. Her bust, which always reminded Pierre of marble, was so near to him that even with his near-sighted eyes he could not help seeing the exquisite beauty of her neck and shoulders, and if he had stooped but a little, his lips would have touched her neck. He was conscious of the warmth of her body, the faint breath of some perfume, and the rustle of her corset as she moved. He saw not the statuesque beauty which agreed so well with the color of her dress, he saw and felt the whole charm of her form, concealed, as it was, only by her drapery. And having once seen this, his eyes refused to see her in any other way, just as it is impossible for us to recall an illusion which has once been explained.

'And so you have not noticed before how charming I am?' Ellen seemed to say; 'have you not noticed that I am a woman? Yes, I am a woman, whom any man might win, — even you,' her look seemed to say. And at that instant, Pierre was conscious that Ellen not only might be, but that she must be, his wife, that it could not be otherwise.

He knew this at this instant just as surely as he would have known it had he been standing with her under the bridal crown.

How would this be? and when would it be?

He could not tell, he was not sure that it would be the best thing for him; he even had a dim consciousness that somehow it would not be for the best, but still he knew that it would be. Pierre dropped his eyes, then raised them, and tried once more to see that beauty so far off and foreign to him, as it were, which he had seen every day before; but he found it impossible. He no more could recall his former thought of her than a man who, having seen a blade of steppe

grass in the mist and mistaken it for a tree, could ever be deceived into taking the blade of grass for a tree again. She was terribly near to him; already she had begun to wield her power over him. And between him and her there was no longer any impediment except the impediment of his own will.

"Excellent! I leave you in your quiet corner. I see you are getting along very well there," said Anna Pavlovna's voice.

And Pierre, coming to his senses with a start of terror lest he had been guilty of something reprehensible, reddened and glanced around. It seemed to him that all knew as well as he himself did, what had happened to him.

After a little while, when he had joined the large circle, Anna Pavlovna said to him, "I hear that you are refitting your Petersburg house."

This was true; the architect had told him that it was needful to be done, and Pierre, though he did not know why, allowed the huge mansion to be improved. "That 's a good plan, but I would n't give up your quarters at Prince Vasíli's. It is a good thing to have a friend like the prince," said she, smiling at Prince Vasíli. "I know something about it, do I not? And you are still so young. You need some one to advise you. You are not angry with me for exercising the prerogative of an old woman, I hope?" She added this in Russian, and paused as women always pause, expecting something complimentary, when they have been mentioning their age. "If you marry, that would be a different thing." And she united them in one significant glance. Pierre did not look at Ellen, but she looked at him. But all the time she was terribly close to him. He stammered something and reddened.

After he returned home, Pierre was long unable to sleep, for thinking of what had happened to him.

What had happened to him?

Nothing!

All he knew was that a woman whom he had known as a child, of whom he had often heedlessly said, "Yes,

she's pretty," when he was told that Ellen was a beauty, might be his.

"But she is stupid; I myself have declared that she is stupid," he said to himself. "There is something revolting in the feeling that she stirs in me, — something repulsive. I have been told that her own brother Anatol was in love with her, and that she loved him in return; that there was quite a scandal about it, and that was the reason why Anatol was sent away. Ippolit is her brother. Her father — Prince Vasíli .... it 's all ugly," he went on thinking, and even while he came to this decision, — such considerations are endless, — he found himself to his surprise indulging in a smile, and acknowledged that another series of considerations were arising in his mind; that while he was thinking of her faults he was at the same time dreaming how she would be his wife, how she might be in love with him, how she might be quite different, and how all that he had heard and thought about her might be untrue. And again he saw her, not as Prince Vasíli's daughter, but as a woman, her form concealed merely by her gray gown.

"But no, why has this idea never entered my mind before?" And again he assured himself that it was impossible, that there would be something shameful, contrary to nature, something, as it seemed, dishonorable to him, in this marriage. He recalled her words and glances, and the words and glances of those who had seen them together. He remembered Anna Pavlovna's words and looks when she spoke to him about his house; he remembered a thousand similar insinuations on the part of Prince Vasíli and others; and a sense of horror came over him, lest he had bound himself by the very undertaking of such a project, a project which was evidently wrong, and which he ought not to have undertaken. But at the very time that he came to this decision, in the other half of his mind arose her form in all its womanly beauty.

CHAPTER II

In November, 1805, Prince Vasíli was obliged to go to four governments on a tour of inspection.[1] He had secured this commission for himself so as to visit one of his ruined estates, and it was his intention, having picked up his son Anatol, who was with his regiment at one of the places on his route, to go with him on a visit to Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch Bolkonsky, so as to marry this same son to the daughter of this wealthy old man.

But before starting on this journey and undertaking these new duties, Prince Vasíli felt called upon to bring Pierre's little affair to a crisis. The truth was, Pierre, during these latter days of his visit at Prince Vasíli's, had lately been spending whole days at home, that is to say, at Prince Vasíli's, where he was staying, and was absurd, agitated, and moping in Ellen's presence, — the proper condition of a man in love, — but still he had not made his declaration.

"All this is very well and good, but it must be decided," said Prince Vasíli one morning, with a melancholy sigh, confessing to himself that Pierre, considering under what obligations he was to him ("though Christ be with him!"), was not behaving very nicely in this matter. "Youth .... fickleness. Well, God bless him!".... said Prince Vasíli, with a feeling of satisfaction at his own benevolence; "but it must be decided. Day after to-morrow is Lyolya's birthday; I will have a little party for her, and if he does not come up to the point in seeing what his duty is, then it will be my affair. Yes, my affair. I am her father."

A fortnight after Anna Pavlovna's reception, and the sleepless, agitated night that followed it, when he had made up his mind that to marry Ellen would lead to unhappiness, and that it was his duty to flee from her, and go away, Pierre, in spite of this decision, was still

[1] Russia is divided into *gubérnie*, or governments; these again into *uyézdi*, districts.

at Prince Vasíli's, and felt with a sort of horror that each day he was becoming, in the eyes of the world, more and more attached to her; that he could not return to his former way of looking upon her; could not tear himself from her; that it was abominable, but still he must link his fate with hers. Perhaps he might have kept away, but scarcely a day passed without Prince Vasíli's having company — though formerly he had so rarely given receptions — and Pierre was obliged to be present, unless he were willing to disturb the general contentment, and disappoint the expectation of all.

Prince Vasíli, during those rare moments when he was at home, as he passed by Pierre, would draw his head down, carelessly offer him his shaven, wrinkled cheek to kiss, and say: "Till to-morrow," or "We'll meet at dinner, or else I shall not see you," or, "I stay at home for your sake," or the like.

But, notwithstanding the fact that Prince Vasíli, according to his own account, stayed at home for Pierre's sake, he did not exchange two words with him, and yet, Pierre did not feel himself strong enough to disappoint him. Each day he said to himself ever the same thing: "I must in the end understand her and explain her — what is she? Was I mistaken in her before, or am I mistaken now? No, she is not stupid. No, she is a beautiful girl," he said to himself from time to time. Never did she make a single error; never, by any chance, did she say anything stupid. She spoke little, but what she said was always simple and clear. So she could not be stupid. Never was she agitated or confused. She could not be a vile woman!

Often it chanced that he began to discuss with her, or to utter his thoughts in her hearing, but every time she replied in some brief but appropriately worded remark, showing that she was not interested, or else with a silent smile and look, which more palpably than anything else proved to Pierre her superiority. She was in the right, for she made it evident that all arguments and reasonings were rubbish in comparison with this smile.

She always treated him with a radiant, confiding, and confidential smile, which was meant for himself alone, as though there were in it something more significant than there was in that smile which she wore for the world in general. Pierre knew that all were waiting for him at last to speak the one word needful, to step over the certain line, and he knew that, sooner or later, he should cross it; a strange and invincible horror seized him at the mere thought of this momentous step. A thousand times in the course of this fortnight, during which he felt himself all the time drawn deeper and deeper into the terrible gulf, he said to himself: "What does it mean? What I need is decision! Why do I lack it?"

He was anxious to come to a decision, but felt with horror that, in this matter, he was not displaying the strength of will which he knew he had, and which he really had.

Pierre belonged to the number of those who are strong only when they have the consciousness of being perfectly pure. But ever since he had begun to be overmastered by the feeling of sensual desire that came upon him at Anna Pavlovna's, during the scene with the snuff-box, an undefined sense of guilt had paralyzed his will-power.

On the evening of Ellen's name-day, a small party of friends and relatives, — "Our nearest and dearest," as the princess expressed it, — took supper at Prince Vasíli's. All these friends and relatives were given to understand that, on this day, the young lady's fate was to be decided. The guests were seated in the dining-room. The Princess Kuragina, a portly, imposing woman, who had once been famous for her beauty, sat at the head of the table. On each side of her were placed the more important guests, — an old general, his wife, and Anna Pavlovna Scherer; at the other end of the table were the younger and less honored guests; and there, also, sat the various members of the household — Pierre and Ellen side by side.

Prince Vasíli did not sit down with the rest; he walked around the table, in a jocund mood, stopping to chat

now with one, now with another of his guests, speaking some light and pleasant word to all, except Pierre and Ellen, whose presence he seemed entirely to ignore.

Prince Vasíli was the very life of the company.

The wax candles burned brightly, the silver and cut glass gleamed, the jewels of the ladies and the gold and silver epaulets of the officers glistened. The clatter of knives and plates and glasses, and the hum of lively conversation, were heard around the table. An aged chamberlain, at one end, was heard assuring an aged baroness of his passionate love for her, while her laugh in reply rang out. At the other end some one was telling of the misfortune that had befallen a certain Marya Viktorovna. Near the center of the table, Prince Vasíli had attracted a little circle of auditors, and was telling the ladies, with a facetious smile on his face, of the last meeting, on Wednesday, of the Imperial Council, at which Sergyeï Kuzmitch Vyazmitínof, the new military governor-general of Petersburg, received and read the then famous rescript addressed to him from the army headquarters, by the Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch.

The emperor declared that he was receiving from all sides proofs of the devotion of the people, and that the demonstration of Petersburg was particularly delightful to him, that he was proud of being the head of such a nation, and would do all in his power to prove himself worthy of the honor. This rescript began with these words: "*Sergyeï Kuzmitch: From all sides, reports reach me....*"

"And so he could not get further than '*Sergyeï Kuzmitch*'?" asked a lady.

"No, not a hair's breadth," replied Prince Vasíli, laughing. "'*Sergyeï Kuzmitch: from all sides.... Sergyeï Kuzmitch! from all sides.*' Poor Vyazmitínof could not get any farther. Several times he began the letter over again, but could only say, '*Sergyeï....*' then sobs, ...'*Ku....zmi....tch,*' — tears, and then the words, — '*from all sides*' were drowned in sobs, and he could not get any further. And again his handkerchief, and again, '*Sergyeï Kuzmitch from all sides*' and more

tears, until at last he had to get some one else to read it for him."

"'Kuzmitch .... from all sides' .... and tears," repeated some one with a laugh.

"Don't be naughty," exclaimed Anna Pavlovna, from the other end of the table, and raising her finger threateningly, "our good Vyazmitínof is such a dear, excellent man."

This greatly amused the company. At the upper end of the table, where sat the honorary guests, all were apparently in jovial spirits, and under the influence of the most varied and lively emotions; but Pierre and Ellen sat silent, side by side, at the lower end of the table; on the faces of each hovered a radiant smile, not evoked by the story about Sergyeï Kuzmitch, but rather a smile of bashfulness at their own thoughts. The others might chatter and laugh and jest, they might with good appetite enjoy the Rhine wine and the *sauté* and the ices, they might let their eyes avoid resting on that couple, they might seem to be quite indifferent and even to ignore their existence; nevertheless, there was something in the very atmosphere which made it evident by the furtive glances bent upon them, that the anecdote about Sergyeï Kuzmitch and the laugh that it evoked, and the dinner, and everything were but merely pretense; and that the energies of the whole company were, in reality, devoted to this young couple, Pierre and Ellen, even while Prince Vasíli was imitating the lachrymose Sergyeï Kuzmitch. All the time his glance sought his daughter, and, even when he was laughing his heartiest, the expression of his face seemed to say: "Yes, yes, it is going all right; it will be decided this evening."

Anna Pavlovna, when she threatened him with *our good Vyazmitínof*, let Prince Vasíli read in her eyes, as they flashed for a moment in Pierre's direction, a congratulation for his daughter's coming marriage and good fortune.

The old princess, as she offered a glass of wine to her neighbor with a melancholy sigh, and glanced

gravely toward her daughter, seemed to say by this sigh: —

'Yes, my dear, now there is nothing left for us but to sip sweet wine; now it is the young people's turn to be so insolently, defiantly happy.'

"And what melancholy rubbish, all that I have to say is! As if it meant anything!" thought the old diplomat, as he gazed at the happy faces of the lovers; "yonder is true happiness!"

Amid these mean, petty, and artificial interests uniting this company, there arose the natural feeling of attraction felt for each other by a handsome and healthful young man and woman. And this human feeling put to naught and soared above all their artificial babble. The jests were not amusing, the news was not interesting, the liveliness was only counterfeited. Not only they, but also the servants, waiting on the table, seemed to feel the same thing, and forget the proprieties of the service, as they gazed on beautiful Ellen, with her radiant face, and on Pierre's comely, stout face, so happy and so uneasy. It even seemed as if the light from the candles were all concentrated on these two happy faces. Pierre was conscious that he was the center of everything, and this position both pleased him and made him uncomfortable. He found himself in the position of a man plunged in some sort of absorbing occupation. He saw nothing, heard nothing, understood nothing clearly. Only occasionally, through his consciousness, flashed fragmentary thoughts and expressions of the reality.

"And so it is all over," he said to himself. "How in the world did it ever happen? It was so sudden! Now I know that not for her sake alone, nor for my own sake alone, but for the sake of all, *this* must be accomplished without fail. They all expect *this* so confidently, they are so certain that it will take place, that I cannot, I cannot disappoint them. But how will it take place? I know not; but it will be, it infallibly must be!" thought Pierre, as he glanced at those shoulders gleaming so near him.

Then suddenly a feeling of humiliation mingled in his thoughts. He felt embarrassed to be the object of general attention, to be "a lucky man" in the eyes of all others, to be another, though homely, Paris, possessing his Helen of Troy.

"But, to be sure, this has always been, and therefore it must be so," he said, trying to comfort himself. "And, besides, what have I done to bring it about? When did it begin? I came from Moscow with Prince Vasíli. There was certainly nothing in that. Then what harm was there in my staying at his house? And so I played cards with her, and picked up her reticule, and went to drive with her. When did it begin, when did it all begin?"

And now here he is sitting by her in the quality of accepted suitor, hearing, seeing, feeling her presence, her breathing, her every motion, her beauty. Then suddenly it seemed to him that it was not she who was the beauty, but he himself, and to such an extraordinary degree that all had to look at him, and that he, delighting in this universal admiration, swelled out his chest, raised his head high, and rejoiced in his own happiness. Suddenly he heard a voice, a well-known voice, speaking, and saying something for the second time. But Pierre was so absorbed, that he did not comprehend what was said to him.

"I asked you when you heard last from Bolkonsky," said Prince Vasíli for the third time. "How absent-minded you are, my dear fellow!"

Prince Vasíli smiled. And Pierre saw that all, all were smiling at him and at Ellen. "Well, suppose you all do know!" said Pierre to himself. "What then? It is true," and he himself smiled his sweet, childlike smile, and Ellen also smiled.

"When did you get the letter? Was it from Olmütz?" repeated Prince Vasíli, who pretended that he wished to know in order to decide a dispute.

"How can one talk and think about such trifles?" was Pierre's mental exclamation. "Yes, from Olmütz," he replied, with a sigh.

After supper Pierre gave his arm to Ellen, and led her to the drawing-room in the wake of the others. The guests began to disperse, and some went away without bidding Ellen farewell. Others, as if unwilling to tear her away from serious concerns, went up to her for a minute and then hurried away, without allowing her to accompany them to the door. The diplomat preserved a mournful silence as he left the drawing-room. The utter futility of his diplomatic career presented itself in comparison with Pierre's good fortune. The old general growled out a surly reply to his wife when she asked him about the gout in his foot. "Eka! the old fool!" he said to himself, "here's Elena Vasílyevna; and she'll be just as much of a beauty at fifty!"

"It seems as if I may congratulate you," said Anna Pavlovna, in a whisper to the old princess, and gave her a resounding kiss. "If I had n't a sick headache, I would stay a little longer."

The princess made no answer; she was tormented by jealousy at her daughter's good fortune.

While the guests were taking their departure, Pierre was left for some time alone with Ellen in the little sitting-room where they often sat. During the past fortnight he had been often alone with Ellen, but he had never said a word to her about love. Now he felt that this was indispensable, but still he found it impossible to make up his mind to undertake this last step. He felt abashed; it seemed that here in Ellen's presence he occupied a place that belonged to some one else. 'Not for thee is this good fortune,' some internal voice seemed to whisper. 'This happiness is for those who have not what thou hast.'

But it was essential to say something, and he tried to talk. He asked her if she had enjoyed the evening. She replied, with her usual simplicity, that this name-day had been one of the pleasant events of her life.

One or two of the nearest relatives still remained. They were gathered in the great drawing-room. Prince Vasíli with leisurely steps came to Pierre. Pierre got up and remarked that it was already late. Prince Vasíli

looked at him with a gravely questioning face, as much as to imply that what he said was too strange to be heard. But instantly this expression of sternness vanished, and Prince Vasíli laid his hand on Pierre's sleeve, made him sit down again, and gave him a flattering smile. "Well, Lyolya," he asked, turning instantly to his daughter, in that easy-going tone of habitual affection, peculiar to parents who have lived on terms of especial affection with their children ever since their childhood, but which in Prince Vasíli's case had been acquired only through having observed other parents. And then he turned again to Pierre: "*Sergyeï Kuzmitch, from all sides*".... he repeated, nervously unbuttoning the upper button of his waistcoat.

Pierre smiled, but his smile made it evident how well he understood that Prince Vasíli was not interested now in this anecdote about Sergyeï Kuzmitch, and Prince Vasíli understood that Pierre understood this. Prince Vasíli suddenly muttered some excuse, and left the room. It seemed to Pierre that even Prince Vasíli was embarrassed. The appearance of embarrassment in this old society man deeply affected Pierre. He glanced at Ellen, and she, it seemed, was also embarrassed, and her glance said: "Well, it is all your fault!"

"It is absolutely indispensable for me to take this step, but I cannot, I cannot!" said Pierre to himself, and once more he began to talk about irrelevant things, about "Sergyeï Kuzmitch," asking what was the point of this anecdote, as he had not caught it. Ellen with a smile confessed that she also knew nothing about it.

When Prince Vasíli returned to the drawing-room, the princess was engaged in talking in low tones with an elderly lady about Pierre. "Of course, it is a very brilliant match, but happiness, my dear," said she, in the usual mixture of French and Russian.

"Marriages are made in heaven," returned the old lady. Prince Vasíli, pretending not to hear what she said, went to the farthest table and sat down on the sofa. He closed his eyes and appeared to be dozing. His head sank forward and then he woke with a start.

"Alína," said he to his wife, "go and see what they are doing."

The princess went to the door, passed by it with a significant but indifferent look, and glanced in. Pierre and Ellen were still sitting and talking.

"Just the same," she said, in reply to her husband. Prince Vasíli scowled, and screwed his mouth to one side, and his cheeks began to twitch with that unpleasant, coarse expression so characteristic of him; then with a sudden impulse he sprang to his feet, threw his head back, and with decided steps strode past the ladies into the little sitting-room. Swiftly, and with a great assumption of delight, he went straight up to Pierre. His face was so unusually triumphant that Pierre, in seeing him, rose to his feet in dismay.

"Slava Bohu! glory to God!" he cried, "my wife has told me all." He threw one arm round Pierre, the other round his daughter. "My dear boy! Lyolya! I am very, very glad;" his voice trembled. "I loved your father .... and she will make you a good wife .... God bless you." He embraced his daughter, then Pierre again, and kissed him with his malodorous mouth. Tears actually moistened his cheeks. "Princess, come here!" he cried.

The princess came and wept. The elderly lady also wiped her eyes with her handkerchief. They kissed Pierre, and he kissed the lovely Ellen's hand several times. After a little they were left alone again.

"All this had to be so, and could not be otherwise," thought Pierre, "and there is no need to ask if it be good or evil. Good at least in that it is decided, and I am no longer tortured by suspense."

Pierre silently held the hand of his betrothed, and looked at her fair bosom as it rose and fell.

"Ellen!" said he aloud, and then paused. He was aware that something of this sort must be said under such circumstances, but he could not for the life of him remember what was the proper thing to say. He looked into her face, she came nearer to him. Her face grew a deep crimson.

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"Akh! take them off. How they ...." she pointed to his glasses.

Pierre took them off, and his eyes had a scared and entreating look in addition to that strange expression which people's eyes assume when they remove their glasses suddenly. He was about to bend over her hand, and kiss it, but she with a quick and abrupt motion of her head intercepted the motion, and pressed her lips to his. Her face disturbed Pierre by its changed and unpleasantly passionate expression.

"Now it is too late, it is all decided; yes, and I love her," thought Pierre.

"I love you," he said, at last remembering what was necessary in these circumstances; but these words sounded so meager that he was ashamed of himself.

At the end of a fortnight he was married, the fortunate possessor, as they say, of a beautiful wife and of millions, and settled in the enormous Petersburg mansion of the Counts Bezukhoï, newly refitted for them.

CHAPTER III

The old Prince Nikolaï Andreïtch Bolkonsky, in December, 1805, received a letter from Prince Vasíli, announcing his coming with his son on a visit.

"I am making a tour of inspection, and of course the hundred versts' distance across the country shall not keep me from coming to see you, venerated benefactor," he wrote, "and my Anatol accompanies me; he is on his way to the army, and I hope you will permit him to show you the deep respect which he, in emulation of his father, has conceived for you."

"Well, there's no need of bringing Marie out, if suitors come to us of their own accord," said the little princess, indiscreetly, when this was mentioned to her. Prince Nikolaï Andreïtch frowned and made no reply. Two weeks after the receipt of the letter, Prince Vasíli's

servants made their appearance in advance of him, and on the next day he and his son arrived.

The old Prince Bolkonsky had a low opinion of Prince Vasíli's character, and this had been intensified of late by the great advances which he had made in rank and honors under the Emperors Paul and Alexander. Now especially, from the letter, and the insinuations made by the little princess, he saw what was in the wind, and his low opinion of Prince Vasíli was transmuted in his heart into a feeling of really malevolent contempt. He snorted whenever he mentioned his name. On the day that Prince Vasíli was expected, Prince Nikolaï Andreïtch was especially surly and out of sorts. Whether he were out of sorts because Prince Vasíli was coming, or whether he was dissatisfied with Prince Vasíli's visit because he was out of sorts, it did not alter the fact that he was out of sorts, and Tikhon early in the morning advised the architect not to come near the prince with his plans.

"Listen! Hear him walking up and down," remarked Tikhon, calling the architect's attention to the sounds of the prince's tramp. "He stamps his heels, and we all know what that means."

However, at the usual hour of nine o'clock, the prince came out for his morning walk, dressed in his velvet shubka with its sable collar, and in a cap of the same fur. The night before there had been a snowstorm. The path along which the prince walked to the orangery had been swept; traces of the broom were still to be seen on the snow, and the shovel was driven into a light embankment of snow, heaped high on both sides of the path. The prince went the round of the greenhouses, the yard, and the various buildings, frowning and silent.

"Can sleighs come up?" he asked of his overseer, a man who was his image in face and actions, and was accompanying him with great deference back to the house.

"The snow is deep, your illustriousness; I have already given orders to have the snow shoveled away from the

preshpekt." The prince bent his head, and started to go up the steps. "Glory to thee, O Lord," was the overseer's mental exclamation, "the cloud has passed."

"It was hard to approach, your illustriousness," added the superintendent, "when I heard, your illustriousness, that your illustriousness was expecting a minister."....

The prince turned round toward his overseer, and fastened his gloomy eyes upon him.

"What? A minister. What minister? Who commanded you?" he exclaimed, in his shrill, harsh voice. "The road is cleared, not for the princess, my daughter, but for a minister, is it? We have no ministers at my house."

"Your illustriousness, I supposed...."

"You supposed," screamed the prince, uttering the words more and more hastily and incoherently. "You supposed.... cutthroats, blackguards! I will teach ye to suppose," and, raising his cane, flourished it over Alpatuitch, and would have struck him had not the overseer instinctively dodged the blow. "You supposed.... blackguard!" screamed the prince, but, notwithstanding the fact that Alpatuitch, alarmed at his audacity in avoiding the blow, hastened up to the prince, and humbly bent before him his bald pate, or possibly for this very reason, the prince continued to scream, "Blackguards! have the snow shoveled back again," but did not raise the cane a second time, and hastened into his room.

The Princess Maríya and Mlle. Bourienne, knowing that he was in a bad humor, stood waiting for him to come to dinner, Mlle. Bourienne with a beaming face, which said, "Oh! I know nothing about it; as for me, I am always the same." And the princess pale and scared, with downcast eyes. Hardest of all was it for the Princess Maríya to know that in these circumstances she ought to imitate Mlle. Bourienne, but she could not do so. She said to herself, "If I should pretend not to pay any attention, he would think that I had no sympathy for him; and if I show him that I am melancholy and out of sorts myself, he will say (as he always does), that I 'm in the blues."

The prince looked at his daughter's scared face and snorted.

"Goo .... or fool!" he muttered. "And the other one not here? Can they have been tattling to her?" he wondered, when he saw that the little princess was not in the dining-room.

"Where is the princess?" he asked. "Is she hiding herself?"

"She is not feeling very well," said Mlle. Bourienne, with a radiant smile, "she won't come down. That is natural in her condition."

"Hm! hm! kh! kh!" grumbled the prince, and took his seat at the table. His plate seemed to him not quite clean; he pointed to a spot, and flung it away. Tikhon caught it and handed it to the butler.

The little princess was not ill, but she was so invincibly afraid of the old prince that when she learned that he was in a bad humor she resolved not to leave her room.

"I am afraid for my baby," said she to Mlle. Bourienne; "God knows what might happen if I were frightened."

The little princess lived at Luisiya Gorui the larger part of the time, with a sense of fear and antipathy for her father-in-law, whom she did not understand because her terror so overmastered her that she could not. The prince reciprocated this antipathy for his daughter-in-law, but it was not so strong as his contempt for her. The princess, since her residence at Luisiya Gorui, had taken a special fancy to Mlle. Bourienne, spent whole days with her, often begged her to sleep with her, and talked about the old prince with her and criticised him.

"So some visitors are coming to see us, prince," said Mlle. Bourienne, as she unfolded her white napkin with her rosy fingers. "His excellency, Prince Kuragin, I understand?" she said, with a questioning inflection.

"Hm — this 'excellency,' as you call him, is a puppy. I secured him his appointment," said the prince, disdainfully, "but why his son is coming is more than I know. Possibly the Princess Lizavieta Karlovna and the Princess Marîya know, but I don't know what he 's bringing

his son here for; I don't want him." And he looked at his blushing daughter. "So she is n't very well to-day? From fear of the 'minister,' I suppose, as that blockhead of an Alpatuitch called him to-day."

"No, *mon père!*"

Though Mlle. Bourienne had been particularly unfortunate in her choice of a subject of conversation, she was not at all put out of countenance, but rattled on about the greenhouses, and about the beauty of some new flower that had just blossomed, and the prince, after his soup, melted and became more genial.

After dinner he went to see his daughter-in-law. The little princess was sitting by a little table and chatting with Masha, her maid. She turned pale at the sight of her father-in-law. The little princess had very much altered. One would now much sooner call her ugly than pretty. Her cheeks were sunken, her lip was raised, her eyes had a drawn look.

"Yes, a little headache," she replied to the prince's question how she felt.

"Do you need anything?"

"No, thank you, *mon père.*"

"Well, then, very good, very good."

He left the room and went to the office. Alpatuitch, with drooping head, was waiting for him there.

"Is the snow shoveled back?"

"It is, your illustriousness; forgive me, for God's sake, this one piece of stupidity."

The prince interrupted him and smiled his unnatural smile. "Well, then, very good, very good." He stretched out his hand for Alpatuitch to kiss, and then he went to his cabinet.

Prince Vasíli arrived in the evening. He was met on the preshpekt (as they called the prospekt or high-road) by the coachmen and stable hands, who with loud shouts dragged his covered sledge and sleigh up to the entrance, over snow which had been purposely heaped on the driveway. Separate chambers had been prepared for Prince Vasíli and Anatol.

Anatol, in his shirt-sleeves, and with his arms akimbo,

was sitting before a table on one corner of which he stared absent-mindedly with his large, handsome eyes, while a smile played over his lips. He looked on his life as one unbroken round of gayety which it was fated should be prepared for his amusement. And even now he looked in the same way on this visit to a churlish old man and a rich and monstrously ugly heiress. According to his theory, all this might lead to something very good and amusing. And why should he not marry her, if she were so very rich? "That never comes amiss," thought Anatol.

He shaved, perfumed himself carefully and coquettishly, and, with an expression of indifference which was innate in him, and holding his head high, like a young conqueror, he went to his father's chamber. Two valets were engaged in getting Prince Vasíli dressed; he himself looked around him with much animation, and gave a nod to his son as he came in, as much as to say, "Good, that's the way I want you to look!"

"No, but tell me, batyushka, without joking, is she monstrously ugly?—say," he asked, as if continuing a subject which had been more than once broached during the course of their journey.

"That'll do!.... Nonsense! The main thing is to try to be respectful and prudent towards the old prince."

"If he's going to say unpleasant things to me, I shall go right away," said Anatol. "I can't abide these old men. Hey?"

"Remember, your whole future depends on this."

Meantime, in the maidservant's room, not only was it known that the minister and his son had arrived, but every detail of their personal appearance had been circumstantially discussed. But the Princess Maríya sat alone in her room, and vainly struggled to conquer her inward agitation.

"Why did they write me? Why has Liza spoken to me about this? Why, of course this cannot be!" she said to herself, looking into her mirror. "How can I go down to the drawing-room? Even if he pleased

me, I could not now be sure of myself in his presence."

The mere thought of her father's eyes filled her with horror. The little princess and Mlle. Bourienne had, by this time, received all necessary information from the maid Masha, who told them what a handsome young man, with rosy cheeks and dark eyebrows, the minister's son was; and how, when his pápenka had been scarcely able to drag his feet up the stairs, he had flown up like an eagle, three steps at a time. After hearing this news, the little princess and Mlle. Bourienne hastened to the Princess Maríya's room, filling the corridor with the lively sound of their voices as they went.

"They've come, Marie; did you know it?" said the little princess, waddling along, and dropping heavily into an arm-chair.

She was no longer in the dressing-sack which she had worn in the morning, but had put on one of her best gowns. Her hair was carefully brushed, and her face was full of animation, which, however, did not make one forget her sunken and livid features. In the finery in which she was accustomed to appear in Petersburg society, it was still more noticeable that her beauty had sadly faded. Mlle. Bourienne had also taken pains to make some improvement in her dress, and this made her pretty, fresh face still more attractive.

"What? and you intend to appear as you are, dear princess?" she exclaimed. "They will be here in a moment to bring word that the gentlemen are in the drawing-room; we must go down; so won't you make just a little change in your toilet?"

The little princess got up out of the arm-chair, rang for the maid, and hastily and merrily began to devise some adornment for her sister-in-law, and get it materialized. The Princess Maríya felt humiliated in her own sense of dignity by the excitement which the coming of her suitor stirred in her, and still more humiliated because both of her friends did not seem to imagine that

it was possible to be otherwise. To tell them how ashamed she was for herself and for them would have been to betray her agitation; moreover, to have refused to put on the adornment which they were getting ready for her would have entailed endless jests and reproaches. She grew red, her lovely eyes lost their brilliancy, her face became covered with patches; and with the unlovely expression, as of a victim, coming more and more frequently in her face, she surrendered herself into the power of Mlle. Bourienne and Liza. But the ladies labored in perfectly good faith to render her handsome. She was so homely, that neither of them could ever dream of entering into rivalry with her; therefore, being perfectly sincere in that naïve and firm conviction peculiar to women, that ornaments can make a face beautiful, they busied themselves with her adornment.

"No, it's a fact, *ma bonne amie*, that dress is n't becoming," said Liza, looking critically at her sister-in-law from some little distance. "Try that dark-red *masaka* that you have. Truly! you know your whole fate, perhaps, depends on this matter. This one is too light; it won't do! no, oh, no! it won't do!"

It was not that the dress was unbecoming, but the princess's face and whole figure were at fault; and yet neither Mlle. Bourienne nor the little princess realized this. It seemed to them that if they put a blue ribbon in her hair, and combed it up, and then added a blue scarf to her cinnamon-colored dress, and made some other such additions, all would be well. They forgot that her scared face and her figure could not be altered, and, therefore, no matter how much they might vary the frame and adornment, the face itself would remain pitiful and unattractive. At last, after two or three experiments, to which the Princess Maríya patiently submitted, when her hair had been combed up high from her forehead (a mode of dressing the hair which absolutely changed her face, and that for the worse), and she was dressed in the *masaka* dress with the blue scarf, the little princess walked around her twice in succession, adjusted with her dainty fingers some of the folds in the skirt, pulled out

the scarf, looked at her with her head bent now on this side, now on that:—

"No, that is impossible," said she, decidedly, clasping her hands. "No, Marie, decidedly, this does not do at all. I like you better in your little, every-day, gray dress. Now, please do this for me. Katya," she said to the maid, "bring the princess her grayish dress, and.... see, Mlle. Bourienne, how I am going to arrange it," she added, with a thrill of anticipation in her artistic pleasure. But when Katya brought the desired garment, the Princess Maríya sat motionless before the mirror, looking at her face, and the mirror gave back the reflection of eyes full of tears, and a mouth trembling with the premonition of a storm of sobbing.

"Now, dear princess," said Mlle. Bourienne, "just one more little experiment!"

The little princess, taking the dress from the maid, went to Princess Marie.

"Well, now we will try something that is simple and becoming," said she. The three voices, hers, Mlle. Bourienne's, and Katya's, who was laughing, mingled into one merry chatter, like the chirping of birds.

"*Non*, let me be," said the princess, and her voice sounded so serious and sorrowful that the chirping of the birds ceased instantly. They looked at her large, beautiful eyes, full of tears and of melancholy, and they knew from their wide and beseeching expression that it was useless, and even cruel, to insist.

"At least, change the style of your hair," said the little princess. "I told you so!" said she, reproachfully, to Mlle. Bourienne. "Marie has one of those faces that can't stand this way of dressing the hair. Not at all, not at all. Change it, please do."

"Let me be, let me be; it 's all absolutely the same to me," replied the young princess, in a weary voice, and scarcely refraining from tears.

Mlle. Bourienne and the little princess were obliged to acknowledge to themselves that the Princess Maríya, as they had dressed her, was very homely, more so than usual; but now it was too late. She looked at them with

that expression which they had learned to know so well, — an expression of deep thought and melancholy. It did not inspire them with any sense of awe of her (for that feeling she never could inspire), but they knew that when her face had this expression, she was silent and immovable in her resolutions.

"You will make the change, won't you?" asked Liza, but when the Princess Maríya made no reply, Liza left the room.

The Princess Maríya was left alone. She did not comply with Liza's request, and not only did she not change the style of her hair, but did not even look at herself in the glass. Dropping her eyes, and letting her hands fall nervously, she sat and pondered. She saw in her imagination what her husband should be: a man, a strong, commanding, and strangely attractive being, who should suddenly carry her off into his own world, so different from hers, so full of happiness. She imagined herself pressing to her bosom her own child, just such a baby as she had seen the evening before at her old nurse's daughter's. Her husband stands looking affectionately at her and at their baby; "But no, this is impossible, I am too homely," she said to herself.

"Please come to tea. The prince will be down in a moment," said the voice of the chambermaid outside the door. She started up from her day-dream, and was horror-struck at her own thoughts. And before she went down-stairs she got up, went into the oratory, and pausing before the blackened face of the great "image" of the Saviour, lighted by the beams of the tapers, she stood there for several moments with folded hands. Her heart was filled with painful forebodings. Could it be that for her there was the possibility of the joy of love, of earthly love for a husband? In her imaginings concerning marriage, the Princess Maríya dreamed of family happiness and children, but her principal dream, predominating over all others, though unknown to herself, was that of earthly love. The feeling was all the stronger, the more she tried to hide it from others, and even from herself.

"My God," she cried, "how can I crush out in my

heart these thoughts inspired by the devil? How can I escape once and for all from evil imaginings, and calmly fulfil Thy will?"

And she had hardly offered this prayer ere God gave an answer in her own heart.

"Desire nothing for thyself, seek not, disturb not thyself, be not envious. The future and thy fate must needs be hidden from thee; but live so as to be ready for anything. If it please God to try thee in the responsibilities of marriage, be ready to fulfil His will."

With this consoling thought — but still with a secret hope that her forbidden, earthly dream might be realized — the Princess Maríya, with a sigh, crossed herself, and went down-stairs, thinking not of her dress, or of her hair, or of how she should make entrance, or of what she should say. What did all that signify in comparison with the preordination of God, without whose will not a hair can fall from a man's head.

CHAPTER IV

When the Princess Maríya came down, Prince Vasíli and his son were already in the drawing-room, talking with the little princess and Mlle. Bourienne. When she came in with her heavy gait, treading on her heels, the gentlemen and Mlle. Bourienne stood up, and the little princess exclaimed, "Here is *Marie!*" The Princess Maríya saw them all, and saw them distinctly. She saw Prince Vasíli's face becoming for an instant serious at the sight of her, instantly resume its smiling expression, and the little princess watching curiously the impression which her entrance would produce upon their guests. She saw also Mlle. Bourienne, with her ribbon and her pretty face, and her eyes more sparkling than usual, fixed on *him;* but she could not bring herself to see *him;* all she could see was something tall, brilliant, and magnificent coming toward her as she entered the room.

Prince Vasíli was the first to greet her, and she kissed the bald forehead, bending over her hand, and answered

his question by assuring him, "that, on the contrary, she remembered him very well."

Then Anatol came to her. She could not see him as yet at all. She was only conscious of a soft hand holding hers, while she lightly touched with her lips a white brow under a thatch of beautiful brown hair perfumed with pomade. When she looked at him his beauty dazzled her.

Anatol, hooking the thumb of his right hand behind one button of his uniform, stood with his chest thrust out, and his back bent in, resting his weight on one leg, and slightly inclining his head, and looked at the princess cheerily, but without speaking. He was evidently not thinking of her at all. Anatol was not quick-witted or a ready talker, but, on the other hand, he had that gift of composure which is so invaluable in society, and a self-confidence which nothing could disturb. If a man lacking self-confidence is silent at a first introduction, and betrays a consciousness of the impropriety of such a silence, and attempts to escape from it, it makes a bad matter worse; but Anatol, swaying a little on one leg, had nothing to say, and gazed with an amused look at the princess's hair. It was evident that such ease of manner would enable him to preserve silence any length of time. His look seemed to say: 'If this silence is awkward for any one, then speak; but as for me, I have no desire to say anything.'

Moreover, Anatol had in his behavior toward women that manner which strongly piques curiosity, and excites fear, and even love in them, — a sort of scornful consciousness of his own superiority. His look seemed to say to them: 'I know you, I know what is disturbing you. Ah, how happy you would be if ....' possibly he did not think any such thing when he met women (and there is considerable ground for such a supposition, because he thought very little), but this was what was expressed by his look and manner. The princess felt it, and apparently wishing to show him that she did not venture to do such a thing as engage his attention, she turned to his father.

The conversation became general, and rather lively, thanks to the merry voice of the little princess, who kept lifting up her downy lip and showing her white teeth.

She met Prince Vasíli with that peculiarly vivacious manner which is often employed by people of merrily loquacious mood, and consists in the interchange between you and your acquaintance of the regular stock witticisms of the day, and of pleasant and amusing reminiscences which it is taken for granted are not understood by all people, comical reminiscences of things that they have never experienced together, and so it was with the little princess and Prince Vasíli.

Prince Vasíli willingly adapted himself to this spirit; the little princess managed to include Anatol as well, though she scarcely knew him, and soon found herself sharing with him in recollections of ridiculous occurrences, events which in some cases had never happened at all. Mlle. Bourienne also took part in these general recollections, and even the Princess Maríya had a sort of satisfaction in feeling herself drawn into this light gossip.

"Here at least we shall have the benefit of your company all to ourselves, dear prince," said the little princess — in French of course — to Prince Vasíli. "It won't be as it used to be at our receptions at Annette's, where you always made your escape, you know — *cette chère* Annette!"

"Ah, but of course you won't oblige me to talk about politics as Annette does?"

"But our tea-table?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Why were you never at Annette's?" asked the little princess, of Anatol. "Oh! but I know, I know," said she, with a sly expression. "Your brother Ippolit told me all about your doings — oh!" she exclaimed, threatening him with her finger. "And then again in Paris, I know about your pranks!"

"And has n't Ippolit told you?" asked Prince Vasíli, addressing his son and seizing Princess Liza by the arm, as if there were danger of her running away, and he

wished to prevent it while yet there was time, "has n't he ever told you how he himself was dead in love with our dear princess here, and how she would n't have anything to say to him?"

"Oh, she is a pearl among women, princess!"[1] said he, addressing the Princess Maríya.

Mlle. Bourienne, on her part, when she heard the word "Paris," did not lose the opportunity of also adding her recollections to the general conversation. She allowed herself to inquire of Anatol if he had been long in Paris, and how that city pleased him.

Anatol took evident pleasure in answering the Frenchwoman's questions, and with a smile talked with her about her native land. Seeing how pretty la Bourienne was, Anatol decided that, after all, it would not be so very stupid here at Luisiya Gorui. "Not at all bad looking," he said to himself, as he looked at her; "very far from it. I hope that when she marries me she will take this *demoiselle de compagnie* with her, she 's a pretty little girl!"

The old prince took his time about dressing, and he frowned, as he thought what he should do. The coming of these guests annoyed him.

"What are Prince Vasíli and his son to me? Prince Vasíli is an empty swaggerer, and his son must be a fine specimen," he grumbled to himself. He was annoyed because the coming of these guests aroused in the depths of his soul an unsettled and constantly avoided question, a question in regard to which the old prince was always deceiving himself. The question was this: whether he could make up his mind to part with his daughter and let her marry. The old prince could never bring himself to ask the question directly, knowing beforehand that if he should answer it honestly, his honesty would come into open antagonism, not merely with his feelings, but with the whole order and system of his life. For Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch, life without his daughter, little as he outwardly seemed to appreciate her, was out of the question.

[1] *Oh, c'est la perle des femmes, princesse.*

"And why should she get married?" he asked himself. "Probably to be unhappy. Here is Liza — certainly it would be hard to find a better husband than Andreï — and yet is she contented with her lot? And who would take her from mere love? She is homely, awkward! They would marry her for her connections, for her wealth! And can't girls live unmarried? They'd be much happier."

Thus thought Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch, as he performed his toilet in his cabinet, and still at the same time the ever-procrastinated question now demanded an immediate solution. Prince Vasíli had brought his son, evidently with the intention of making a proposal, and therefore this very day or the next he should have to give a direct answer. His name, his position in the world, were excellent.

"Well, I've no objection," said the prince to himself. "But let him prove himself worthy of her. Well, we shall see. Yes, we shall see!" he exclaimed aloud, "yes, we shall see how it is," and with his usual firm tread he went into the drawing-room, took in all present with a sweeping glance, noticed even the change that the little princess had made in her dress, and la Bourienne's ribbon, and the Princess Maríya's ugly head-dress, and her isolation in the general conversation, and Bourienne and Anatol's exchange of smiles.

"She is dressed up like a fool," he said to himself, giving his daughter a wrathful glance. "She has no sense of shame, and he — he does not care anything about making her acquaintance."

He went straight to Prince Vasíli: "Well, how are you, how are you? Glad to see you!"

"Friendship laughs at distance,"[1] exclaimed Prince Vasíli, quoting the familiar proverb with ready wit, and with his usual self-confident familiarity. "Here is my second son; grant him your friendship, I beg of you."

Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch surveyed Anatol.

"Fine young fellow! Fine young fellow," said he. "Now come, give me a kiss," and he offered him his

[1] Literally: For a dear old friend even seven versts is not a roundabout.

cheek. Anatol kissed the old man and looked at him curiously, but with perfect composure, expecting soon to hear one of those droll remarks of which his father had told him. Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch sat down in his usual place, in one corner of the divan, drew up an arm-chair for Prince Vasíli, pointed him to it, and began to ask him about the news in the political world. He listened with apparent attention to what Prince Vasíli had to say, but he kept glancing at the Princess Maríya.

"So that's what they write from Potsdam, is it?" said he, repeating Prince Vasíli's last words; and then suddenly getting up, he went over to his daughter. "So this is how you dress before company, hey?" exclaimed he. "Excellent, admirable! You appear before folks with your hair done up in this new-fangled way, and I tell you, in the presence of these same folks, never again, without my leave, to rig yourself up in such a fashion!"

"It was my fault, *mon père*," said the little princess, blushing, and coming to her sister-in-law's rescue.

"You may do as you please," said Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch, making a low bow before his son's wife. "But she has no right to disfigure herself; she's ugly enough without that." And he once more resumed his place, paying no further heed to his daughter, who was ready to weep.

"On the contrary, that way of dressing her hair is very becoming to the princess," said Prince Vasíli.

"Well, batyushka — my young prince — what is his name?" said Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch, turning to Anatol, "come here. Let us have a little talk, and get acquainted."

"Now the sport begins," thought Anatol, and with a smile he took a seat by the old prince.

"Well, now, my dear, you have been educated abroad, somewhat different from your father and me, who had the parish dyachok[1] teach us our *a b c*'s. Tell me, my dear, you serve in the Horse Guards, don't you?"

[1] Precentor or sexton.

asked the old prince, scrutinizing Anatol closely and keenly.

"No, I have been transferred to the Line," replied Anatol, scarcely able to keep from laughing.

"Ah, excellent thing! So that you can serve the Tsar and your country. It's war-time. Such fine young men as you ought to be in the service. At the front, I suppose?"

"No, prince; our regiment has gone, but I was detached. What was I detached for, papa?" asked Anatol, turning to his father with a laugh.

"Famous way of serving, I must confess. 'What am I detached for?' ha! ha! ha!" roared Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch, and Anatol joined in still more vociferously. Suddenly Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch began to scowl. "Well, get you gone," said he to Anatol.

Anatol with a smile went and rejoined the ladies.

"And so you have had him educated abroad, hey, Prince Vasíli?" asked the old prince, of Kuragin.

"I did the best I could for him, and I must say that the schools there are far better than ours."

"Well, everything is changed, all new-fangled notions. He's a fine young man, a fine lad. Now let's go into my room." He took Prince Vasíli by the arm, and carried him off to his cabinet.

Prince Vasíli, finding himself alone with the old prince, immediately began to unfold to him his wishes and hopes.

"What kind of an idea have you?" exclaimed the old prince, savagely, "that I keep her tied, and cannot part with her? What notions people have!" he exclaimed angrily. "To-morrow, as far as I'm concerned, — I merely tell you that I want to know my daughter's husband better. You know my principles: *all above board.* To-morrow I will ask her in your presence if she will have him; if she will, then let him stay. Let him stay, I will study him." The prince snorted, "Or let him go, it's all the same to me," he cried, in the same piercing tone in which he had uttered his farewell when his son took his departure.

"I will tell you frankly," said Prince Vasíli, in the tone of a cunning man who is convinced of the uselessness of trying to be shrewd toward such a sharp-eyed opponent. "You see, your eyes read through men. Anatol is no genius, but he is an honorable, kind-hearted boy, and an excellent son."

"Very good, we shall see."

As usually happens in the case of women who have been long deprived of the society of men, all three of the women at Prince Andreyevitch's, now that they had Anatol in their midst, felt that hitherto life had not been life for them. The powers of feeling, thinking, loving, were instantly multiplied tenfold in each one of them, so that their existence, which had been till now, as it were, spent in darkness, was suddenly filled by a new light, full of rich significance.

The Princess Maríya no longer gave a thought to her looks, or the dressing of her hair. Her whole attention was absorbed by the handsome open face of the man who perhaps would be her husband. He seemed to her good, brave, resolute, manly, and noble. She was quite convinced of this. A thousand dreams of the family life which she should enjoy in the future persisted in rising in her mind. She tried to banish them, and keep them out of her imagination.

"But was I too cool toward him?" queried the Princess Maríya. "I try to be reserved, because I feel in the depths of my soul that he is already too near to me; but, of course, he cannot know all that I think about him, and he may imagine that I do not like him."

And the Princess Maríya strove, and yet was unable to be amiable to her new guest.

"Poor girl! she is devilishly ugly!" Such was Anatol's uncomplimentary thought of her.

Mlle. Bourienne, whom Anatol's arrival had brought into a high state of excitement, allowed herself to have quite different thoughts. Of course, being a pretty young girl, without any stated position in society, without relatives and friends, and far from her native land,

she had no intention of devoting her whole life to the service of Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch, reading books to him, and playing the part of companion to the Princess Maríya. Mlle. Bourienne had been long waiting for the Russian prince who should immediately have wit enough to appreciate her superiority to these homely, unbecomingly dressed, and awkward Russian princesses, should fall in love with her, and elope with her; now, at last, the Russian prince had come.

Mlle. Bourienne knew a story which her aunt had once told her, and which, in imagination, she liked to repeat to the end, with herself in the heroine's place. The story was about a young girl who had been seduced, and whose poor mother, finding where she was, came and covered her with reproaches because she had gone to live with a man to whom she was not married. Mlle. Bourienne was often melted to tears by imagining herself telling *him*, her seducer, this story. And now this *he*, this genuine Russian prince, had made his appearance. He would elope with her, then *sa pauvre mère* would appear, and he would marry her.

Thus in Mlle. Bourienne's fertile brain the whole romance evolved itself, from the moment that she began to talk with him about Paris. Not that Mlle. Bourienne conceived of all the details — what she was going to do did not once occur to her — but still all the materials were long ago ready in her, and now they merely grouped themselves around Anatol, whom she was anxious and determined to please as much as possible.

The little princess (forgetting her situation instinctively), and like an old war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, made ready to flirt at headlong speed, without meaning anything by it, but with her usual naïve and light-hearted spirit of fun.

In spite of the fact that Anatol in the society of women generally affected the position of a man who considers it a bore to have them running after him, still he felt a consciousness of gratified vanity to see his power over these three women. Moreover, he began to feel for the pretty and enticing Bourienne a real

animal passion, such as sometimes overcame him with extraordinary rapidity, and impelled him to commit the coarsest and most audacious actions.

After tea, they all went into the divan-room, and the Princess Maríya was invited to play on the clavichord. Anatol leaned on his elbows, in front of her, near Mlle. Bourienne, and, with eyes full of mirth and gayety, looked at Maríya, who, with a painful and at the same time joyous emotion, felt his gaze resting on her. Her favorite sonata bore her away into a most genuinely poetic world, and the consciousness of that glance endowed this world with even more poetry. In reality, however, Anatol, though he looked in her direction, was not thinking of her, but was occupied with the motion of Mlle. Bourienne's foot, which he was at this moment pressing with his under the piano. Mlle. Bourienne was also looking at the princess, but her beautiful eyes had an expression of frightened happiness and hope, which the Princess Maríya had never seen in them before.

"How fond she is of me," thought the Princess Maríya. "How happy I am now, and how happy I might be with such a friend and such a husband! Husband! Can it be possible?" she asked herself, not daring to look at him, but, nevertheless, feeling his gaze fixed on her face.

In the evening, when after supper they were about to separate for the night and Anatol kissed the young princess's hand, she herself knew not how she dared to do such a thing, but she looked straight into his handsome face as it approached her short-sighted eyes.

Turning from the princess, he went and kissed Mlle. Bourienne's hand. This was contrary to etiquette, but he did everything with such confidence and simplicity! Mlle. Bourienne flushed and glanced in dismay at the princess.

"How considerate of him," thought the princess. "Can it be that Amélie" — so she called Mlle. Bourienne — "thinks that I should be jealous of her, and do not appreciate her affection and devotion to me?"

She went straight over to Mlle. Bourienne, and gave her an affectionate kiss. Anatol was about to kiss the little princess's hand also.

"*Non! non! non!* when your father writes me that you are behaving beautifully, then I will let you kiss my hand. Not before."

And, shaking her finger at him, she left the room, with a smile.

CHAPTER V

All had gone to their rooms, but, with the exception of Anatol, who went to sleep as soon as he got into bed, it was long before any one could close an eye that night.

"Is he really to be my husband, this handsome stranger, who seems so good; ah, yes, above all, so good!" thought the Princess Maríya, and a feeling of fear, such as she had scarcely ever experienced before, came upon her. She was afraid to look round; it seemed to her as if some one were standing there behind the screen in the dark corner. And this some one was *he* — the devil — and *he* was this man with the white forehead, the black eyebrows, and the rosy lips.

She called her maid, and begged her to sleep in her room.

Mlle. Bourienne, that same evening, walked for a long time up and down the winter garden, vainly expecting some one, now smiling at her own thought, now stirred to tears by imagining the words which *sa pauvre mère* would say in reproaching her after her fall.

The little princess scolded her maid because her bed was not comfortable. It was impossible for her to lie on her side, or on her face. Any position was awkward and uncomfortable. She felt more than ever tried to-day, especially because Anatol's presence brought back so vividly the days before she was married, when she was light-hearted and merry. She reclined in her easy-chair, in her dressing-jacket and nightcap.

Katya, half asleep, and with her hair hanging down in a braid, was turning for the third time and shaking up the heavy mattress, muttering to herself.

"I told you that it was all humps and hollows," insisted the little princess, "I should like to go to sleep myself; I 'm sure it is n't my fault," and her voice trembled as if she were a child getting ready to cry.

The old prince, also, could not sleep. Tikhon, as he napped, heard him stamping wrathfully up and down, and snorting. It seemed to the old prince that he had been insulted through his daughter. The insult was painful, because it was directed not to himself, but to another, to his daughter, whom he loved better than himself. He kept telling himself that he would calmly think the whole matter over, and decide how in justice to himself he must act; but, instead of so doing, he grew more and more vexed with himself.

"Let the first young man come along, and she forgets father and all! and she runs up-stairs, combs up her hair and prinks, and is no longer like herself. Glad to throw her father over. And she knew that I noticed it. Fr! — fr! — fr! and then, have n't I eyes to see that that simpleton has no eyes for any one except *Burienka* (I must get rid of her!). And how is it she has n't enough pride to see it herself? If not for her own sake, she might at least show some for mine. I must show her that this booby does n't think of her at all, but stares only at Bourienne. She has no pride, but I 'll prove this for her."

The old prince knew that if he told his daughter that she was laboring under a delusion, that Anatol was bent on flirting with Bourienne, he would in this way touch his daughter's pride, and his game would be played; for he was anxious not to part with his daughter. This consideration served to quiet him. He summoned Tikhon, and began to undress.

"The devil take 'em!" he said to himself, as Tikhon slipped the night-shirt over his master's thin old body, the chest overgrown with gray hairs.

"I did not invite 'em. They have come to upset my

whole life. And my life will soon be come to an end. To the devil with 'em!" he muttered, while his head was still hidden by the shirt. Tikhon knew the prince's habit of sometimes thinking aloud, and therefore he met with unflinching eyes the prince's wrathfully scrutinizing gaze, as his head came out from the night-shirt.

"Have they gone to bed?" asked the prince.

Tikhon, after the manner of all well-trained valets, knew by intuition what his barin was thinking about. He judged that the question referred to Prince Vasíli and his son.

"They have deigned to go to bed, and their lights are out, your illustriousness."

"No reason why they should n't," briskly exclaimed the prince, and, thrusting his feet into his slippers and his arms into his dressing-gown, he went to the sofa where he usually slept.

Although but few words had been exchanged by Anatol and Mlle. Bourienne, they thoroughly understood each other as to the first chapters of the romance, up to the appearance of the poor mother; they understood that they had much to say to each other in secret, and therefore early in the morning they both sought an opportunity for a private interview. While the young princess was going at the usual hour to meet her father, Mlle. Bourienne and Anatol met in the winter garden.

The Princess Maríya on this particular day went with unusual trepidation to the door of her father's cabinet. It seemed to her that every one knew that this day her fate was to be decided, but also knew what she herself felt about it. She read this expression on Tikhon's face, and on the face of Prince Vasíli's valet, as he met her in the corridor on his way with hot water for the prince, and made her a low bow.

The old prince this morning was thoroughly affectionate and kind in his behavior to his daughter. The Princess Maríya well knew this expression of kindness. It was the expression his face generally wore when his nervous hands doubled up with vexation because she did not understand her arithmetical examples, and he

would spring to his feet, walk away from her, and then repeat the same words in a low, gentle voice.

He immediately addressed himself to the business in hand, and began to explain it to her, all the time using the formal *vui*, you.

"I have received an offer for your hand in marriage," said he, with an unnatural smile. "I suppose you did not imagine," he went on to say, "that he came here and brought his pupil" — for some inexplicable reason, Prince Nikolaï Andreyevitch called Anatol *vospítannik*, pupil — "for the sake of 'my handsome eyes.' Last evening he proposed for your hand. And, as you know my principles, I refer it to you."

"How am I to understand you, *mon père?*" she exclaimed, turning pale and then blushing.

"How understand me!" cried her father, wrathfully, "Prince Vasíli is satisfied with you for a daughter-in-law, and has proposed for your hand in behalf of his pupil. That 's what it means. 'How understand it!' That I ask you."

"I do not know so well as you, *mon père*," whispered the princess.

"I? I? what have I to do with it? Consider me out of the question. *I 'm* not the one who is going to be married. What 's *your* opinion? That is what must be known."

The princess saw that her father did not regard the matter very favorably, but at the same time the thought occurred to her that now or never the whole destiny of her life hung in the balance. She dropped her eyes, so as not to see his face, because she knew that she could not think if she were under its dominion but even then could only be subject to him, and she said: —

"I desire only one thing, to fulfil your will; but if it be necessary for me to express my desire .... "

She had no time to finish her sentence. The prince interrupted her.

"That 's admirable," he cried. "He will take you for your fortune, and, by the way, hook on Mlle. Bourienne! She will be his wife, and you".... the prince

paused. He noticed the effect produced on his daughter by his words. She hung her head, and was ready to burst into tears.

"Well, well, I was only jesting," said he. "Remember this one thing, princess; I stick to my principles that a girl has a perfect right to choose for herself. I give you your freedom. Remember this, though, the happiness of your whole life depends upon your decision. Leave me out of the consideration."

"But I do not know.... *mon père.*"

"There 's nothing to be said. He will marry as he is bid, whether it be you or somebody else, but *you* are free to choose. Go to your room; think it over, and at the end of an hour come to me and tell me in his presence what your decision is, yea or no. I know that you 'll have to pray over it. Well, pray if you please. Only you 'd better use your reason. Get you gone.... Yes or no, yes or no, yes or no!" cried he, as the princess, still as if in a mist, left the room with tottering step.

Her fate was already decided, and happily decided. But what her father said about Mlle. Bourienne, — that insinuation was horrible. False, let us hope, but still it was horrible, and she could not keep it out of her thoughts. She started directly to her room through the winter garden, seeing nothing and hearing nothing, when suddenly Mlle. Bourienne's well-known chatter struck her ear and woke her from her dreaming. She raised her eyes and, two paces away, saw Anatol with the Frenchwoman in his arms, and whispering something in her ear. With a terrible expression on his handsome face he looked at the Princess Maríya, and at first did not release Mlle. Bourienne, who had not seen the princess at all.

"Who is here? what is the trouble? Just wait a little," Anatol's face seemed to say. The Princess Maríya silently gazed at them. She could not comprehend it. Then Mlle. Bourienne uttered a cry and fled. Anatol, with an amused smile, gave the princess a bow, as if asking her to look on the ridiculous side of this strange

behavior, and, shrugging his shoulders, disappeared through the door that led to his own quarters.

At the end of an hour, Tikhon came to summon the Princess Maríya. He conducted her to her father's room, and told her that Prince Vasíli was also there. When Tikhon came for her, the princess was sitting on a sofa in her room, with her arm around Mlle. Bourienne. The latter was weeping, and the princess was softly stroking her hair. The princess's beautiful eyes, with all their usual calmness and brilliancy, gazed with affectionate love and sympathy into Mlle. Bourienne's pretty face.

"No, princess, my place is forever gone from your heart," said Mlle. Bourienne.

"Why, I love you more than ever," replied the Princess Maríya, "and I will try to do all that is in my power for your happiness."

"But you despise me! You, who are so pure, will never understand this frenzy of passion. Ah! my poor mother!"

"I understand it all," replied the princess, with a melancholy smile. "Compose yourself, my friend, I am going to see my father," said she, and left the room.

Prince Vasíli, — with one leg thrown across his knee, and holding his snuff-box in his hand, — excited to the last degree, and appearing as if he felt a sort of pity for himself and yet amused at his own emotion, was sitting with an anxious smile on his face as the Princess Maríya entered the room. He hastily applied a pinch of snuff to his nose.

"*Ah! ma bonne, ma bonne!*" he exclaimed, rising and seizing her by both hands. He sighed, and added, "My son's fate is in your hands. *Decide, ma bonne, ma chère, ma douce Marie!* I have always loved you as if you were my own daughter." He turned away. Genuine tears stood in his eyes.

"Fr!.... fr!".... snorted Prince Nikolaĭ Andreyitch. "The prince in the name of his pupil.... I mean his son .... makes you an offer. Will you or will you not be the wife of Prince Anatol Kuragin? Speak: yes or no," cried he. "And then I reserve to myself the right of

giving my opinion also. Yes, my opinion, and my opinion only," added Prince Nikolaï Andreyitch, in reply to Prince Vasíli's beseeching expression. "Yes or no?"

"My desire, *mon père*, is never to leave you, never to part from you as long as we live. I do not wish to marry," said she with firm deliberation, fixing her lovely eyes on Prince Vasíli and on her father.

"Folly! nonsense! nonsense! nonsense!" cried Prince Nikolaï Andreyitch, frowning; he drew his daughter to him, yet he did not kiss her, but merely brought his forehead close to hers, and squeezed her hand, which he held in his, so that she screamed out with pain. Prince Vasíli arose: —

"My dear, I will tell you that this is a moment that I shall never forget, never! but, my dear, can't you give us a little hope of ever touching your kind and generous heart? Say that perhaps .... the future is so long. Only say 'perhaps.'"

"Prince, what I have told you is all that my heart can say. I thank you for the honor, but I can never be your son's wife."

"Well, that ends it, my dear fellow. Very glad to have seen you. Very glad to have seen you. Go to your room, princess, go to your room," said the old prince. "Very, very glad to have seen you," he reiterated, embracing Prince Vasíli.

"My vocation is different," said the Princess Maríya to herself, "my vocation is to be happy in the happiness of others; a different sort of happiness, the happiness of love and self-sacrifice. And as far as within me lies, I will bring about the happiness of poor Amélie. She loves him so passionately. She repents her conduct so bitterly. I will do everything to bring about a marriage between them. If he is not rich, I will give her the means, I will petition my father, I will ask Andreï. And I shall be so happy when she becomes his wife. She is so unfortunate, lonely, and helpless in a strange land. And *Bozhe moï!* how passionately she must love him, if she can so far forget herself. Maybe, I myself should have done the same thing!".... thought the Princess Maríya.

CHAPTER VI

THE Rostofs had not heard for a long time from their Nikolushka, and it was near the middle of winter when a letter was handed to the count, on the envelope of which he recognized his son's handwriting. On receipt of the letter, the count hastily and anxiously stole off to his own cabinet, walking on his tiptoes, so as to escape observation, and shut himself in, and began to read it. Anna Mikhaïlovna, learning about the arrival of the letter, — for she knew everything that took place in the house, — quietly followed the count, and found him with the letter in his hands, sobbing and laughing at the same time.

Anna Mikhaïlovna, notwithstanding the improvement in her affairs, still continued to live at the Rostofs.

"*My dear friend*," exclaimed Anna Mikhaïlovna, with a tone of pathetic inquiry in her voice, and prepared to give him sympathy to any extent.

The count sobbed still more violently: "Nikolushka .... a letter .... wounded .... he wa-wa-was w-wounded .... *ma chère* .... wounded, my darling boy[1] .... the little countess .... he's been .... made an officer .... glory to God, *slava Bohu!* .... how can I tell the little .... countess?" ....

Anna Mikhaïlovna sat down by him, wiped the tears from his eyes with her handkerchief, and from the letter, for they were dropping on it, and then from her own eyes, read the letter herself, soothed the count, and decided that she would use the time till dinner, and even tea, for preparing the countess, and then after tea she would break the news to her, if God would only aid her.

During dinner-time, Anna Mikhaïlovna talked about the events of the war and about Nikolushka, and asked twice when they had received the last letter from him — though she herself knew perfectly well, and remarked that very likely they might have a letter from him, perhaps that day. Every time when, at such in-

[1] *Galúbchik.*

sinuations, the countess began to grow uneasy, and glance anxiously first at the count and then at Anna Mikhaïlovna, Anna Mikhaïlovna most adroitly led the conversation to insignificant topics.

Natasha more than the rest of the family was endowed with peculiar sensitiveness to shades of intonation, to the looks and expressions of faces, and, as soon as dinner began, she pricked up her ears, and came to the conclusion that there was some secret between her father and Anna Mikhaïlovna, and that it was something referring to her brother, and that Anna Mikhaïlovna was trying to "prepare" some one. Notwithstanding all her audacity, she dared not ask any questions during dinner-time, for she knew too well how sensitive her mother was in regard to all that related to her son; but her curiosity was so great that she ate nothing, and kept turning and twisting in her chair, in spite of the reproaches of her governess. After dinner, she rushed precipitately after Anna Mikhaïlovna, and threw herself into her arms. "Aunty darling,[1] tell what it is!"

"Nothing, my dear."

"Yes, there is, dearest, sweet one, you old pet,[2] and I shan't let you go till you tell me, for I know that you know."

Anna Mikhaïlovna shook her head: "You 're a little witch, child," said she.

"A letter from Nikolenka? Truly, is n't that it?" cried Natasha, reading an affirmative answer in Anna Mikhaïlovna's face.

"Yes, but for heaven's sake be more cautious; you know how this might trouble your *maman*."

"I will, I will, but tell me all about it! — You won't tell me? Well, then, I 'm going right to tell her!"

Anna Mikhaïlovna in few words told Natasha the contents of the letter, under the conditions of secrecy.

"My true, true word of honor," said Natasha, crossing herself, "I won't tell any one," and she immediately went to Sonya.

[1] *Tyótenka, galúbushka.*

[2] *Dúshenka* (little soul) *galúbchik, milaya* (dear), *pérsik* (peach).

"Nikolenka .... wounded .... a letter," she exclaimed, triumphantly and joyously.

"Nicolas!" cried Sonya, turning pale.

Natasha, seeing the impression produced on Sonya by the news that her brother was wounded, realized for the first time all the sorrowful side of this news.

She ran to Sonya, threw her arms around her neck, and burst into tears.

"He is not badly wounded, and has been promoted to be an officer; he 's all well again, for he wrote the letter himself," cried she, through her tears.

"That 's the way! All you women are milksops!" exclaimed Petya, marching with long, gallant strides up and down the room. "I am very glad, indeed, I am very glad, that my brother has distinguished himself so! You are all cry-babies. You have n't any sense at all."

Natasha smiled through her tears: —

"You have n't read the letter, have you?"

"No, I have n't read it, but she said the worst was over, and that he was already an officer."

"Glory to God!" cried Sonya, crossing herself. "But maybe she was deceiving you. Let us go to *maman!*"

Petya walked silently up and down the room.

"If I had been in Nikolushka's place, I should have killed still more of those Frenchmen," said he, after a little; "what nasty brutes they are! I would have killed such a lot of them that it would have made a pile so high," continued Petya.

"Hush, Petya! what a goose you are!"

"I am not a goose, but you are geese to cry over mere trifles!" said he.

"Do you remember him?" suddenly asked Natasha, after a moment's silence.

Sonya smiled: "Do I remember Nicolas?"

"No, Sonya. Do you remember him perfectly, so that you can recall everything about him?" asked Natasha, with an emphatic gesture, evidently wishing to give her words the most serious meaning. "Well, now, I remember Nikolenka, I remember him well; but I don't remember Borís. I don't remember him at all."

"What? You don't remember Borís!" exclaimed Sonya, in amazement.

"No, I don't really remember him. I have a general idea how he looked, but I can't bring him up before me, as I can Nikolenka. If I shut my eyes I can see, but it is not so with Borís." She shut her eyes. "That way, no, not at all."

"Oh, Natasha," said Sonya, looking at her friend, with enraptured earnestness, as if she considered her unworthy to hear what she had in mind to say, and as if she were saying it to some one else, with whom it was impossible to jest. "I love your brother, and whatever might happen to him or to me, I should never cease to love him as long as I live!"

Natasha looked at Sonya with wondering inquisitive eyes and made no answer. She felt convinced that what Sonya had said was true; that what Sonya talked about was real love; but Natasha had never experienced anything like it. She believed that it was in the realm of the possible, but she did not understand it.

"Shall you write him?" she asked.

Sonya deliberated.

The question how to write to Nicolas, and whether it were her duty to write to him, and what she should write to him, tormented her. Now that he were already an officer, and a wounded hero, it was a question of doubt in her mind, whether it would be right for her to remind him of herself, and of the promise which he had made her.

"I do not know. I think if he writes to me, then I will answer it," she replied, blushing.

"And shan't you feel ashamed to write him?"

Sonya smiled: —

"No."

"Well, I should feel ashamed to write to Borís, and I am not going to."

"Why should one feel ashamed?"

"There now, I 'm sure I don't know. It 's awkward; anyway, I should be ashamed."

"Well, I know why she would be ashamed," said

Petya, affronted at Natasha's first remark, — "because she fell in love with that fat fellow with the glasses" — he meant by this his namesake, Pierre, the new Count Bezukhoï — "and now she's in love with that singer" — Petya now referred to an Italian, who was giving Natasha singing lessons — "and that's why she would be ashamed!"

"Petya, you're too silly."

"I'm no sillier than you are, matushka!" said the ten-year-old lad, exactly as if he were an elderly brigadier.

The countess had been "prepared" during dinner-time by means of Anna Mikhaïlovna's hints. Going to her own room, she sat down on her sofa, not taking her eyes from a miniature picture of her son, painted on her snuff-box, and her eyes quickly filled with tears. Anna Mikhaïlovna, with the letter, came into the countess's room on her tiptoes and remained standing. "Don't you come in," said she to the old count, who was following her. She closed the door behind her. The count applied his ear to the keyhole and tried to listen.

At first all that he heard was a monotonous sound of voices; then Anna Mikhaïlovna, making a long speech without interruption; then a shriek; then silence; then, again, both voices speaking together with joyful inflections, and then steps, and Anna Mikhaïlovna opened the door. Anna Mikhaïlovna's face wore the proud expression of a surgical operator, who has just accomplished a difficult amputation and allows the public to enter and appreciate his skill.

"It's all right," said she to the count, pointing with an enthusiastic gesture to the countess, who held in one hand the snuff-box with the portrait, in the other the letter, and was pressing her lips first to the one and then to the other. Seeing the count, she stretched out her arms toward him, threw them round his bald head, and over his bald head looked at the letter and the portrait, and then, in order to press them to her lips again, gently pushed the bald head away.

Viera, Natasha, Sonya, and Petya came into the room, and the reading of the letter began. It contained

a brief description of the campaign, and the two engagements in which Nikolushka had taken part; he announced his promotion, and said that he kissed *maman's* and papa's hands, asking for their blessing, and kissed Viera, Natasha, and Petya. Moreover, he made his respects to Mr. Schelling and Madame Chausse, and his old nurse, and then he begged them to kiss his dear Sonya, whom he had always loved so, and whom he had remembered so affectionately.

When Sonya heard this, she blushed so that the tears came into her eyes. And, not able to endure the glances fastened on her, she ran into the drawing-parlor, whirled round it at full speed, her dress flying out like a balloon, and then plumped down on the floor, all flushed and smiling. The countess was weeping.

"What makes you cry, *maman?*" asked Viera. "Everything that he writes seems to me a cause for rejoicing, and not for weeping!"

This was perfectly true, but, nevertheless, the count and the countess, and Natasha, all looked at her reproachfully.

"Whom is she like, I wonder!" said the countess, to herself.

Nikolushka's letter was re-read a hundred times, and those who felt themselves entitled to hear it had to go to the countess, who would not let it out of her hands. The tutors came, and the nurses, and Mítenka, and ever so many acquaintances, and the countess read the letter to them each time with new delight, each time discovering new virtues in her Nikolushka. How strange, marvelous, and beautiful it was to her that her son — that son, the almost imperceptible motions of whose tiny limbs she had felt twenty years before, that son over whom she had quarreled with the count for spoiling him, that son who had learned to say *grusha* first and then *baba* — that this same son was now far away in a foreign land, in foreign surroundings, a heroic soldier, alone, without help or guidance, performing there his part in the deeds of heroes. The universal experience of the world in all ages, going to show that

children by imperceptible steps march from the cradle into manhood, was not realized by the countess. The attainment of manhood by her son was at every step as extraordinary as if there had not been millions upon millions of men who had gone through exactly the same process. Just as twenty years before it had been almost impossible for her to believe that the mysterious little being that was living and moving somewhere under her heart would ever wail and nurse and learn to talk, so now, it was incredible that this same being had become a strong, gallant man, the paragon of sons and of men, such as he was now, judging by his letter.

"What a style he has! How elegantly he expresses himself," said she, as she read over the descriptive portions of the letter. "And how much soul! Nothing about himself, nothing at all! Something about that Denísof, but he himself must have been braver than all the rest! He writes nothing at all about his sufferings! How much heart he has! How well I know him! And how kindly he remembered all the household! He did not forget a single one! But I always said it of him, even when he was ever so little — I always said it." ....

For more than a week rough drafts of letters to Nikolushka were prepared and written and copied out on white paper by the whole family under the superintendence of the countess and the zealous care of the count, all sorts of necessary articles were made into a parcel, together with money for the new uniform and the installation of the newly appointed officer.

Anna Mikhaĭlovna, a practical woman, had been shrewd enough to secure for her son a protector in the army, even for the better forwarding of correspondence. She had managed to find the opportunity of sending her letters in care of the Grand Duke Konstantin Pavlovitch, who commanded the Guards. The Rostofs had supposed that *Russkaya Gvardiya za Granitsei* — the Russian Guard on service abroad — was a sufficiently definite address, and that if a letter reached the grand duke commanding the Guards, then there was no reason why

it should not reach the Pavlograd regiment, which must be somewhere near; and therefore it was decided to be best to send the packet and the money by the grand duke's courier to Borís, and Borís would see to it that it was put in Nikolushka's hands. There were letters from the old count, from the countess, from Petya, from Viera, from Natasha, from Sonya, and finally six thousand rubles for his outfit, and various things which the count wished to send his son.

CHAPTER VII

On the twenty-fourth of November, Kutuzof's fighting army, bivouacked near Olmütz, made ready to be reviewed on the following day by the emperor of Russia and the emperor of Austria. The Imperial Guards which had just arrived from Russia encamped about fifteen versts from Olmütz, and on the next day were to proceed directly to the review, which would take place about ten o'clock in the morning, on the parade-ground at Olmütz.

Nikolaï Rostof on that day had received a note from Borís informing him that the Izmaïlovsky regiment was going to encamp about fifteen versts away, and that he wanted to see him to give him some letters and some money. The money came particularly handy to Rostof just now, when, after the toils of the campaign, the army had settled down at Olmütz, and well-provided sutlers and Austrian Jews, offering all sorts of enticements, infested the camp. The Pavlograd warriors enjoyed banquet after banquet, celebrated in honor of promotions won during the campaign, as well as excursions into town where Karolina, called *Vengerka*, or the Hungarian, had recently opened a tavern, at which all the waiters were girls.

Rostof had just celebrated his promotion from yunker to cornet, had bought Denísof's horse Bedouin, and was in debt to his comrades and the sutlers on every side. On receipt of the note from Borís, Rostof rode into

Olmütz with some comrades, dined there, drank a bottle of wine, and rode off alone to the Guard's camp to find the friend and companion of his youth.

Rostof had not as yet had a chance to procure his new uniform. He wore a yunker's jacket well soiled, with a private's cross, his ordinary much-worn leather-seated riding trousers, and an officer's saber with the sword-knot; the horse he rode was a Don pony which he had bought during the campaign, of a Cossack; his crumpled cap was rakishly set sidewise on the back of his head.

When he reached the camp of the Izmaïlovsky regiment, he thought how much he should surprise Borís and all his comrades of the Guard by appearing before them like a veteran who had been under fire.

The Guard had made the whole campaign like a picnic, making a great display of their neatness and discipline. Their marches had been short, their knapsacks had been transported on the baggage-wagons, and the officers had been given splendid entertainments at every halting-place by the Austrian authorities. The regiments entered and left the cities with music playing, and during the whole campaign, much to the pride of the Guard, the men had marched in serried ranks, keeping step, while the officers, mounted, rode in their places of assignment.

Borís during the whole campaign had marched and halted with Berg, who had now risen to be *rotnui komandír*, or captain. Berg having been given a company, had succeeded by his promptness and punctuality in winning the good-will of his superiors, and his financial affairs were now in very good shape. Borís had made many acquaintances with men who might be of service to him, and by means of a letter of introduction given him by Pierre, had become acquainted with Prince Andreï Bolkonsky, through whom he hoped to obtain a place on the staff of the commander-in-chief.

Berg and Borís, neatly and elegantly dressed, were resting after their day's journey, and, seated in a neat room which had been made ready for them, were playing checkers at a small round table. Berg held between his knees the pipe which he was smoking. Borís, with

the carefulness characteristic of him, had piled up the checkers in pyramidal form with his delicate white fingers, and was waiting for Berg's move, and looking at his opponent's face, evidently thinking only of the game, just as he always thought only of what occupied him at the moment.

"There now, how will you get out of that?" he asked.

"We 'll do our best," replied Berg, touching a king, and then dropping his hand again.

At this moment the door opened.

"Ah, there he is at last," cried Rostof. "And Berg here too! Ah, you 'petizanfan ale kushe dormir!'" [1] he cried, quoting the words of their old nurse, in which he and Borís always found great amusement.

"Batyushki! How you have changed!"

Borís arose to meet Rostof, but as he did so he took pains to pick up and replace the checkers that had fallen, and he was about to embrace his friend, but Nikolaï slipped out of his grasp. With that feeling peculiar to youth, which suggests the avoidance of beaten paths, and the expression of feelings like every one else, and especially that often hypocritical fashion which obtains with our elders, Nikolaï wanted to do something unusual and original, on the occasion of meeting his friends; he wanted to give Borís a pinch or a push, anything except kiss him, as was universally done.

Borís, on the contrary, threw his arns around Rostof in a composed and friendly fashion, and kissed him three times. They had not met for almost six months, and in such an interval, when young men have been taking their first steps on the pathway of life, each finds in the other immense changes, due to surroundings so entirely different from those in which they had taken the first steps of life. Both had changed greatly since they had last met, and each was equally anxious to show the other the changes that they had undergone.

"Oh! you cursed dandies! Spruce and shiny, just in from a promenade! Not much like us poor sinners

[1] *Petits enfants, allez coucher, dormir!* Little children, go to sleep!

of the Line!" exclaimed Rostof, with baritone notes in his voice, and with brusque army manners, quite new to Borís, and he exhibited his own dirty and bespattered trousers. On hearing Rostof's loud voice, the German mistress of the house put her head in through the door.

"Rather pretty, hey?" cried Nikolaï, with a wink.

"What makes you shout so? You will scare them!" said Borís. "I was n't expecting you to-day," he added. "It was only this afternoon that I sent my note to you through an acquaintance of mine, Kutuzof's aide, Bolkonsky. I did n't think of its reaching you so soon. Well, how are you? So you 've been under fire already, have you?" asked Borís.

Rostof said nothing in reply, but shook the Georgievsky cross on the lace of his coat, and, pointing to his arm which he carried in a sling, looked at Berg with a smile.

"As you see," said he.

"Well, well, so you have!" returned Borís with a smile, "and we also have had a glorious campaign. You know his imperial highness was most of the time near our regiment, so that we had all sorts of privileges and advantages. What receptions we had in Poland, what dinners and balls! I can't begin to tell you! and the Tsesarevitch[1] was very courteous to all of us officers."

Then the two friends related their experiences; the one telling of the jolly good times with the hussars, and his campaign life; the other of the pleasures and advantages of serving under the direct command of men high in authority and so on.

"Oh, you guardsmen!" cried Rostof. "But come now, send out for some wine."

Borís scowled. "Certainly, if you really wish it," and going to his couch he took out from under the clean pillow a purse, and ordered his man to bring wine. "Oh, yes; and I will deliver over to you some letters and your money," he added.

[1] The crown prince.

Rostof took his packet and, flinging the money on the sofa, leaned both elbows on the table and began to read. He read a few lines and then gave Berg a wrathful glance. Berg's eyes, fastened upon him, annoyed him, and he shielded his face with the letter.

"Well, they've sent you a good lot of money," exclaimed Berg, glancing at the heavy purse, half buried in the sofa. "And here we have to live on our salaries, count! Now I will tell you about myself."

"Look here, Berg, my dear fellow," said Rostof, "whenever I find you with a letter just received from home, and with a man with whom you want to talk about all sorts of things, I will instantly leave you so as not to disturb you. Hear what I say, get you gone anywhere, anywhere; to the devil," he cried, and then seizing him by the shoulder and giving him an affectionate look full in the face, evidently for the purpose of modifying the rudeness of his words, he added, "Now see here, don't be angry with me, my dear heart,[1] I speak frankly because you are an old acquaintance."

"Akh! for heaven's sake, count! I understand perfectly," said Berg, getting up and swallowing down his throaty voice.

"Go and see our hosts; they have invited you," suggested Borís.

Berg put on his immaculate, neat, and dustless coat, went to the mirror, brushed the hair up from his temples, after the style of the emperor, Alexander Pávlovitch, and, being persuaded by Rostof's looks that his coat was noticeable, left the room with a smile of satisfaction.

"Akh! what a brute I am, though!" exclaimed Rostof, reading the letter.

"What now?"

"Akh! what a pig I am, that I did not write them sooner, and frightened them so! Akh! what a pig I am!" he repeated, suddenly reddening. "Well, you've sent Gavrílo for wine, have you? Very good, we'll have a drink!" said he.

[1] *Galúbchik.*

Among the home letters, there was inclosed a note of recommendation to Prince Bagration, which the old countess at Anna Mikhaïlovna's suggestion had obtained from some acquaintance and sent to her son, urging him to present it and get all the advantage that he could from it.

"What nonsense! Much I need this!" said Rostof, flinging the letter on the table.

"Why did you throw it down?" asked Borís.

"Oh! it was a letter of recommendation; what the deuce do I want of such a letter!"

"Why do you say that?" asked Borís, picking up the letter and reading the inscription; "this letter might be very useful to you."

"I don't need anything, and I don't care to become any one's aide!"

"Why not, pray?" asked Borís.

"It's a lackey's place!"

"You still have the same queer notions, I see," rejoined Borís, shaking his head.

"And you 're the same old diplomat. However, that 's not to the point. How are you?" asked Rostof.

"Just exactly as you see! So far, all has gone well with me. But I confess I should very much like to be made an aide, and not stick to the Line."

"Why?"

"Because, having once entered upon the profession of arms, it is best to make one's career as brilliant as possible."

"Yes, that 's true," said Rostof, evidently thinking of something else. He gave his friend a steady, inquiring look, evidently trying in vain to find in his eyes the answer to some puzzling question.

Old Gavrílo brought the wine.

"Had n't we better send now for Alphonse Karluitch," asked Borís. "He will drink with you, for I can't."

"Yes, do send for him! But who is this Dutchman?" asked Rostof, with a scornful smile.

"He 's a very, very nice, honorable, and pleasant man," explained Borís.

Rostof once more looked steadily into Borís's eyes and sighed. Berg came back, and over the bottle of wine the conversation between the three officers grew more lively. The two guardsmen told Rostof of their march, and how they had been honored in Russia, Poland, and abroad. They told about the sayings and doings of their commander, the grand duke, together with anecdotes about his goodness and irascibility.

Berg, as usual, kept silent when there was nothing that specially concerned himself, but when they began to speak about the goodness and irascibility of the grand duke, he told with great gusto how, in Galicia, he happened to have a talk with the grand duke. The grand duke was making the tour of the regiment, and became very angry at the disorderly state of the division. With a smile of complacency on his face, Berg told how the grand duke, in a great state of vexation, came up to it and shouted: "*Arnautui*,[1] villains," being a favorite term of abuse when he was vexed, and called the company commander.

"Would you believe it, count, I was not in the least scared, because I knew that I was all right. And, count, I may say without boasting, that I knew all the regulations by heart, and the standing orders as well; knew them just as well as 'Our Father in Heaven.' And so, count, in my company, there was no complaint to be made of negligence. And that was the reason of my being so composed and having such an untroubled conscience. I stepped forward,"—here Berg stood up and represented in pantomime how he had raised his hand to his visor as he stepped forward; really it would have been hard to imagine a face more expressive of deference and self-sufficiency.—"Oh! how he scolded me, rated me, you might say, rated and rated and rated mortally —'not for life, but for death,' as the Russians say, and

[1] *Arnautka* is the South Russian name for a kind of hard wheat, probably derived from an Albanian tribe, *Arnaut*, which is also the name of a portion of the army in Turkey, composed of Christians; hence a term of reproach: "abortion," "a savage," "a bursurman (Mussulman, unbeliever)."

called me an Arnaut and a devil, and threatened me with Siberia," proceeded Berg, with a shrewd smile. "But I knew that I was in the right, and so I made no reply; was n't that best, count? 'What! are you dumb?' he cried. Still I held my tongue. What do you think, count? On the next day, there was nothing at all about it in the general orders; that 's what comes of not losing one's wits. That 's so, count," said Berg, lighting his pipe, and sending out rings of smoke.

"Yes, that 's splendid," said Rostof, with a smile; but Borís, perceiving that Rostof was all ready to poke fun at Berg, adroitly changed the conversation. He asked Rostof to tell them how and where he had been wounded.

This was agreeable to Rostof, and he began to give a circumstantial account of it, growing more and more animated all the time.

He described his action at Schöngraben exactly in the way those who take part in battles always describe them; that is, in the way they would be glad to have had them happen, so that his story agreed with all the other accounts of the participants, but was very far from being as it was.

Rostof was a truthful young man; not for anything in the world would he have deliberately told a falsehood. He began with the intention of telling it exactly as it happened, but imperceptibly, involuntarily, and unavoidably, as far as he was concerned, he fell into falsehood. If he had told the truth to these listeners of his, who had already heard from others, just as he himself had many times, the story of the charge, and had formed a definite idea of how the charge was made, and expected a substantially similar account of it from him, either they would not have believed him, or, what would have been worse, they would have come to the conclusion that Rostof was himself to blame for it, and that he had not experienced what he claimed to have experienced, since it did not agree with what is usually related of cavalry charges.

He could not tell them, in so many words, that they had all started on the trot, that he had fallen from his

horse, sprained his arm, and run away from the Frenchman with all his might and main, into the forest. Moreover, in order to tell the story in its grim reality, he would have been obliged to exercise much self-control to tell only what had occurred. To tell the truth is very hard, and young men are rarely capable of it. It was expected of him to tell how he grew excited under the fire, and, forgetting himself, had dashed like a whirlwind against the square, how he had cut and slashed with his saber right and left, as a knife cuts cheese, and how at length he had fallen from exhaustion, and the like. And that was what he told them.

In the midst of his tale, just as he was saying the words, "You can't imagine what a strange sensation of frenzy you experience during a charge," Prince Andreï Bolkonsky, whom Borís had been expecting, came into the room.

Prince Andreï, who liked to bear a patronizing relationship toward young men, was flattered by having Borís consigned to his protection, and was very well disposed toward him. Borís had succeeded in making a pleasant impression upon him, and he had made up his mind to have the young man's desire gratified. Being sent with despatches from Kutuzof to the Tsesarevitch, he had looked up his young *protégé*, expecting to find him alone. When he came in and found there a hussar of the Line, relating his military experiences, a sort of individual whom Prince Andreï could not endure, he gave Borís an affectionate smile, scowled at Rostof, half closing his eyes, and, with a stiff little bow, took his seat wearily and indifferently on the sofa.

He was disgusted at finding himself in uncongenial society.

Rostof, feeling this instinctively, instantly grew angry. But it was all the same to him; it was a stranger. He looked at Borís, and saw that he seemed to be ashamed of being in company with a hussar of the Line.

Notwithstanding Prince Andreï's disagreeable, mocking tone, notwithstanding the general scorn which, from

his point of view, as a hussar of the Line, Rostof shared for staff aides, to which number evidently belonged the gentleman who had just entered, Rostof felt overwhelmed with confusion, reddened, and grew silent. Borís asked what was the news at headquarters, and whether it were indiscretion for him to inquire about future movements.

"Probably we shall advance," replied Bolkonsky, evidently not wishing to commit himself further in the presence of strangers. Berg took advantage of his opportunity to ask, with his usual politeness, whether it were true, as he had heard, that double rations of forage were to be supplied to captains of the Line.

At this Prince Andreï smiled, and replied that he could not give an opinion in regard to such important questions of state, and Berg laughed heartily with delight.

"In regard to that matter of yours," said Prince Andreï, turning to Borís again, "we will talk about it by and by," and he glanced at Rostof. "You come to me after the review; we will do all that is in our power." And glancing around the room, he addressed himself to Rostof, pretending not to notice his state of childish confusion, which was rapidly assuming the form of ill-temper. Said he: —

"I suppose you were telling about the affair at Schöngraben? Were you there?"

"I was there," replied Rostof, curtly, as if he desired by his tone to insult the aide. Bolkonsky noticed the hussar's state of mind, and it seemed to him amusing. A slightly scornful smile played over his lips.

"Yes, there are many stories afloat now about that affair!"

"Stories, indeed!" exclaimed Rostof, in a loud voice, turning his angry eyes on Borís and Bolkonsky. "Yes, many stories; but the stories we tell are the accounts of those who were under the hottest fire of the enemy. Our accounts have some weight, and are very different from the stories of those staff-officers, milk-suckers, who win rewards by doing nothing."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am one of them?"

asked Prince Andreï, with a calm and very pleasant smile.

A strange feeling of anger and at the same time of respect for the dignity of this stranger were at this moment united in Rostof's mind.

"I was not speaking of you," said he. "I do not know you, and I confess I have no desire to know you. I merely made a general remark concerning staff-officers."

"And I will say this much to you," said Prince Andreï, interrupting him, a tone of calm superiority ringing in his voice. "You wish to insult me, and I am ready to have a settlement with you, it being very easy to bring about, if you have not sufficient self-respect; but you must agree with me that the time and place are exceedingly unpropitious for any such settlement. We are all soon to take part in a great and far more serious duel, and moreover, Drubetskoï here, who says that he is an old friend of yours, cannot be held accountable for the fact that my face was unfortunate enough to displease you. However," he went on to say, as he got up, "you know my name, and you know where to find me; but don't forget," he added, "that I consider that neither I nor you have any ground for feeling insulted, and my advice, as a man older than you, is not to let this matter go any further. Well, Drubetskoï, on Friday, after the review, I shall expect you; Da Svidanya!" cried Prince Andreï, and he went out with a bow to both of them.

It was only after Prince Andreï had left the room that Rostof remembered what reply he should have made. And he was still more out of temper because he had not had the wit to say it. He immediately ordered his horse brought round, and, bidding Boris farewell rather dryly, rode off to his own camp. "Should he go next day to headquarters and challenge this captious aide, or should he follow his advice and leave things as they were?" That was the question that tormented him all the way. At one moment he angrily imagined how frightened this little, feeble, bumptious

man would look when covered by his pistol; the next, he confessed with amazement, that of all the men whom he knew, there was none whom he should be more glad to have as his friend than this same aide whom he detested!

CHAPTER VIII

On the day following the meeting of Borís and Rostof occurred the review of the Austrian and Russian troops, including those who had just arrived from Russia as well as those who had made the campaign with Kutuzof. Both the emperor of Russia, with the Tsesarevitch, and the emperor of Austria, with the archduke, reviewed this army, aggregating eighty thousand men.

Early in the morning the soldiers, elegantly spruced and attired, began to move, falling into line in front of the fortress. Here thousands of legs and bayonets moved along with streaming banners, and at the command of their officers halted or wheeled, or formed into detachments, passing by other similar bodies of infantry, in other uniforms.

There, with measured hoof-beats and jingling of trappings, came the cavalry, gayly dressed in blue, red, and green embroidered uniforms, with gayly dressed musicians ahead, riding coal-black, chestnut, and gray horses.

Yonder, stretching out in a long line, with their polished shining cannon, jolting with a brazen din on their carriages, and with the smell of linstocks, came the artillery between the infantry and cavalry, and drew up in the places assigned them. Not only the generals in full-dress uniform, with slender waists or stout waists, tightened in to the last degree, and with red necks tightly clasped by their collars, and wearing their scarfs and all their orders; not only the officers, pomaded and decked with all their glories, but all the soldiers, with shining, clean-washed, and freshly shaven faces, with all their appurtenances polished up to the highest luster, and all the horses gayly caparisoned, and groomed so that their coats were as glossy as satin, and every in-

dividual hair in their manes in exactly its proper place, had the consciousness that something grave, significant, and solemn was taking place. Every general and every soldier felt his own insignificance, counting himself as merely a grain of sand in this sea of humanity, and at the same time felt his power, when regarded as a part of this mighty whole.

By means of strenuous efforts and devoted energy, the preparations which had begun early in the morning were completed by ten o'clock, and everything was in proper order. The ranks were drawn up across the broad parade-ground. The whole army was arranged in three columns; in front the cavalry, then the artillery, and in the rear the infantry.

Between each division of the army was a space like a street. The three divisions of this army were sharply contrasted with one another; Kutuzof's war-worn veterans — among whom on the right flank in the front row stood the Pavlogradsky hussars — the troops of the Line that had just arrived from Russia, and the regiments of the Guard and the Austrian army. But all stood in one line under one commander, and in identical order.

Like the wind rustling the leaves, a murmur agitated the lines: "They are coming! They are coming!" Anxious voices were heard, and throughout all the troops, like a wave, ran the bustle of the final preparations.

Far away in front of them, near Olmütz, appeared a group coming toward them. And at this moment, though the day was calm, a gentle breeze stirred the army, and seemed to shake the pennoned pikes, and the loosened standards clinging to their staffs. It seemed as if the army itself by this slight tremor expressed its gladness at the approach of the emperors. One voice was heard — "Smirno, eyes front!" Then, like the answering of cocks at daybreak, many voices repeated this command from point to point, and all grew still.

In the death-like silence the only sound heard was the trampling of horses' feet. This was the suite of the emperors. The two monarchs rode along the left wing,

and the bugles of the First Cavalry Regiment burst forth with the general-marsch. It seemed as if it were not the bugles which played this march, but as if the army itself, in its delight at the approach of the emperors, emitted these sounds. Their echoes had not died away, when the Emperor Alexander's affable young voice was distinctly heard addressing the men. He uttered the usual welcome, and the first regiment gave forth one huzza, so deafening, so long drawn out and expressive of joy, that the men themselves were amazed and awe-struck at the magnitude and strength of the mass which they constituted: —

"Hurrah!"

Rostof, standing in the front rank of Kutuzof's army, which the emperor first approached, shared the feeling experienced by every man in that army, a feeling of self-forgetfulness, a proud consciousness of invincibility and of passionate attachment to him on whose account all this solemn parade was prepared. He felt that only one word from this man was needed for this mighty mass, including himself as an insignificant grain of sand, to dash through fire and water, to commit crime, to face death, or perform the mightiest deeds of heroism, and therefore he could not help trembling, could not help his heart melting within him at the sight of this approaching Word.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" was roared on all sides, and one regiment after another welcomed the sovereigns with the music of the general-marsch, then renewed huzzas, the general-marsch and huzzas on huzzas, which, growing louder and louder, mingled in one overpowering, deafening clamor.

Until the sovereign came quite close, every regiment in its silence and rigidity seemed like a lifeless body; but, as soon as the sovereign came abreast of it, the regiment woke to life and broke out into acclamations which mingled with the roar extending down the whole line past which the sovereign rode. Amid the tremendous deafening clamor of these thousands of voices, through the midst of the armies, standing in their

squares as motionless as if they had been carved out of granite, moved easily, carelessly, but symmetrically, and above all with freedom and grace, the hundreds of riders constituting the suites, and in front of all — two men, the emperors! On them, and on them alone, were concentrated the suppressed but eager attention of all that mass of men.

The handsome young Emperor Alexander in his Horse Guards' uniform and three-cornered hat worn point forward, with his pleasant face and clear but not loud voice, was the cynosure of all eyes.

Rostof stood not far from the buglers, and his keen glance recognized the emperor while he was still far off, and followed him as he drew near. When the sovereign had approached to a distance of twenty paces, and Nikolaï could clearly distinguish every feature of his handsome and radiant young face, he experienced a sense of affection and enthusiasm such as he had never before felt. Everything, every feature, every motion, seemed to him bewitching in his sovereign.

Pausing in front of the Pavlograd regiment, the monarch said something in French to the emperor of Austria and smiled.

Seeing this smile, Rostof himself involuntarily smiled also, and felt a still more powerful impulse of love toward his sovereign. He felt a burning desire to display this love in some way. He knew that this was impossible and he felt like weeping.

The sovereign summoned the regimental commander and said a few words to him.

"*Bozhe moï!* what would happen to me if the sovereign were to address me!" thought Rostof. "I should die of happiness!"

The emperor also addressed the officers: —

"Gentlemen," said he. And Rostof listened as to a voice from heaven. How happy would he have been now could he only die for his Tsar! "I thank you all from my heart! You have won the standards of the George, prove yourselves worthy of them!"

"Only to die, to die for him!" thought Rostof.

The sovereign said a few words more, which Rostof did not catch, and the soldiers, straining their throats, cried "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Rostof also joined with them, leaning forward in his saddle and shouting with all his might, willing to burst his lungs in his efforts to express the full extent of his enthusiasm for his sovereign.

The emperor stood a few seconds in front of the hussars as if he were undecided.

"How can the sovereign be undecided?" mused Rostof; but immediately even this indecision seemed to him a new proof of majesty and charm, like everything else that the sovereign did.

The emperor's indecision lasted only a moment. His foot, shod in a narrow, sharp-pointed boot, such as were worn at that time, pressed against the flank of the English-groomed bay mare on which he sat. The sovereign's hand, in a white glove, gathered up the reins, and he rode off, accompanied by a disorderly tossing sea of aides.

As he kept riding farther and farther down the line, he kept halting in front of the different regiments, and at last only his white plume could be seen by Rostof, distinguishing him from the suite that accompanied the emperors.

In the number of those who accompanied the emperor, he noticed Bolkonsky, lazily and indifferently bestriding his steed. The yesterday evening's quarrel with him came into his mind, and the question arose whether or no he ought to challenge him.

"Of course it is out of the question now," thought Rostof. "Is it worth while to think or to talk about such a thing at such a moment as this? At a time when one feels such impulses of love, enthusiasm, and self-renunciation, what consequence are our petty quarrels and provocations? I love the whole world, I forgive every one now!" said Rostof to himself.

After the sovereign had ridden past almost all the regiments, the troops began to move in front of him in the "ceremonial march," and Rostof, on his Bedouin,

which he had recently bought of Denísof, rode at the end of his squadron, that is, alone, and in a most conspicuous position before his sovereign.

Just before he came up to where the emperor was, Rostof, who was an admirable horseman, plunged the spurs in Bedouin's flanks, and urged him into that mad, frenzied gallop which Bedouin always took when he was excited. Pressing his foaming mouth back to his breast, arching his tail, and seeming to fly through the air, and spurning the earth, gracefully tossing and interweaving his legs, Bedouin, also conscious that the emperor's eyes were fastened on him, dashed gallantly by.

Rostof himself, keeping his feet back, and sitting straight in his saddle, feeling himself one with his horse, rode by his sovereign with disturbed but beatific face, — "a very devil," as Denísof expressed it.

"Bravo! Pavlogradsui!" exclaimed the emperor.

"*Bozhe moï!* how happy I should be if he would only bid me to dash instantly into the fire!" thought Rostof.

When the review was ended, the officers that had just come from Russia and those of Kutuzof's division began to gather in groups and talk about the rewards of the campaign, about the Austrians and their uniforms, about their line of battle, about Bonaparte, and what a desperate position he had got himself into now, especially if Essen's corps should join them, and Prussia should take their side.

But more than all else in each of these circles, the conversation ran on the sovereign Alexander, and every word that he had spoken was repeated, and everything that he had done was praised, and all were enthusiastic over him.

All had but one single expectation: under the personal direction of the sovereign, to go with all speed against the enemy. Under the command of the emperor himself, it would be an impossibility not to win the victory over any one in the world: so thought Rostof and the majority of the officers.

After this review, all were more assured of victory than they could have been after the gaining of two battles.

CHAPTER IX

On the day following the review, Borís, dressed in his best uniform, and accompanied by the wishes of his comrade, Berg, for his success, rode off to Olmütz to find Bolkonsky, anxious to take advantage of his good-will and secure a most brilliant position, especially the position of aide to some important personage, as this seemed to him the most attractive branch of the service.

"It's fine for Rostof, whose father sends him ten thousand at a time, to argue that he would not accept favors of any one, or be any one's lackey; but I, who have nothing except my brains, must pursue my career and not miss opportunities, but take advantage of them."

He did not find Prince Andreï in Olmütz that day. But the sight of the town where the imperial headquarters were situated, where the diplomatic corps were established, and both emperors were quartered with their suites, and courtiers, and intimates, only inspired the more desire in the young man's heart to belong to this exalted world.

He had no acquaintances, and, notwithstanding his elegant uniform of the Guards, all these superior people crowding the streets in handsome equipages, plumes, ribbons, and orders, these courtiers and warriors, seemed to stand so immeasurably above him that not only they would not but moreover they could not recognize the existence of such an insignificant officer of the Guards as he was. At the establishment of the commander-in-chief, Kutuzof, where he inquired for Bolkonsky, all the aides, and even the servants, looked at him as if it were their wish to inspire him with the idea that there was a great abundance of officers like him there, and that all were very much annoyed by their presence.

In spite of this, or rather in direct consequence of this, on the very next day, the twenty-seventh, immediately after dinner, he went to Olmütz again, and

going to the house occupied by Kutuzof, inquired for Bolkonsky.

Prince Andreĭ was at home, and Borís was ushered into a great drawing-room, where probably in times gone by balls had been given, but which was now occupied by five beds, and a heterogeneous medley of furniture, tables, chairs, and a clavichord. An aide, in a Persian khalat, was sitting at a table near the door and writing. Another, the stout handsome Nesvitsky, lay on his bed with his hands supporting his head, and laughing and talking with an officer who was sitting near him. A third was at the clavichord playing a Viennese waltz; a fourth leaned on the clavichord and was humming the air.

Bolkonsky was not in the room. Not one of these gentlemen, though they glanced at Borís, paid him the slightest attention. The one who was writing, and whom Borís ventured to address, turned round with an air of annoyance and told him that Bolkonsky was on duty, and that he would find him by passing through the door on the left, and going to the reception-room if he wanted to see him. Borís thanked him and went to the reception-room. He found there ten or a dozen generals and other officers.

At the moment that Borís came in, Prince Andreĭ, with a contemptuous frown on his face and that peculiar look of well-bred weariness which says louder than words that "if it were not my duty, I should not think of wasting any more time talking with you," was listening to an old Russian general with orders on his breast, who was standing upright, almost on his tiptoes, and, with the servile expression characteristic of the military on his purple face, was laying his case before Prince Andreĭ.

"Very good, be kind enough to have patience," he was saying to the general in Russian, but with that French accent which he affected when he wished to speak rather scornfully; then, catching sight of Borís, and making no further reply to the general, who hastened after him with his petition, begging him to let him

say just one thing more, Prince Andreï with a radiant smile and waving his hand to him went to meet Borís.

Borís at this instant clearly understood what he had suspected before, that in the army there was, above and beyond the subordination and discipline taught by the code, and which they in the regiments knew by heart, and which he knew as well as any one else, — there was another still more essential form of subordination, one which compelled this anxious general with the purple face respectfully to wait, while Captain Prince Andreï, for his own satisfaction, found it more interesting to talk with Ensign Drubetskoï. More than ever Borís decided henceforth not to act in accordance with the written law, but with this unwritten code. He now felt that merely through the fact of having been sent to Prince Andreï with a letter of recommendation he was allowed to take precedence of this old general, who in other circumstances, at the front, for instance, might utterly humiliate him — a mere ensign of the Guards.

Prince Andreï came to meet him and took him by the hand.

"Very sorry that you missed me yesterday. I spent the whole day with the Germans. Weirother and I went to inspect the disposition of the troops. What fellows these Germans are for accuracy; there's no end to it!"

Borís smiled exactly as if he understood to what Prince Andreï referred. He affected to see in it a piece of generally known information, but really this was the first time that he had heard Weirother's name, and even the word *dispozítsiya*.

"Well, now, my dear, so you would like to become an aide, would you? I was just thinking about you."

"Yes," replied Borís, in spite of himself, reddening at the very thought, "I was thinking of calling on the commander-in-chief; he has had a letter in regard to me from Prince Kuragin; I wanted to ask it," he added, as if by way of apology, "because I was afraid the Guards would not take part in any action."

"Very good, very good! We will talk it all over,"

said Prince Andreï. "Only let me finish up this gentleman's business and I will be at your service."

While Prince Andreï went to report on the business of the purple-faced general, this general, evidently not sharing Borís's comprehension in regard to the advantages of the unwritten code, glared so fiercely at the audacious young ensign who had interrupted his conversation with the aide, that Borís grew uncomfortable. He turned away and waited impatiently for Prince Andreï's return from the commander-in-chief's private room.

"Well, my dear fellow, as I said, I was just thinking of you," said Prince Andreï, as they went into the big room where the clavichord was. "There is no use in your going to call on the commander-in-chief," he went on to say; "he will make you pleasant enough speeches, he will have you invited to dinner," ("That would not be so bad according to this other code," thought Borís, in his own mind), "but nothing more would come of it; if it did, there would soon be a whole battalion of us aides and orderlies. But I tell you what we 'll do; I have a good friend, who is general adjutant, and a splendid man, Prince Dolgorukof, — and perhaps you may not know this, but it is a fact, that just now Kutuzof and his staff and all of us are of mighty little consequence; everything at the present time is centered on the emperor, — so let us go to Dolgorukof; I have an errand to him anyway, and I have already spoken to him of you, so we will see whether he can't find the means of giving you a place on his own staff, or somewhere even nearer to the sun."

Prince Andreï always showed great energy when he had the chance to lend a young man a hand and help him to worldly success. Under cover of the assistance granted another, and which he would have been too proud to accept for himself, he came within the charmed circle which was the source of success, and in reality a powerful attraction for him. He very readily took Borís under his wing and went with him to Prince Dolgorukof.

It was already quite late in the afternoon when they

reached the palace of Olmütz, occupied by the emperors and their immediate followers.

On this very day there had been a council of war in which all the members of the Hofkriegsrath and the two emperors had taken part. In the council it had been decided, contrary to the advice of the old generals, Kutuzof and Schwartzenberg, to act immediately on the offensive and offer Bonaparte general battle.

The council had only just adjourned when Prince Andreï, accompanied by Borís, entered the palace in search of Prince Dolgorukof. Already the magic impression of this war council, which had resulted in victory for the younger party, could be seen in the faces of all whom they met at headquarters. The voices of the temporizers who advised further postponement of the attack had been so unanimously drowned out and their arguments confuted by such indubitable proofs of the advantage of immediate attack, that the subject of their deliberations — that is, the impending engagement and the victory which would doubtless result from it — seemed to be a thing of the past rather than of the future.

All the advantages were on our side. The enormous forces of the allies, doubtless far outnumbering Napoleon's forces, were concentrated at one point; the armies were inspired by the presence of the emperors, and eager for action; the "strategical point" where the battle was to be fought was known, in its minutest details, to the Austrian General Weirother who would take the direction of the army; it happened also, by a fortunate coincidence, that the Austrian army had manœuvered the previous year on these very plans where now it was proposed that they should meet the French in battle; all the features of the ground were well known and accurately delineated on the maps, and Bonaparte, evidently weakened, was making no preparations to meet them.

Dolgorukof, one of the most fiery partisans in favor of immediate attack, had only just returned from the council, weary and jaded, but full of excitement and proud of the victory won. Prince Andreï introduced

the young officer, whom he had taken under his protection, but Prince Dolgorukof, though he politely and even warmly pressed his hand, said nothing to him, and being evidently unable to refrain from expressing the thoughts that occupied him at this time to the exclusion of everything else, turned to Prince Andreï and said in French: —

"Well, my dear fellow, what a struggle we 've been having! May God only grant that the one which will result from it will be no less victorious! One thing, my dear fellow," said he, speaking eagerly and brusquely, "I must confess my injustice to these Austrians, and especially to Weirother! What exactness and care for minutiæ! what accurate knowledge of the localities! what foresight for contingencies! what thoughts for all the minutest details! No, my friend, nothing more advantageous than the condition in which we find ourselves could possibly be imagined. Austrian accuracy and Russian valor combined! What more could you desire?"

"So an engagement has been actually determined on?" asked Bolkonsky.

"And do you know, my dear, it seems to me that really Bonaparte 'has lost his Latin.' Did you know a letter was received from him to-day addressed to the emperor?"

Dolgorukof smiled significantly.

"What 's that? What did he write?" asked Bolkonsky.

"What could he write? Tradiridira and so forth, merely for the sake of gaining time; that 's all. I tell you, he 's right in our hands; that 's certain! But the most amusing thing of all," said he, with a good-natured smile, "was this, that no one could think how it was best to address the reply to him! Not as 'consul' and still less as emperor, of course; I supposed it would be to General Bonaparte."

"But there is considerable difference between not recognizing him as emperor and addressing him as General Bonaparte," said Bolkonsky.

"That 's the very point," said Dolgorukof, interrupt-

ing him with a laugh, and speaking rapidly. "You know Bilibin — he 's a very clever man — he proposed to address him as 'Usurper and Enemy of the Human Race.'"

Dolgorukof broke into a hearty peal of laughter.

"Was that all?" remarked Bolkonsky.

"But in the end it was Bilibin who invented a serious title for the address. He 's a shrewd and clever man!"

"What was it?"

"'Head of the French Government,' — *au chef du gouvernement français*," replied Prince Dolgorukof, gravely, and with satisfaction. "Say, now, was n't that good?"

"Very good, but it won't please him much," replied Bolkonsky.

"Oh, not at all! My brother knows him; he 's dined with him more than once, — with the present emperor at Paris, and told me that he never saw a more refined and cunning diplomat! French *finesse* combined with Italian astuteness, you know! You 've heard the anecdotes about him and Count Markóf, have n't you? Count Markóf was the only man who could meet him on his own ground. You know the story of the handkerchief? It 's charming!"

And the loquacious Dolgorukof, turning now to Borís, now to Prince Andreï, told how Bonaparte, wishing to test Markóf, our ambassador, purposely dropped his handkerchief in front of him and stood looking at him, apparently expecting Markóf to hand it to him, and how Markóf instantly dropped his handkerchief beside Bonaparte's and stooping down picked it up, leaving Bonaparte's where it lay.

"*Charmant!*" exclaimed Bolkonsky. "But prince, I have come as a petitioner in behalf of this young man here. Do you know whether" — but before Prince Andreï had time to finish, an adjutant came into the room with a summons for Prince Dolgorukof to go to the emperor.

"Akh! what a nuisance!" exclaimed Dolgorukof, hurriedly rising and shaking hands with Prince Andreï

and Borís. "You know I should be very glad to do all in my power either for you or for this charming young man." Once more he pressed Borís's hand with an expression of good-natured frankness and mercurial heedlessness. "But we 'll see about it. .... See you another time!"

Borís was greatly excited by the thought of being so near to such exalted powers. He felt that here he was almost in contact with the springs which set in motion all these enormous masses of which he and his regiment appeared to be a small, humble, and insignificant part.

They followed Prince Dolgorukof into the corridor. Just then, from out the door leading into the sovereign's apartments, through which Dolgorukof was going, came a short individual in civil attire, with an intellectual face and a strongly pronounced and prominent lower jaw, which without disfiguring him lent especial energy and mobility to his expression. This short man nodded to Dolgorukof as to a friend, and came along straight toward Prince Andreï with a fixed cold stare, evidently expecting him to make a bow, or to stand out of the way for him. Prince Andreï did neither; a wrathful expression came into his face, and the young man, turning about, went down the corridor in the other direction.

"Who was that?" asked Borís.

"That is one of the most remarkable, and to me most detestable, of men, — the minister of foreign affairs, Prince Adam Czartorisky. Those are the men," said Bolkonsky, with a sigh which he could not stifle, as they left the palace, "those are the men that decide the fate of nations."

On the next day the armies were set in motion, and Borís had no opportunities, until the battle of Austerlitz itself, to meet either Prince Bolkonsky or Dolgorukof, and remained for the time being in the Izmaïlovsky regiment.

CHAPTER X

At dawn, on the twenty-eighth, Denísof's squadron, in which Nikolaï Rostof served, and which belonged to Prince Bagration's division, marched out from its bivouac to battle, as it was said, and after proceeding about a verst, behind the other columns, was halted on the highway.

Rostof saw the Cossacks riding forward past them; then the first and second squadron of hussars, and battalions of infantry and artillery; and then the generals, Bagration and Dolgorukof, and their adjutants also rode by.

All the fear which, just as at the previous battles, he had experienced before the action, all the internal conflict, by means of which he had overcome this fear, all his dreams of how he would distinguish himself, hussar fashion, in this action were wasted. Their squadron were stationed in the reserve, and Nikolaï Rostof spent that day bored and anxious.

About nine o'clock in the morning, he heard at the front the sounds of musketry firing, huzzas, and shouting; he saw some wounded men carried to the rear (there were not many of them), and at last he beheld a whole division of French cavalrymen conducted by in charge of a *sótnya* of Cossacks. Evidently, the action was at an end, and though it appeared to have been of small magnitude, it was attended with success. The soldiers and the officers, as they returned, narrated the story of their brilliant victory, resulting in the occupation of the city of Wischau and the capture of a whole squadron of the French.

The day was clear and sunny, after the nipping frost of the night before, and the joyful brilliancy of an autumn day seemed to harmonize with the news of the victory, which was confirmed not only by the narratives of those who had taken part in it, but still more by the enthusiastic faces of the soldiers, officers, generals, and adjutants, passing this way and that before Rostof.

Nikolaï's heart was the heavier for having suffered to no purpose all the pangs of fear anticipatory of the battle, and then being obliged to spend this glorious day in inaction.

"Wostof, come here! Let us dwown our sow'ow in dwink!" cried Denísof, seated on the edge of the road, with a flask and lunch spread before him. The officers gathered in a circle around Denísof's bottle-case, eating their lunch and chatting.

"Here they come, bringing another!" exclaimed one of the officers, pointing to a French dragoon who had been made prisoner and was walking along under guard of two Cossacks. One of them was leading by the bridle a large, handsome French horse which had been taken from the prisoner.

"Sell us the horse?" cried Denísof to the Cossack.

"Certainly, your nobility."

The officers sprang up and crowded around the Cossacks and the prisoner. The French dragoon was a young Alsatian, speaking French with a German accent. He was quite out of breath with emotion; his face was crimson. Hearing the officers talking French, he began to speak with them eagerly, turning to one and another of them. He told them that he ought not to have been taken, and that it was not his fault he was taken, but the fault of *le caporal*, who had sent him to get some caparisons, and that he told him the Russians were already there. And at the end of every sentence, he added: "But don't let any harm come to my little horse!" at the same time patting his coat.

It was evident that he didn't understand very well what had happened to him. Now he apologized for having been captured, then, as if he imagined himself in the presence of his own superiors, he vaunted his strict attention to the duties of a soldier and his zeal in the service. He brought with him to our rear-guard in all its freshness the very atmosphere of the French army, which was so foreign to our men.

The Cossacks sold the horse for two ducats, and Ros-

tof, who was just now possessed of money in plenty, and was the richest of the officers, bought it.

"But don't let any harm come to my little horse!" said the Alsatian, good-naturedly, to Rostof, when the horse was handed over to the hussar.

Rostof, with a smile, reassured the dragoon, and gave him some money.

"*Allee! allee!*" said the Cossack, attempting to speak in French, and touching the prisoner's arm to make him move on.

"*Gosudar! gosudar!*—the emperor! the emperor!" was suddenly heard among the hussars. All was hurry and confusion as the officers scattered, and Rostof distinguished down the road a number of horsemen with white plumes in their hats riding toward them. In a moment's time, all were in their places and waiting.

Rostof did not remember and had no consciousness of how he got to his place and mounted his horse. Instantly his disappointment at not being present at the skirmish, the mutinous frame of mind that he had felt during the hours of inaction, passed away; every thought about himself instantly vanished; he was perfectly absorbed in the sense of happiness arising from the proximity of his sovereign! He felt himself compensated by the mere fact of his presence for all the loss of the day. He was as happy as a lover, in expectation of the wished-for meeting! Not daring to look down the line, and not glancing around, he felt *his* approach by a sense of rapture. And he felt this, not alone by the mere trampling of the horses' hoofs as the cavalcade rode along, but he felt it because in proportion as they drew near everything around him grew brighter, more radiant with joy, more impressive and festive. Nearer and nearer came what was the sun for Rostof, scattering rays of blissful and majestic light, and now at last he realized that he was enveloped by these rays; he heard his voice, that affable, serene, majestic, and at the same time utterly unaffected voice. A dead silence ensued, just as Rostof felt ought to be the case, and this

silence was broken by the sound of his sovereign's voice: —

"The Pavlograd hussars?" he asked in French.

"The reserves, your majesty," replied some other voice, a merely human voice, after the superhuman voice which had asked if they were the Pavlograd hussars.

The emperor came up near where Rostof was and reined in his horse. Alexander's face was still more beautiful than it had been three days before at the time of the parade. It fairly beamed with delight and youthful spirits, — such innocently youthful spirits that it reminded one of the sportiveness of a fourteen-year-old lad; and yet, nevertheless, it was the face of a majestic emperor! Chancing to glance down the squadron, the sovereign's eyes met Rostof's and for upward of two seconds gazed into them. Maybe the sovereign read what was passing in Rostof's soul; it certainly seemed to Rostof that he must know it; at all events, he fixed his blue eyes for the space of two seconds on Rostof's face. A sweet and gentle light seemed to emanate from them. Then suddenly his eyebrows contracted, and with a brusque movement of his left foot he spurred his horse and galloped forward.

The young emperor could not restrain his desire to be present at the battle, and in spite of all the objections of his courtiers, he managed about twelve o'clock to leave the third column, under whose escort he had been moving, and spurred off to the front. But before he reached the hussars he was met by some of his aides with the report of the happy issue of the skirmish.

The engagement, which was merely the capture of a squadron of the French, was represented as a brilliant victory, and consequently the sovereign and the whole army after this, and especially before the smoke had cleared away from the field of battle, were firmly convinced that the French were conquered and were in full retreat.

A few minutes after the passing of the sovereign, the division of the Pavlograd hussars were ordered to ad-

vance. In the little German town of Wischau, Rostof saw the emperor yet a second time. In the town square, where, just before the sovereign's arrival, there had been a pretty lively interchange of shots, still lay a number of men, killed and wounded, whom they had not as yet had time to remove.

The sovereign, surrounded by his suite of military and civil attendants, and riding a chestnut mare, groomed in English style, though not the same one which he had ridden at the parade, leaning over and gracefully holding a gold *lorgnette* to his eye, was looking at a soldier stretched out on the ground, without his shako, and with his head all covered with blood.

The soldier was so filthy, rough, and disgusting that Rostof was quite affronted that he should be so near his majesty. Rostof saw how the sovereign's stooping shoulders contracted, as if a chill ran down his back, and how his left heel convulsively pressed the spur into the horse's side, and how the admirably trained animal looked around good-naturedly, and did not stir from his place.

An adjutant dismounted, and taking the soldier under the arm assisted to lift him to a stretcher which had just been brought.

The soldier groaned.

"Gently, gently! can't you lift him more gently!" exclaimed the sovereign, apparently suffering more keenly than the dying soldier, and he rode away.

Rostof saw the tears that filled his monarch's eyes, and heard him say in French to Czartorisky as he rode away: —

"What a terrible thing war is, what a terrible thing! — *Quelle terrible chose que la guerre!*"

The vanguard had been stationed in front of Wischau, in sight of the enemy's pickets, who had abandoned to the Russians the place after desultory firing that had lasted all day. The vanguard had been personally congratulated and thanked by the emperor, rewards had been promised, and a double portion of vodka had been dealt out to the men. The bivouac fires crackled even

more merrily than the night before, and the soldiers' songs rang out with still greater gusto.

Denísof that night gave a supper in honor of his promotion as major, and Rostof, who had already taken his share of wine, at the end of the merrymaking proposed a toast to the sovereign's health: —

"Not the sovereign emperor, the *gosudar-imperator*, as he is called in official circles," said he, "but the health of the sovereign, as a kind-hearted, lovable, and great man, — let us drink to his health, and to our probable victory over the French. If we fought well before," he went on to say, "and gave no quarter to the French at Schöngraben, will not this be the case now when he himself leads us? We will all die, gladly die for him! Is n't that so, gentlemen? Perhaps I do not express myself very well, for I have been drinking a good deal, but that 's what I feel, and so do you all! To the health of Alexander the First! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" rang the hearty voices of the officers. And the old Captain Kirsten shouted just as heartily and no less sincerely than the twenty-year-old Rostof.

When the officers had drunk the toast and broken their glasses, Kirsten got a fresh one and filled it, and in his shirt-sleeves and riding-trousers, with the glass in his hand, went to the camp-fire of some of the soldiers, and assuming a majestic pose, waving his hand over his head, stood with his long gray mustache and white chest visible under his unbuttoned shirt, in the firelight.

"Boys! to the health of the sovereign emperor, to victory over our enemies! Hurrah!" he cried in his youthful-old hussar's baritone.

The hussars crowded around, and answered in friendly wise with a tremendous shout.

Late that night, when all had separated, Denísof laid his stubby hand on his favorite Rostof's shoulder: —

"In the field, no woom for love affairs, when one's so much in love with the Tsar!" said he.

"Denísof! don't jest on this subject!" cried Ros-

tof. "This is such an exalted, such a noble feeling, that...."

"I agwee with you, I agwee with you, my fwiend, I understand, I appwove...."

"No, you can't understand it!"

And Rostof got up and began to wander among the watch-fires, and dreamed of what bliss it would be to die — as to losing his life, he did not dare to think of that! — but simply to die in the presence of his sovereign. He was really in love, not only with the Tsar, but also with the glory of the Russian arms and the hope of impending victory. And he was not the only one who experienced this feeling on the memorable days that preceded the battle of Austerlitz: nine-tenths of the men composing the Russian army were at that time in love, though perhaps less ecstatically, with their Tsar and the glory of the Russian arms.

CHAPTER XI

On the following day, the sovereign remained in Wischau. His body physician Villiers was several times called to see him, and not only at headquarters, but in the various corps, the report was spread abroad that the emperor was ill. He had eaten nothing that day, and had slept badly the night before, so those who were in his counsels reported. This indisposition proceeded from the powerful impression produced upon his sensitive soul by the sight of the wounded and the killed.

At daybreak, on the twenty-ninth, a French officer with a flag of truce passed the sentinels, and was brought into Wischau, demanding a personal interview with the Russian emperor.

This officer was Savary.

The sovereign had just fallen asleep, and therefore Savary was obliged to wait. At noon he was admitted into the emperor's presence, and at the end of an hour came out and rode, accompanied by Prince Dolgorukof, back to the pickets of the French army.

It was soon reported that the purpose of Savary's mission was a proposal for a meeting of the emperor with Napoleon. This personal meeting was refused, much to the gratification and delight of the whole army, and in the sovereign's place Prince Dolgorukof, the conqueror of Wischau, was delegated to confer with Napoleon, if, contrary to anticipation, these conferences had for their object a genuine desire for peace.

In the evening, Dolgorukof returned, went directly to the sovereign, and was closeted a long time with him alone.

On the thirtieth of November and the first of December, the armies moved forward two more stages, and the advanced pickets of the enemy, after slight skirmishes, retired. Before noon of December first, there began in the upper circles of the army a vigorous, stirring, and exciting movement, which continued until the morning of the second of December, when was fought the world-renowned battle of Austerlitz.

Up to the afternoon of the first, the movement, the excited conversations, the galloping about and carrying of messages, was confined to the headquarters of the two emperors; in the afternoon of the same day the excitement was communicated to Kutuzof's headquarters and to the staffs of the division commanders. By evening this movement had spread, by means of the aides, to all the remotest parts of the army, and during the night that followed the first of December the enormous mass of eighty thousand men, comprising the allied armies, arose from their bivouacs with a hum of voices, and stirred and wavered like a mighty fabric ten versts in length.

The concentrating movement, beginning in the morning at the headquarters of the emperors and finally giving its impulse to the whole, even to the remotest parts, was analogous to the first movement of the central wheel of a great tower clock. The one wheel moves slowly, it starts another, — a third; and ever more and more swiftly the wheels, pulleys, pinions, begin to revolve, the chimes of bells to play, the figures

to go through their evolutions, the hands to move in measured time, showing the results of the motions.

As in the mechanism of the clock, so in the mechanism of this military movement; no less irresistibly they move even to the last resultant, when once the impulse is given and just as impassively immovable, up to the moment when the movement is started, are the parts of the mechanisms as yet unstirred by their work. The wheels whizz on their axles, the cogs catch, the revolving sheaves hiss in their rapid motion, but the next wheel is as yet as calm and immovable as if it had before it a century to remain in immobility; and then its moment comes, the cog has caught, and becoming subject to the motion the wheel begins to whir as it revolves and takes part in an activity, the results and aim of which are incomprehensible to it.

Just as in the clock, the result of the complicated motions of numberless and different wheels and pulleys is merely to move the hands slowly and in measured rhythm so as to tell the time, so the result of all the complicated human motions of these one hundred and sixty thousand Russians and French — all the passions, desires, regrets, humiliations, sufferings, transports of pride, panic, enthusiasm of all these men was merely the loss of the battle of Austerlitz, called the Battle of the Three Emperors, — in other words, the measured forward motion of the hand of universal history on the dial of humanity.

Prince Andreï was on duty this day and constantly by the side of the commander-in-chief.

About six o'clock in the evening, Kutuzof came to the headquarters of the emperors, and, after a short audience with his sovereign, went to see Count Tolstoï, the Oberhofmarshal, master of supplies.

Bolkonsky took advantage of this time to run into Dolgorukof's to find out about the impending engagement. Prince Andreï felt that Kutuzof was dissatisfied and out of sorts for some reason or other, and that he was out of favor at headquarters, and that all whom he met at the emperor's headquarters behaved toward him like

men who know more than others know, and it was for this reason that he was anxious for a talk with Dolgorukof.

"Well, how are you, my dear?" exclaimed Dolgorukof, who was drinking tea with Bilibin. "The celebration comes to-morrow! — What's the matter with your old man? Is he out of sorts?"

"I should not say that he was out of sorts, but I think that he would like to have been listened to."

"Well, he was listened to at the council of war, and he will be when he is willing to talk business; but to be temporizing and waiting for something, now that Bonaparte fears a general engagement more than anything else, is impossible."

"And so you've seen him, have you?" asked Prince Andreï. "Well, what sort of a man is this Bonaparte? What impression did he produce upon you?"

"Yes, I have seen him, and I am convinced that he is more afraid of a general engagement than of anything else in the world," replied Dolgorukof, evidently putting great importance on this general conclusion drawn from his interview with Napoleon. "If he were not afraid of a general battle, why should he have demanded this interview, and entered into negotiations, and above all retreated, when retreating is contrary to his entire method of carrying on war? Believe me, he is afraid — afraid of a general engagement; his hour is at hand! Mark my words!"

"But tell me about him, what kind of a man is he?" insisted Prince Andreï.

"He is a man in a gray overcoat, very anxious for me to address him as 'your majesty,' and very much affronted because I gave him no title at all. That's the kind of a man he is, and that's all I can say!" replied Dolgorukof, looking at Bilibin with a smile. "In spite of my perfect confidence in old Kutuzof," he went on to say, "we should all be in a fine state if we kept on waiting for something to happen, and thereby giving him the chance to outflank us or play some trick upon us, now when he's right in our hands evidently. No, it's not a good thing to forget Suvorof and his rule:

'It's a better policy to attack than to be attacked.' Believe me, in war the energy of young men often points out the way more wisely than all the experience of old tacticians."

"But in what position are we going to attack him? I was at the advanced posts to-day, and it is impossible to make out where his main force is stationed," said Prince Andreï. He was anxious to explain to Dolgorukof a plan of attack of his own which he had devised.

"Oh, it is of absolutely no consequence," replied Dolgorukof, hastily getting up and spreading a map on the table. "All contingencies are foreseen. If he is posted at Brünn...."

And Prince Dolgorukof rapidly and not very clearly unfolded Weirother's plan for a flank movement.

Prince Andreï hastened to raise objections and to expound his own plan. Perhaps it was fully as good as Weirother's, but it had one serious fault — that Weirother's had been approved instead. As soon as Prince Andreï began to point out the disadvantages of Weirother's, and the excellences of his own plan, Prince Dolgorukof ceased listening to him and looked absently, not at the map, but at Prince Andreï's face.

"Well, there is to be a council of war this evening at Kutuzof's; there you will have a chance to deliver your views," said Dolgorukof.

"I certainly shall," said Prince Andreï, pushing the map aside.

"And what are you wrangling over, gentlemen?" asked Bilibin, who until now had been listening to their discussion with a gay smile, and had at last made up his mind to get some sport out of it. "Whether we have a victory or a defeat to-morrow, the glory of the Russian arms is assured. Except our Kutuzof, there is n't a single Russian division commander. The heads are Herr Général Wimpfen, le Comte de Langeron, le Prince de Lichtenstein, le Prince de Hohenlohe et enfin Prscz — Prscz — and all the rest of the alphabet, like all Polish names."

"Hush, Impudence!" said Dolgorukof, — "it is n't so, for here are two others, Russians, Miloradovitch and Dokhturof, and we might count Count Arakcheyef as a third, but he has weak nerves."

"Well, I think Mikhaïl Iliaronovitch must have come out," said Prince Andreï. "I wish you all happiness and success, gentlemen," he added, and after shaking hands with Dolgorukof and Bilibin went in search of Kutuzof.

On the way back to their quarters, Prince Andreï could not refrain from asking Kutuzof, who sat in moody silence beside him, what he thought of the approaching engagement.

Kutuzof looked sternly at his aide, and after a moment of silence replied: —

"I think that the battle will be lost, and so I told Count Tolstoï, and begged him to repeat it to the sovereign, and what do you think was the answer he gave me? 'Ah, my dear general, rice and cutlets occupy me; you attend to the affairs of war!'[1] Yes, that 's the way they answer me!"

CHAPTER XII

At ten o'clock that evening Weirother came with his plans to Kutuzof's headquarters, where the council of war was to convene. All the division commanders had been summoned to meet at the commander-in-chief's, and with the exception of Prince Bagration, who excused himself, all appeared at the appointed hour.

Weirother, who was the chief promoter of the proposed engagement, presented by his eagerness and vehemence a sharp contrast to the dissatisfied and sleepy-looking Kutuzof, who in spite of himself was obliged to preside as chairman over the council of war.

[1] *Eh, mon cher général, je me mêle de riz et des cotelettes, mêlez vous des affaires de la guerre.*

Weirother evidently felt that he was the head center of the movement which had already become irresistible. He was like a horse harnessed into a loaded team and going downhill. He knows not whether he is pulling it or whether it is forcing him onward; but he is borne down with all possible rapidity, and has no time to forecast the outcome of this downward motion.

Weirother twice that afternoon had been out personally to inspect the enemy's pickets, and had twice called on the Russian and Austrian emperors with his reports and explanations, and had been to his own chancellery, where he had dictated his dispositions in German. And now, all worn out, he came to Kutuzof's.

He was evidently so full of his own ideas that he forgot to be civil to the commander-in-chief; he interrupted him, spoke rapidly and incoherently, not looking into the face of his colleague, not replying to the questions asked him, and he was spattered with mud and had a woebegone, haggard, distracted, but at the same time self-conceited and haughty appearance.

Kutuzof occupied a small manor-house near Austerlitz. In the large drawing-room, which had been converted into an office for the commander-in-chief, were gathered Kutuzof, Weirother, and all the members of the council of war. They were drinking tea. They were only waiting for Bagration in order to open the council session. Shortly after ten o'clock, Bagration's orderly rode over with the message that the prince was unable to be present. Prince Andreï came in to report this to the commander-in-chief, and improving the permission previously granted by Kutuzof to be present at the council remained in the room.

"Well, then, as Prince Bagration is not to be here, we may as well begin," exclaimed Weirother, hastily jumping up from his seat and going over to the table whereon was spread a large map of the environs of Brünn.

Kutuzof with his uniform unbuttoned, apparently to give greater freedom to his stout neck clasped by his collar, was sitting in a Voltaire chair, with his plump, aged-looking hands symmetrically placed on the arms,

and was almost asleep. At the sound of Weirother's voice he with difficulty opened his one eye.

"Yes, yes, please, else it will be late," said he; nodding his head he let it sink, and again closed his eye.

If, at first, the members of the council supposed that Kutuzof was only pretending to sleep, this time the sounds that proceeded from his nose during the course of the subsequent reading were sufficient proof that what occupied the commander-in-chief was vastly more serious to him than his desire to express scorn for the plan of battle, or anything else: what concerned him at that moment was the invincible requirement of human nature, sleep. He was actually napping!

Weirother, with the action of a man too much occupied to waste a moment of time, glanced at Kutuzof, and though he perceived that he was asleep, took his paper, and in a loud, monotonous tone began to read his plan for the disposition of forces for the impending engagement, under the heading, which he also read, "Distribution of the forces for the attack on the enemy's position behind Kobelnitz and Sokolnitz, November 30, 1805."

The "disposition" was very complicated and difficult to comprehend. In the original German, it was to the following effect:[1]—

"Since the enemy rests his left wing on the wooded mountains, and his right wing stretches along by Kobelnitz and Sokolnitz, behind the ponds that are there; while we, on the other hand, far outnumber his right wing with our left — it is, therefore, for our advantage to attack the enemy's right wing, espe-

[1] *Da der Feind mit seinem linken Flügel an die mit Wald bedeckten Berge lehnt, und sich mit seinen rechten Flügel längs Kobelnitz und Sokolnitz hinter die dort befindlichen Teiche zieht, wir im Gegentheil mit unserem linken Flügel seinen rechten sehr debordiren, so ist es vortheilhaft letzteren Flügel des Feindes zu attakiren, besonders wenn wir die Dörfer Sokolnitz und Kobelnitz im Besitze haben wodurch wir dem Feind zugleich in die Flanke fallen und ihn auf der Fläche zwischen Schlapanitz und dem Thürassa-Walde verfolgen können, indem wir die Defileen von Schlapanitz und Bellowitz ausweichen, welche die feindliche Front decken. Zu diesem Endzwecke ist es nothig: .... Die erst Kolonne marschirt .... die zweite Kolonne marschirt .... die dritte Kolonne marschirt .... u. s. w.*

cially if we are in possession of the villages of Sokolnitz and Kobelnitz, because we should immediately fall upon the enemy's flanks, and be able to drive him across the plain between Schlapanitz and the Thuerass forest, and avoid the defiles of Schlapanitz and Bellowitz, which protect the enemy's front. To this end it is necessary: the first column must march — the second column must march — the third column must march" — and so on.

Thus read Weirother. The generals found it hard to listen to the tedious details of the scheme. The tall, fair-haired General Buxhövden stood leaning against the wall, and, resting his eyes on one of the lighted candles, seemed neither to listen nor to wish it to be supposed that he was listening. Directly opposite Weirother sat Miloradovitch, with his brilliant, wide-open eyes, ruddy face, and elevated mustache and shoulders. In soldierly attitude, resting his hands on his knees, with the elbows turned out, he preserved a stubborn silence, gazing directly into Weirother's face, and taking his eyes from him only when the Austrian commander paused. Then, Milorádovitch looked significantly at the other generals. But it was utterly impossible to tell by this significant look whether he agreed or disagreed, whether he was satisfied or dissatisfied, with the proposed plan.

Nearest of all to Weirother, sat the Count de Langeron, and with a shrewd smile, which did not once during the reading vanish from his Southern French countenance, he gazed at his slender fingers, rapidly twirling by the corners his gold snuff-box adorned with a miniature portrait. In the midst of one of the longest sentences, he stopped this whirling of his snuff-box, raised his head, and, with a disagreeable show of politeness carried to extremes, he interrupted him, and started to make some remark; but the Austrian general, not pausing in his task, frowned angrily, and made a gesture with his elbows, as much as to say: 'Wait, wait, you shall tell me your ideas by and by; now be good enough to look at the map and follow me!"

Langeron threw up his eyes with an expression of

perplexity, glanced at Miloradovitch, as if he were seeking for an explanation; but meeting Miloradovitch's significant but enigmatical glance, he looked away gloomily, and began once more to twirl his snuff-box.

"A geography lesson!" he exclaimed, as if to himself, but loud enough to be heard by the others.

Prsczebiszewsky, with respectful but dignified politeness, held one hand to the ear nearest Weirother, and had the appearance of a man whose attention is perfectly absorbed.

Dokhturof, small in stature, sat opposite Weirother with attentive and modest mien, and leaned over the map unrolled before him, and conscientiously followed the scheme as it was evolved, studying the places which he did not know. Several times he begged Weirother to repeat some word that he had failed to understand, or the names of villages that were hard for him to catch. Weirother complied with his request, and Dokhturof wrote them down in his note-book.

When the reading, which had lasted upward of an hour, was completed, Langeron, again laying down his snuff-box, and without looking at Weirother, or any one in particular, began to discourse on the difficulties in the way of carrying out such a plan of battle, even where the position of the enemy was known, and particularly when the position of the enemy could not be known, owing to their constant changing from one place to another.

Langeron's objections were well taken, but it was evident that their *animus* came from a desire to show General Weirother, who had been reading his plan of attack in the most conceited manner, as if to a pack of school-boys, that he was dealing not with dunces but with men who were able to give even him lessons in the art of waging war.

When Weirother's monotonous voice ceased, Kutúzof opened his eyes, like a miller who wakes the moment the soporific sounds of his mill-wheels are interrupted; he listened to what Langeron said, and then, as much as to say, "Well, what nonsense you all are capable of

uttering," hurriedly closed his eyes again, and let his head sink even lower on his breast.

Langeron, endeavoring to wound Weirother as cruelly as possible in his self-love as an author and soldier, went on to show that Bonaparte might easily attack instead of waiting to be attacked, and, consequently, make all this elaborate plan of battle perfectly nugatory. Weirother replied to all these objections with a steady, scornful smile, which was evidently prepared beforehand against everything that might be said to him: —

"If he had been able to attack us, he would have done so to-day," said he.

"You think that he is weak, do you?" asked Langeron.

"He is well off if he has forty thousand men," replied Weirother, with the smile of a regular practitioner to whom a woman doctor wishes to suggest some remedy.

"In that case, he is rushing on his own ruin by waiting for us to attack him," said Langeron, with a slight, ironical smile, looking to Miloradovitch again for confirmation. But Miloradovitch was apparently thinking least of all of what the generals were contending about: —

"*Ma foi!*" said he, "to-morrow we shall find out all about it on the battle-field!"

Weirother again indulged in that smile which said that to *him* it was absurd and strange to meet the objections of the Russian generals toward what not only he himself, but the sovereign emperors, had had faith in.

"The enemy have quenched their fires, and a constant rumble has been heard in their camp," said he. "What does that signify? Either he is retreating, which is the only thing that we have to fear, or he is changing his position." He smiled. "But even if he should take up his position in Thürassa, he is merely saving us great trouble, and all our arrangements, even to the minutest details, would remain the same."

"How so?" asked Prince Andreï, who had been watching for some time for an opportunity to express his doubts. Kutuzof here woke up, coughed severely, and looked around on the generals.

"Gentlemen, the arrangements for to-morrow — or rather for to-day — for it 's already one o'clock — cannot be changed," said he. "You have heard them, and we will all perform our duty. But before a battle there is nothing more important" — he paused a moment — "than to have a good night's rest."

He made a motion to arise. The generals bowed and separated. It was already after midnight. Prince Andreï went to his quarters.

The council of war at which Prince Andreï was not given a chance to express his opinion as he had hoped, left a dubious and disturbing impression on his mind. He did not know who was right, Dolgorukof and Weirother, or Kutuzof and Langeron, and the others who did not approve of the plan of attack. "But is it possible that Kutuzof cannot communicate his ideas directly with the emperor? Can't this be done even now? Can it be that for mere court or private considerations thousands of lives must be imperiled — and mine, *mine?*" he asked himself.

"Yes, it is very possible," he thought, "that I may be killed to-morrow." And suddenly at this thought of death, a whole series of most remote and most sincere recollections began to arise in his mind; he recalled his last parting with his father and his wife; he remembered the early days of his love toward her! He remembered the baby that she was to bear him, and he began to feel sorry for her and for himself, and so in a nervously tender and agitated frame of mind he left the cottage where he lodged with Nesvitsky, and began to walk up and down in front of the house.

The night was cloudy, but the moonbeams mysteriously gleamed through the clouds. "Yes, to-morrow, to-morrow!" he thought. "To-morrow, perhaps all will be ended as far as I am concerned, all these recollections will have vanished, all these recollections will be for me as a mere nothing. To-morrow perhaps, indeed most probably, — to-morrow — I am convinced of it I shall have an opportunity for the first time at last of showing all that I can do."

And he began to picture to himself the battle, the loss of it, the concentration of the fighting at one single point, and the confusion and bewilderment of all the leaders. And now comes the blessed moment, that Toulon, for which he had been waiting so long, offering itself to him! He resolutely and clearly tells his opinion to Kutuzof and Weirother and the emperors. All his plans are honored with their approval, but no one offers to carry them out, and so he selects a regiment, a division, imposes the condition that no one shall interfere in his arrangements, and he leads his division to the decisive point, and alone wins the victory!

"But death and suffering?" says another voice.

Prince Andreï, however, paid no heed to this voice, and continued to dream of his triumphs. The arrangements of the next battle are intrusted to him alone. He is still nothing but an officer of the day in Kutuzof's army, but still he does everything by his own unaided efforts. The next battle is gained by him alone. Kutuzof is removed, he is called to fill his place.

"Well, but what then," whispered the other voices; "what then? supposing you are not wounded ten times, before all this, or killed, or cheated, well, then, and what next?"

"I am sure I know not," replied Prince Andreï to himself, "I know not what will come next, I cannot know and I have no wish to know. But if I wish this, if I wish to win glory, if I wish to be a famous man, if I wish to be loved by men, then I am not to blame because I desire it, because this is the only thing that I desire, the only thing for which I live. Yes, the only thing. I never will confess this to any one! But my God! what can I do, if I love nothing except glory only, and devotion to humanity? Death, wounds, loss of family, nothing is terrible to me. And yet dear to me, precious to me as many people are, — father, sister, wife, the dearest of all, — yet strange and unnatural as it may seem, I would instantly sacrifice them all for one minute of glory, of triumph, for the affection of men whom I do not know and never shall know, even for the love of

those men there," said he to himself, as he listened to the sounds of voices talking in Kutuzof's courtyard.

In Kutuzof's courtyard the *denshchiks* were busy packing up and talking; one voice, apparently that of the coachman, who was teasing Kutuzof's old cook, whom Prince Andreï knew, and whom they called Tit, kept saying, "Tit, I say, Tit!"

"There, now," replied the old man.

"Tīt, Tīt, grind the wheat."[1]

"Tfu! go to the devil," rang the voice, which was drowned by the shouts of laughter of the *denshchiks* and other servants.

"And yet I love and prize the victory over them all, I prize this mysterious strength and glory which seems here to hover above my head in this fog."

CHAPTER XIII

Rostof that same night was with his platoon in the line of scouts stationed in front of Bagration's division. His hussars were posted two and two along the line; he himself kept riding his horse the whole length of the line, struggling to overcome his irresistible inclination to drowsiness.

Behind him he could see the long line of the watch-fires of our army dimly gleaming through the fog; in front of him was the misty darkness. Though he strained his eyes to penetrate this misty distance, he could see nothing; now it seemed to brighten up a little, then there seemed to be some black object; then he imagined that he saw a light which he thought must be the watch-fires where the enemy were, and then again he told himself that his eyes had deceived him.

He closed his eyes and his imagination presented now his sovereign, now Denísof, now his recollections of Moscow, and again he would open his eyes and see right before his face the head and ears of his horse, and

[1] "*Tīt, stupaï molotīt!*"

here and there the dark forms of hussars as he came within six paces of them, while everywhere there was the same misty darkness veiling the distance.

"Why not? It might very possibly come to pass," thought Rostof, "the emperor might meet me and give me an order, just as to any other officer; might say: 'Ride off yonder and find out what is there.' I have heard many stories about his finding just merely by chance an officer like me, and taking him into his personal service. What if he should take me into his personal service! oh! how I should watch over him, how I should tell him the whole truth, how I should unmask his deceivers!" and Rostof, in order to give greater color to the love and devotion which he felt for his sovereign, imagined that he had before him an enemy whom he was killing, or a German traitor whose ears he was roundly boxing, in presence of his sovereign.

Suddenly, a distant shout startled him. He awoke and opened his eyes.

"Where am I? Oh, yes, at the outposts. Countersign and password are 'cart-pole' and 'Olmütz.' What a shame that our squadron is going to be held in reserve to-morrow," he said to himself. "I will beg to take part. That is probably the only chance I shall have of seeing the emperor. It won't be long before I am relieved. I will ride up and down once more, and then I will go and ask the general."

He straightened himself up in the saddle, and turned his horse, once more to inspect his hussars. It seemed to him that it had grown lighter. Toward his left, he could see a slope, the gleam of a declivity, and, lying opposite to him, a dark knoll which seemed as steep as a wall. On the top of this knoll was a white spot. Rostof could not clearly make out whether it was a clearing in the woods, lighted by the moon, or a patch of snow, or white houses. It even seemed to him that there was something moving on that white spot.

"It must be snow, that spot; spot — *une tache*," said Rostof, first in Russian, then in French. "How absurd; it's no *tache* — Natasha .... my sister .... has black eyes.

Na—tashka (how amazed she will be when I tell her I have seen the emperor!). Na—tasha. My sabre-*tash* — take it."

"Farther to the right, your nobility, there are bushes here!" said the voice of the hussar, by whom Rostof was passing, half asleep. Rostof raised his head, which had fallen over almost down to the horse's mane; he drew up near the hussar. The sleep of youth, of childhood, irresistibly overcame him.

"O dear me, what was I thinking of? I must not forget. How shall I speak to the emperor? No, that's not it; that's for to-morrow. Oh, yes, yes! that spot — *cette tache!* they'll be attacking us! Us?.... who?.... The hussars! But the hussars and — and a pair of mustaches. — Along the Tverskaya, this hussar was riding, and I was thinking about him, — right opposite Hurief's house — the old man Hurief — ekh! splendid little Denísof! Ah! this is all nonsense. The main thing: the emperor is here now! How he looked at me and wanted to say something to me, but he did not venture. No, it was I who did not venture! This is all mixed up! but the main thing is that I must not forget that I had something important on my mind; so I had! Natashka — Na—tasha — *la tache* — yes, that's a good joke!" and again his head sank forward on the horse's mane.

Suddenly, it seemed to him that the enemy were firing at him.

"What? What, what's that; speak! what is it?" cried Rostof, waking.

At the instant Rostof opened his eyes, he heard in front of him, in the direction of the enemy, the prolonged shouts of thousands of voices. His horse and the hussars' stationed near him pricked up their ears at these sounds. On the spot from which the cries proceeded, one point of fire after another flashed and died, and along the whole line of the French army, stretching up the hills, gleamed those fires, while the shouts grew louder and louder. Rostof made out that it was French, but could not distinguish the words.

There was too great a roar of voices. All that it sounded like was a confused a-a-a-a! and rrrrrrr!

"What's that? What do you think it is?" asked Rostof, turning to his neighbor, the hussar. "It's from the enemy, is n't it?"

The hussar made no reply.

"What! did n't you hear anything?" asked Rostof, after waiting for some time for the hussar to speak.

"How can anybody tell, your nobility," replied the hussar, in a non-committal way.

"Judging from the direction, it must be the enemy, must n't it?" inquired Rostof.

"Maybe 't is, and maybe 't is n't," exclaimed the hussar. "You see it's night. There now, steady," he cried to his horse, who was growing restive. Rostof's horse also became excited, and pawed the frozen ground, as he listened to the shouting and glanced at the flashing fires.

The shouts of the voices constantly increased in volume, and mingled in a general roar, such as could have been produced only by an army of many thousand men. The fires stretched out more and more, until at last they seemed to extend throughout the French camp. Rostof had now lost all inclination to sleep. The joyful, enthusiastic huzzas in the enemy's army had a most stimulating effect upon him. *Vive l'empereur! l'empereur!* were the words that Rostof could now clearly distinguish.

"Well, they can't be far away; must be just beyond the brook," said he to the hussar by his side.

The hussar only sighed, without vouchsafing any answer, and coughed sullenly.

Along the line of the hussars was heard the sound of a horseman, coming at full gallop, and out of the darkness of the night suddenly loomed up a shape apparently larger than a colossal elephant: it was a non-commissioned officer of hussars.

"The generals, your nobility!" cried the subaltern, riding up to Rostof. Rostof, still looking in the direction of the shouting and the lights, joined the subaltern

and rode back to meet several horsemen who were riding along the line. One was on a white horse. It was Bagration, who, together with Prince Dolgorukof and several aides, came down to see what they could make out of the strange phenomenon of the fires and shouting in the enemy's army. Rostof rode up to Bagration, reported, and took his place among the aides, who were listening to what the generals might say.

"Believe me," said Prince Dolgorukof, addressing Bagration, "this is nothing but a ruse; he is retreating, and has ordered the rear-guard to light fires and make a noise, so as to deceive us."

"It is not likely," said Bagration. "Last evening I saw them on that knoll; if they were retreating, they would have abandoned it. Mr. Officer," turning to Rostof, "are his scouts still there?"

"They were there last evening, but I can't tell now, your illustriousness. If you would like, I will take some of the hussars and find out," replied Rostof.

Bagration hesitated, and making no answer, tried to peer into Rostof's face. "Well, all right, go and reconnoiter," said he, after a short pause.

"I will do so."

Rostof applied spurs to his horse, called Subaltern Fadchenko and two other hussars, ordered them to follow him, and galloped off down the slope in the direction of the prolonged shouts. Rostof felt both sad and glad to be riding thus alone with three hussars yonder into that mysterious and terrible misty distance where no one had preceded him. Bagration called to him from the crest not to go farther than the brook, but Rostof pretended not to hear what he said, and without pausing they rode farther and farther, constantly finding himself subject to illusions, mistaking bushes for trees, gullies for men, and constantly rectifying his impressions.

After they had reached the bottom at a rapid trot, they no longer saw any fires either on our side or on the enemy's, but the shouts of the French began to sound louder and clearer. In the ravine he saw before him

what he took to be a river, but when he approached it, he recognized that it was a highway over which he had once ridden. When he reached the highway, he reined in his horse in some uncertainty; should he ride along the road, or cross it, or strike into the dark field on the other side? To ride along the road which shone through the fog was less perilous, because he could distinguish men at a greater distance.

"Follow me," he cried, crossing the road, and he began to gallop up the hill toward a place where a French picket had been standing the afternoon before.

"Your nobility, there he is!" exclaimed one of the hussars, and before Rostof had a chance to look at what was beginning to loom up black in the fog, there came a flash of fire, the report rang out, and the bullet, as if winged with pity, buzzed[1] high over their heads through the fog, and sped out of hearing. The second musket did not go off, the powder merely flashed in the priming-pan. Rostof turned his horse about and rode back at a gallop. Again from different points four musket-shots rang out, and the bullets with various tones whistled by and buried themselves in the darkness. Rostof reined in his horse, which, like himself, felt a thrill of joy at the firing, and proceeded at a walk. "Well, there it is again, there it is again," whispered some inspiriting voice in his heart. But there were no more shots.

As soon as he neared Bagration, Rostof again urged his horse to a gallop, and held his hand to his visor as he approached.

Dolgorukof still clung to his opinion that the French were retreating, and had kindled the fires merely for the sake of deceiving us. "What does this signify?" he asked, as Rostof rode up to them. "They might retreat and still leave pickets."

"It is evident they have not all gone, prince," said Bagration. "To-morrow morning, to-morrow, we shall know for a certainty."

"There is a picket, your illustriousness, in just the

[1] *Zazhuzhdla.*

same place as yesterday," reported Rostof, bending forward, still holding his hand at his visor, and unable to refrain from a smile of delight at his ride, and especially at the sound of the bullets.

"Very good, very good," replied Bagration. "Thank you, Mr. Officer."

"Your illustriousness," said Rostof, "allow me to ask a favor."

"What is it?"

"To-morrow our squadron is to be left in reserve; allow me to be transferred to the first squadron."

"What's your name?"

"Count Rostof."

"Ah, good. Stay with me as orderly."

"Son of Ilya Andreyitch?" asked Dolgorukof. But Rostof made him no answer.

"So I may expect it, your illustriousness?"

"I will see to it."

"To-morrow, very likely, I may be sent with some message to the sovereign," said Rostof to himself. "Glory to God!"

The shouts and cries in the enemy's army arose from the circumstance that at the time Napoleon's general order was being read throughout the army, the emperor himself came on horseback to inspect the bivouacs. The soldiers, seeing the emperor, lighted trusses of straw and followed him with cries of *vive l'empereur!*

Napoleon's order was as follows:—

"Soldiers! The Russian army has come against us in order to avenge the Austrian army of Ulm. These are the same battalions which we defeated at Hollabrünn, and which, since that time, we have been constantly following up.

"The position which we occupy is paramount, and as soon as they attempt to outflank my right they will expose their own flank.

"Soldiers! I myself will direct your battalions. I will keep out of range of the firing, if you, with your usual gallantry, carry confusion and consternation into the ranks of the enemy; but if the combat becomes for one instant doubtful, you will see

your emperor exposing himself at the front to the blows of the enemy, since there can be no hesitation in the victory, especially to-day when the honor of the French infantry, in whose hands lies the honor of the nation, is at stake. Do not break the ranks under pretext of carrying away the wounded. Let each man be animated by the thought that we must conquer these mercenaries of England, filled with such hatred against our nation. This victory will bring the campaign to an end, and we can retire to winter quarters where we shall be joined by the fresh troops that are mobilizing in France. And then the peace which I shall conclude will be memorable for my people, for you, and for me. NAPOLEON."

CHAPTER XIV

AT five o'clock in the morning it was still perfectly dark. The troops of the center, of the reserves, and the right wing, under Bagration, were as yet motionless; but on the left wing the columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, ordered to be the first to descend from the heights and attack the enemy's right flank, and drive him back into the mountains of Bohemia, according to the "disposition," were already stirring and beginning to rise from where they lay. The smoke from the fires, into which they were throwing everything superfluous, made their eyes smart. It was cold and dark. The officers were hastily drinking their tea and breakfasting; the soldiers were munching their biscuits, kicking the round shot to warm their feet, and crowding about in front of the fires, throwing in the remains of their huts, chairs, tables, wheels, buckets, and everything that could not be taken with them.

The Austrian guides were wandering about among the Russian troops, and serving as starters of the forward movement. As soon as an Austrian officer made his appearance near the quarters of a regimental commander, the regiment began to stir: the soldiers hastened from the fires, thrust their pipes into their boot-legs, their bags into the baggage-wagons, put their guns in order, and fell into line.

Officers were buttoning themselves up, putting on their swords and pouches, and inspecting the lines, scolding as they went; the trainmen and officers' servants were hitching up horses, packing in various articles, and loading the wagons.

Aides, battalion commanders, and colonels were mounting their horses, crossing themselves, and issuing their last instructions, orders, and commissions to the train-hands left in charge of the baggage; then was heard the monotonous trampling of thousands of feet.

The columns were set in motion, but they knew not whither they were going, and owing to the throngs that surrounded them, and the smoke, and the thickening fog, they could not see either the place that they were leaving, or that to which they were sent.

The soldier in a military movement is as much surrounded, limited, and fettered by his regiment as a sailor is by the ship on which he sails. However far he goes, into whatever strange, unknown, and terrible distances he is sent, around him are always and everywhere the same comrades, the same ranks, the same sergeant, Ivan Mítrich, the same company dog, Zhutchka, the same officers; just as for the sailor there are the same decks, the same masts, the same cables.

The sailor rarely cares to know the distances over which his ship has sailed; but on the day of a military movement God knows how, or whence, or in what world of mystery the soldiers hear a stern note, which is the same for all, and which signifies the nearness of something decisive and solemn, and invites them to dream of what they are not usually wont to think about. The soldiers on the day of a military movement are excited, and strive to get beyond the petty interests of their own regiment; they are all ears and eyes, and greedily ask questions about what is going to take place before them.

The fog was so dense that, though it had grown lighter, it was impossible to see ten paces ahead. Bushes seemed like huge trees, level places gave the

impression of being precipices and slopes. Anywhere, at any moment, they might meet the enemy, who would be utterly invisible within ten paces. But the columns marched for a long time in the same fog, up hill and down dale, skirting gardens and orchards, along by places where none of them had ever been before, and still they found no enemy. On the other hand, in front of them, behind them, on all sides of them, the soldiers were made conscious that our Russian columns were all marching in the same direction. Each soldier felt a thrill at the heart at the knowledge that many, many others of our men were going where he was going: that is, he knew not whither.

"See there! The Kursk men have started," said various voices in the ranks.

"Terrible lot of our troops collected here, messmates! Last evenin' I looked around when the fires were lit; could n't see the end of 'em! Like Moscow, in one word!"

Although not one of the division nachalniks came near the ranks or had anything to say to the soldiers, — the division nachalniks, as we saw in the council of war, were out of sorts and dissatisfied with the work in hand, and, consequently, merely carried out the general orders and did nothing to inspirit the men, — still the soldiers marched on cheerfully, as is usually the case when they are going into action, and particularly into offensive action.

But after they had been marching for about an hour, all the time in thick fog, they were ordered to halt, and an unpleasant consciousness of disorder and confusion in the operations spread through the ranks. It would be very difficult to explain how such a consciousness got abroad; but there was no doubt that it was transmitted and spread with extraordinary rapidity: the uncertainty became certainty, gaining with irresistible force, as water rushes down a ravine. If the Russian army had been alone by itself, without allies, then possibly it would have taken much longer time for this consciousness of confusion to grow into a general certainty;

but, as it was, all took a natural satisfaction in attributing the cause of the disorder to the stupid Germans, and were convinced that the pernicious snarl was due to the sausage-makers!

"Why are we halting? What? Have we got blocked? We can't have come afoul of the French, can we?"

"No! We should have heard from them. They'd have begun to fire at us."

"They hurried us off so, and now here we are, all in a muddle in the middle of the field; that's the way with those cursed Germans; they muddle everything all up!"

"What stupid devils! If I'd had anything to do with them, I'd have put 'em to the front. But instead, you may be sure of that, they are pressing us from behind. And here we are without having anything to eat!"

"Well, I wonder if we shall be planted here all day? The cavalry, they say, is what is blocking the road," exclaimed an officer.

"Ekh! these damned Germans don't know their own country," said another.

"What division are you?" cried an aide, riding up to them.

"The Eighteenth."

"Then why are you here? You should have been at the front long since; you won't get there now before afternoon."

"Here's a stupid piece of confusion; they themselves don't know what they're up to," said the officer, and he rode off.

Then a general passed, and angrily shouted some order in a language that was n't Russian.

"Tafa-lafa! what sort of stuff is he jabbering? can't make out a thing he says," remarked a soldier, mimicking the general as he rode off. "I'd have had them all shot down, the scoundrels!"

"We were ordered to be in position by nine o'clock, and now we have not got half-way there! What stupid arrangements!" And this was heard on all sides, and the feeling of energetic ardor with which the army had

started out, began to be wasted in vexation and anger against the arrangements and the Germans.

The cause of the confusion was this: after the Austrian cavalry on the left wing had set forward, those who had charge of it came to the conclusion that the Russian center was too widely separated from the right, and all the cavalry was commanded to cross over to the right side. Several thousands of cavalrymen rode across in front of the columns of infantry, and the infantry had to wait till they passed.

At the front a dispute had risen between the Austrian guide and a Russian general. The Russian general shouted angrily, demanding that the cavalry should stop. The Austrian insisted that he was not to blame, but his superior officers. Meantime the army was obliged to halt, and was growing impatient and losing spirit. At last, after an hour's delay, the troops began to move forward once more, and found themselves descending into the valley. The fog, which had been scattering on the heights, was as thick as ever on the lower lands where they were now marching. In front of them in the fog, one shot, then a second, was fired, incoherently and at different points, *tratta tat;* and then the firing became more regular and rapid, and the engagement fairly began over the brook called Holdbach.

As the troops had no expectation of falling in with the enemy so far down in the valley as the brook, and then met them unexpectedly in the fog; as they had no words of encouragement from their commanding officers, and the idea was widespread among them that it was too late; and, moreover, as they could not see any one either in front of them or anywhere near them, owing to the density of the fog, they apathetically and lazily exchanged shots with the enemy, slowly moved forward, and then came to a halt again, failing to receive in time the word of command from their officers or the aides, who wandered at haphazard through the fog in places with which they were unacquainted, and in search of their own divisions.

Thus began the action for the first, second, and third columns which had gone down into the valley. The

fourth column, which Kutuzof himself had under his own command, was stationed on the heights of the Pratzer.

In the lowlands, where the battle had already begun, the fog seemed thicker than ever, but on the heights it was clear; still nothing could be seen of what was going on at the front. Until nine o'clock no one could tell whether the enemy was in his full strength, as the Russians supposed, ten versts in advance, or was down there in that impenetrable fog.

It was now nine o'clock. The fog like a fathomless sea spread over the valley, but on the height in front of the village of Schlapanitz on the height, where Napoleon stood surrounded by his marshals, it was perfectly bright. Over them was the blue bright heaven, and the mighty sun, like a gigantic, hollow purple balloon, was just rising above the milk-white sea of fog. The French troops and Napoleon himself with his staff were not on the farther side of the brooks and the hollows of Sokolnitz and Schlapanitz behind which we had expected to take up our position and begin the engagement, but they had all come over to the hither side and were so near our troops that Napoleon with his naked eye could distinguish in our army a horseman from an infantry soldier.

Napoleon, mounted on his little gray Arab and wearing the same blue cloak in which he had made the whole Italian campaign, was standing a little in advance of his marshals. He was silently gazing at the summits of the hills that emerged like islands from the fog and was watching the Russian troops as they moved along in the distance, and listening to the sounds of firing in the valley. Not a muscle of his face — it was still thin — moved, his glittering eyes were steadfastly fixed on one spot. His anticipations seemed to be justified.

The Russian troops had already in part defiled down into the ravine toward the ponds and lakes, and part of them were evacuating the heights of the Pratzer, which he considered the key of the situation and intended to attack. He could see, through the fog, how down into

the hollow formed by the two high hills near the village of Pratz, the Russian columns with glittering bayonets were steadily moving in one direction toward the valley, and disappearing one after another into the sea of fog. By the reports which had been brought him the evening before, by the sounds of wheels and footsteps that had been heard during the night along the vanguard, by the disorderly movements of the Russian columns, by all the indications, he clearly saw in fact that the allied armies supposed him to be posted a long distance from them, that the columns moving near in the vicinity of Pratz constituted the center of the Russian army, and that this center was weak enough to justify him in giving it attack.

But not even yet did he begin the battle.

That was a solemn day for him, the anniversary of his coronation. Just before morning he had taken a nap for a few hours, and then waking, healthy, jovial, fresh, and in that happy frame of mind in which everything seems possible, success certain, he mounted his horse and rode out into the field. He stood motionless, gazing at the hills becoming visible through the fog, and into his cold face there came that peculiar shade of self-confident, well-deserved happiness, such as is sometimes seen on the face of a young lad who is happy and in love.

His marshals were grouped behind him and did not venture to distract his attention. He gazed now at the heights of the Pratzer, now at the sun swimming out from the fog.

When the sun had risen clear above the fog, and his dazzling radiance gushed over the fields and the fog, as if this were the signal for which he was waiting to begin the affair, he drew off his glove from his handsome white hand, beckoned his marshals, and gave the order for beginning the battle. The marshals, accompanied by their aides, galloped off in different directions, and within a few minutes the chief forces of the French army were in rapid motion toward those same heights of the Pratzer which the Russian troops were abandoning more and more as they filed to the left and into the vale.

CHAPTER XV

At eight o'clock that morning, Kutuzof had ridden up toward the Pratzer, at the head of the fourth division, — Miloradovitch's, — which was to take the place of the columns of Prsczebiszhewsky and De Langeron, which were now on their way down into the valley. He greeted the men of the foremost regiment and gave the word of command, thereby signifying that he intended to lead that column in person. When he reached the village of Pratz, he halted. Prince Andreï, forming one of his large staff, stood just behind him. Prince Andreï felt stirred and excited, and at the same time self-confident and calm, as is apt to be the case with a man at the arrival of the moment which he has been anxiously awaiting. He was firmly convinced that this day was to be his Toulon, or his bridge of Arcola.[1]

How it would come about he had not the faintest idea, but he was firmly convinced that it would be. The lay of the land and the position of our forces were well known to him, so far as they could be known to any one in the Russian army. His own strategical plan, which now seemed to be doomed never to be carried into effect, had been forgotten. Having made himself master of Weirother's scheme, Prince Andreï wondered what possibilities might rise before him, and began to make new combinations according to which his presence of mind and firmness might be called into request.

Toward the left, in the valley below, where the fog lay, could be heard the musket fires of the unseen opponents. There, so it seemed to Prince Andreï, the fighting would be hottest, there the obstacles would be met with; "and there I shall be sent," he said to himself, "with a brigade or division, and with the standard in my hand, I shall rush on and conquer everything before me."

Prince Andreï could not look at the standards of the

[1] The desperate battle by which Napoleon became master of Italy, November 14–17, 1796.

battalions passing before him without a thrill. As he looked at one he kept saying to himself: "Maybe that is the very standard that I shall seize when I lead the army to the front!"

The nocturnal fog now remained on the heights only in the form of hoar frost, which was rapidly changing into dew; in the hollows, however, it still spread out like a milk-white sea. Nothing could be discerned in that fog toward the left, where our troops were descending, and where the musketry firing was heard. Over the heights stretched the clear, bright sky, and at the right hung the monstrous orb of the sun. Far away, toward the front, on the other shore of the sea of fog, could be seen high wooded hills, on which the enemy must be stationed, and there some objects could be distinguished.

At the right, the Guards, with echoing tramp, and rattling wheels, and occasionally the glint of bayonets, were passing down into the dominion of the fog. At the left, beyond the village, similar masses of cavalry were filing down and disappearing from view in the sea of fog.

In front, and behind, the infantry were debouching.

The commander-in-chief stationed himself at the entrance of the village, and allowed the troops to file past him. Kutuzof that morning appeared fatigued and irritated. The infantry, filing by him, came to a halt without any orders, apparently because they had come in contact with some obstacle ahead of them.

"Go and tell them to form into battalions and get outside the village," said Kutuzof to a general who came riding along. "How is it, you do not understand, your excellency, my dear sir,[1] that it's impossible to open ranks so, along a village street, when we are moving against the enemy?"

"I proposed to form behind the village, your eminence," replied the general.

Kutúzof gave him a saturnine smile.

[1] "*Vdshe privoskhoditelstvo, milostivui gosudár.*"

"You 'd be in a fine condition, deploying your front in presence of the enemy; very fine idea!"

"The enemy are still a long way off, your eminence. According to the plan...."

"The plan!" cried Kutuzof, bitterly, "and who told you that? Be good enough to do as I bid you."

"I obey."

"My dear," whispered Nesvitsky to Prince Andreï, "the old man is as surly as a dog."

An Austrian officer, in a white uniform, with a green plume in his hat, galloped up to Kutuzof, and asked him, in the name of the emperor, if the fourth column was taking part in the action.

Kutuzof, without answering him, turned around, and his glance fell accidentally on Prince Andreï, who was stationed near him. When he noticed Bolkonsky, the vicious and acrimonious expression of his face softened, as if to signify that he was not to blame for what was taking place. And still without answering the Austrian aide, he turned to Bolkonsky, and said in French: "Go and see, my dear, if the third division has passed the village yet; command them to halt and await my orders."

As soon as Prince Andreï started, he called him back:—

"And ask if the skirmishers are posted, and what they are doing. What they are doing," he repeated to himself, still paying no attention to the Austrian.

Prince Andreï galloped off to execute this order.

Outstripping the battalions, which were all the time pressing forward, he halted the third division, and convinced himself that no skirmishers had been thrown out in front of our columns. The general in command of the foremost regiment was greatly amazed at the order from the commander-in-chief to throw out sharp-shooters. The regimental commander was firmly assured in his own mind that other troops were in front of him and that the enemy could not be less than ten versts distant. In reality, nothing could be discerned in front of them except waste ground which sloped down, and was

shrouded in fog. After giving him the commander-in-chief's orders to repair his negligence, Prince Andreï galloped back. Kutuzof was still in the same place, and with his fat body sitting in a dumpy position in his saddle was yawning heavily, with his eyes closed. The troops had not yet moved, but stood with grounded arms.

"Good, very good," said he to Prince Andreï, and turned to the general, who, holding his watch in his hand, said that it must be time to move, since all the columns had already gone down from the left wing.

"Time enough, your excellency," said Kutuzof. "We shall have time enough," he repeated.

At this time, behind Kutuzof, were heard the sounds of the regiments in the distance cheering, and these voices quickly ran along the whole extent of the line of the Russian columns under march.

It was evident that the one whom they were greeting was approaching rapidly. When the soldiers of the regiment at whose head Kutuzof was stationed began to cheer, he rode a little to one side and glanced around with a frown. Along the road from Pratz came what appeared to be a squadron of gay-colored horsemen. Two of them at a round gallop rode side by side ahead of the others. One was in a black uniform with a white plume, on a chestnut horse groomed in the English style; the other in a white uniform on a coal-black steed. These were the two emperors with their suite.

Kutuzof, with an affectation of "the thorough soldier" found at his post, shouted "*Smirno*, Eyes front," to the soldiers halting near him, and saluting rode toward the emperor. His whole figure and manner had suddenly undergone a change. He had assumed the mien of a subordinate, of a man ready to surrender his own will. With an affectation of deference which evidently was not pleasing to the Emperor Alexander, he came to meet him and saluted him.

This impression crossed the young and happy face of the emperor, and disappeared like the mist wreaths in the clear sky. After his indisposition he was a trifle

thinner that day than he had been on the field of Olmütz where Bolkonsky had for the first time seen him abroad. There was the same enchanting union of majesty and sweetness in his beautiful gray eyes, and on his thin lips the same possibility of varied feelings, and the same predominating expression of beneficent, innocent youth.

At the review at Olmütz he had been more majestic; here he was happier and more full of energy. His face was a trifle flushed after his gallop of three versts, and as he reined in his horse he drew a long breath and glanced around into the faces of his suite, all young men like himself, and like himself all full of life. Czartorisky and Novosiltsof and Prince Volkonsky and Stroganof and many others, all richly dressed, jovial young men on handsome, well-groomed, fresh-looking and slightly sweating horses, chatting and laughing together, formed a group behind the sovereign.

The Emperor Franz, a florid young man with a long face, sat bolt upright in his saddle on his handsome black stallion, and slowly glanced around him with an anxious expression. He beckoned to one of his white-uniformed aides and asked him some question. "Probably he asked at what hour they started," thought Prince Andreï, gazing at his old acquaintance with a smile which he could not repress at the thought of his audience. The emperors' suite was composed of young orderlies, Austrian and Russian, selected from the regiments of the Guards and of the Line. Grooms had brought with them handsome reserve horses in embroidered caparisons for the emperors.

Just as when a fresh breeze from the fields breathes through an open window into a stuffy chamber, so these brilliant young men brought with them to Kutuzof's dispirited staff the sense of youth and energy and confidence in victory.

"Why don't you begin, Mikhaïl Larionovitch?" impatiently demanded the Emperor Alexander, turning to Kutuzof, at the same time looking courteously toward the Emperor Franz.

"I was waiting, your majesty," replied Kutuzof, deferentially bowing low. The emperor leaned toward him, frowning slightly, and giving him to understand that he did not hear.

"I was waiting, your majesty," repeated Kutuzof, and Prince Andreï noticed that Kutuzof's upper lip curled unnaturally when he repeated the words, "I was waiting." — "The columns have not all assembled, your majesty."

The sovereign heard, but the answer evidently displeased him; he shrugged his drooping shoulders, glanced at Novosiltsof, who was standing near him, and his glance seemed to imply a certain compassion for Kutuzof.

"We are not on the Empress's Field, Mikhaïl Larionovitch, where the review is not begun until all the regiments are present," said the emperor, again glancing into the Emperor Franz's eyes, as if to ask him if he would not take part so that he might listen to what he might say; but the Emperor Franz, who was still gazing about, did not heed him.

"That's the very reason I do not begin, sire," said Kutuzof, in a ringing voice, seeming to anticipate the possibility that the emperor might not see fit to hear him, and again a peculiar look passed over his face. "That's the very reason that I do not begin, sire, because we are not on parade and not on the Empress's Field," he repeated, clearly and distinctly.

The faces of all those composing the emperor's suite expressed annoyance and reproach, as they hastily exchanged glances on hearing these words. 'No matter if he is old, he ought not, he never ought to speak in that way,' the faces seemed to say.

"However, if you give the order, your majesty," said Kutuzof, raising his head and again assuming that former tone of a general ready to listen to orders and to obey. He turned his horse, and beckoning to Division-Commander Miloradovitch he gave him the order to attack.

The troops were again set in motion, and two bat-

talions of the Novgorodsky regiment and one battalion of the Apsheron regiment filed forward past the emperor. While this Apsheron battalion was passing, the florid Miloradovitch, without his cloak and with his uniform covered with orders, and his hat decorated with an immense plume and set on one side with the point forward, galloped forward and gallantly saluting reined in his horse in front of the sovereign.

"*S Bogom*, God be with you, general," exclaimed the emperor.

"Faith, we will do our best, your majesty," replied the other, cheerily; nevertheless the gentlemen of the suite could not refrain from smiling contemptuously at the execrable way in which he pronounced his French.

Miloradovitch turned his horse sharply round and remained a short distance behind the emperor. The Apsheron boys, inspirited by the presence of their sovereign, marched by the emperors and their suite with lively, gallant strides, keeping perfect time.

"Children!" cried Miloradovitch in a loud, self-confident, and cheering voice, evidently roused by the sounds of the firing, the expectation of the battle, and the sight of the Apsheron soldiers, who had been his comrades in the campaigns with Suvorof, and were now briskly marching past the emperors, and roused to such a pitch that he forgot that the sovereign was present: "Children! this is not the first village that you have had to take," he cried.

"We'll do our best," cried the soldiers. The emperor's mare started at the unexpected shout. This mare which the emperor had ridden before during other reviews in Russia, here on the battle-field of Austerlitz carried her rider, not noticing the captious thrusts of his left heel, pricking up her ears at the sound of the musketry firing, just as she did on the Field of Mars,[1] not realizing the significance of those reëchoing volleys, nor of the neighborhood of the Emperor Franz's black stal-

[1] The *Tsdritsuin Lug*, Tsaritsa or Empress's Field is also called *Marsovoye pôle*.

lion, nor of what the man who on that day sat upon her back said, thought, felt.

The sovereign with a smile turned to one of his immediate suite and pointing to the Apsheron lads made some remark.

CHAPTER XVI

Kutuzof, accompanied by his aides, rode slowly after the carabiniers. After riding half a verst, he caught up with the rear end of the column, and halted at a single deserted house — it had apparently been a drinking house — near the junction of two roads. Both roads led down into the valley, and both were crowded with troops.

The fog began to disperse and already, two versts away, could be seen, though as yet indistinctly, the ranks of the enemy on the heights opposite. Down in the valley at the left, the firing was growing more violent. Kutuzof halted, discussing some point with the Austrian general. Prince Andreï, sitting on his horse a little distance behind, gazed at them, and then, wishing to obtain the use of a field-glass, turned to one of the aides who had one.

"Look! look!" exclaimed this aide, turning his glass not at the distant host, but to the hill nearly in front of them, "look, there are the French!"

The two generals and the adjutants reached after the glass, one taking it from the other. All the faces suddenly changed, and an expression of dismay came into them.

They expected to find the French two versts away, and there they were unexpectedly appearing right at hand.

"Is that the enemy?".... "It can't be!".... "Yes, look, they...." "Certainly it is."...."What does it mean?" exclaimed various voices.

Prince Andreï with his naked eye could see a dense mass of the French moving up at the right to meet the

Apsheron boys, not more than five hundred paces from the very spot where Kutuzof was standing.

"Here it is! the decisive moment is at hand! my chance has come!" said Prince Andreï, and starting up his horse he approached Kutuzof. "The Apsheron men ought to be halted, your eminence," he cried.

But at that very instant all became veiled in smoke; the rattle of musketry sounded near them, and a naïvely terrified voice only two steps from Prince Andreï cried: "Well, brothers, it's all up with us!" and this voice seemed to be a command. At this voice all started to run.

Confused but still constantly increasing throngs ran back by the very same place where five minutes before the troops had filed so proudly past the emperors. Not only was it hard to arrest these fugitives, but it was even impossible not to be borne back by the mob. Bolkonsky could only struggle not to let them pass him, and he gazed around, finding it quite out of the question to understand what was taking place at the front. Nesvitsky, with angry face, flushed and quite unlike himself, cried to Kutuzof that if he did not instantly come away, he would be probably taken prisoner. Kutuzof still stayed in the same place, and without answering took out his handkerchief. A stream of blood was trickling from his face. Prince Andreï forced his way through to where he was.

"You are wounded?" he asked, scarcely controlling the trembling of his lower jaw.

"The wound is not here, but yonder," said Kutuzof, pressing his handkerchief to his wounded cheek, and pointing to the fugitives. "Halt them!" he cried, and at the same time, evidently convinced that it was an impossibility to bring them to a halt, he gave spurs to his horse and rode off to the right. New masses of fugitives came pouring along like a torrent, engulfed him, and bore him along with them.

The troops were pouring back in such a dense throng, that when one was once entangled in the midst of it, there was great difficulty in extricating one's self. Some

shouted: "He's coming, why don't you let him pass?" Others turned around and fired their muskets into the air; others struck the horse on which Kutuzof rode, but by the exercise of supreme force Kutuzof — accompanied by his staff, diminished by more than half — struggled through to the left and rode off in the direction of cannonading heard not far away.

Prince Andreï, also forcing his way through the throng of fugitives and endeavoring not to become separated from Kutuzof, could make out through the reek of gunpowder smoke a Russian battery on the side of the hill, still blazing away vigorously, while the French were just marching against it. A little higher up stood the Russian infantry, neither moving forward to the aid of the battery, nor back in the same direction with the fugitives. A general spurred down from this brigade of infantry and approached Kutuzof. Out of Kutuzof's staff only four men were left, and all were pale and silently exchanged glances.

"Stop those poltroons!" cried Kutuzof, all out of breath, as the regimental commander came up to him, and pointing to the fugitives; but at that very second, as if for a punishment for those words, like a bevy of birds a number of bullets flew buzzing over the heads of the regiment and of Kutuzof's staff. The French were charging the battery, and when they caught sight of Kutuzof they aimed at him.

At this volley, the regimental commander suddenly clapped his hand to his leg; a few soldiers fell, and an ensign standing with the flag dropped it from his hand; the flag reeled and fell, catching on the bayonets of the soldiers near him. The men began to load and fire without orders.

"O-o-o-okh!" groaned Kutuzof, with an expression of despair, and glanced around. "Bolkonsky," he whispered, his weak old man's voice trembling with emotion, "Bolkonsky!" he whispered, pointing to the demoralized battalion and at the enemy, "what does this mean?"

But before he had uttered these words, Prince Andreï,

conscious of the tears of shame and anger choking him, had already leaped from his horse and rushed toward the standard.

"Children, follow me!" he cried in his youthfully penetrating voice. "Here it is," thought Prince Andreï, as he seized the flagstaff; and he listened with rapture to the whizz of the bullets that were evidently directed straight at him. A number of the soldiers fell.

"Hurrah!" cried Prince Andreï, instantly seizing the flag and rushing forward with unfailing confidence that the whole battalion would follow him.

In fact he ran on only a few steps alone. Then one soldier was stirred, and then another, and the whole battalion with huzzas dashed forward and overtook him. A non-commissioned officer of the battalion, darting up to him, seized the standard, which from its weight shook in Prince Andreï's hand, but he was instantly shot down. Prince Andreï again grasped the flag and, dragging it along by the staff, hurried on with the battalion.

In front of him he saw our artillerymen, some fighting, others abandoning the guns and running toward him; he also saw the French infantry, who had seized the artillery horses, and were reversing the field-pieces.

Prince Andreï and the battalion were now only twenty paces distant from the battery. He heard the incessant *ping* of the bullets over his head, and the soldiers constantly groaning and falling at his left hand and at his right. But he did not look at them; his eyes were fastened only on what was going on in front of him, where the battery was. He now saw distinctly the figure of a red-headed artilleryman, with his shako half knocked off, and dragging with him an artillery sponge, while a French soldier was trying to pull it away from him. Prince Andreï distinguished clearly the distorted and angry faces of these two men, who evidently were not aware of what they were doing.

"What are they up to?" queried Prince Andreï, as he looked at them. "Why doesn't the red-headed artillerist run, if he has no weapons, and why doesn't

the Frenchman finish him? He would n't have time to get any distance, though, before the Frenchman would recollect his musket, and put an end to him."

In point of fact another Frenchman, clubbing his musket, ran up to the combatants, and the fate of the red-headed artillerist, who had no idea of what was coming upon him, and had just triumphantly made himself master of the sponge, must have been sealed. But Prince Andreï did not witness the end of the struggle. It seemed to him that one of the approaching soldiers struck him in the head with the full weight of a heavy cudgel. It was rather painful, but his chief sensation was that of displeasure because this pain distracted his attention and prevented him from seeing what he had been looking at.

"What does this mean? Am I falling? Surely my legs are giving way," he said to himself, and he fell on his back. He opened his eyes, hoping to see how the struggle between the artilleryman and the Frenchman ended, and anxious to know whether the red-headed artillerist was killed or not, and the cannon saved or captured. But he could see nothing of it. Over him he could see only the sky, the lofty sky; not clear, but still immeasurably lofty, and with light gray clouds slowly wandering over it.

"How still, calm, and solemn! How entirely different from when I was running," said Prince Andreï to himself. "It was not so when we were all running, and shouting, and fighting; how entirely different it is from when the Frenchman and the artilleryman, with vindictive and frightened faces, were struggling for possession of the sponge: the clouds then were not floating over those infinite depths of sky as they are now. How is it that I never before saw this lofty sky? and how glad I am that I have learned to know it at last! Yes! all is empty, all is deception, except these infinite heavens. Nothing, nothing at all besides! And even that is nothing but silence and peace! And glory to God!...."

CHAPTER XVII

At nine o'clock the right wing, under Bagration, had not as yet begun to fight. Unwilling to acquiesce in Dolgorukof's urgency to begin the battle, and anxious to escape the responsibility, Prince Bagration proposed to the latter to send and make inquiries of the commander-in-chief. Bagration knew that, as the distance separating the two wings was almost ten versts, the messenger, if he were not killed, which was very probable, and even if he found the commander-in-chief, which would be extremely difficult, would not have time to return till late in the afternoon.

Bagration glanced over his staff with his great, expressionless, sleepy eyes, and was involuntarily attracted by Rostof's boyish face, full of excitement and hope. He chose him for the messenger.

"And if I should meet his majesty first, before I found the commander-in-chief, your illustriousness?" asked Rostof, touching his cap visor.

"You can give the message to his majesty," said Dolgorukof, taking the words out of Bagration's mouth.

After he was relieved at the outposts, Rostof had been able to catch a few hours' sleep before morning, and felt happy, daring, and resolute, with that elasticity of motion and confidence in his own good fortune, and in that state of mind, when everything seems easy, bright, and possible.

All his desires had been fulfilled that morning: a general engagement was to be fought; he was to take part in it; moreover, he had been made orderly on the staff of one of the bravest generals; nay, more, he was intrusted with a message to Kutuzof, and might have to deliver it to the sovereign himself!

The morning was clear and bright; the horse he rode was excellent. His heart was full of joy and courage. Having received his instructions, he struck in the spurs and galloped off along the line. At first, he passed in front of Bagration's forces, which had

not as yet engaged, and were ranged in motionless ranks. Then he rode into the space occupied by Uvarof's cavalry, and here he began to remark some excitement and indications of readiness for battle; after passing Uvarof's cavalry he began to distinguish clearly the sounds of cannonading and musketry in front of him. The firing kept growing more violent.

In the fresh, clear morning air the sound of the firing was no longer, as at first, desultory at irregular intervals, two or three shots at a time, and then one or two cannon shots; but along the declivities of the hills in front of Pratzer was heard the crackling of musketry, dominated by such frequent reports from the heavy guns, that often a number of them could not be distinguished apart, but mingled in one general thunderous roar.

It could be seen how, over the mountain side, the puffs of smoke from the muskets seemed to run along, chasing one another, and how the great clouds of smoke from the cannon rolled whirling up, spread and mingled in the air. By the glint of bayonets through the smoke, the masses of infantry could be seen moving along, and the narrow ribbons of artillery with their green caissons.

Rostof reined in his horse on a hilltop for a moment, in order to watch what was going on; but in spite of the closeness of his scrutiny, he could not make out or decide for himself from what he saw what men were moving in the smoke, or what bodies of the troops were hurrying this way and that, back and forth.

"But why? Who are they? Where are they going?" It was impossible to tell.

This spectacle did not arouse in him any melancholy or timid feelings; on the contrary they filled him with new energy and zeal.

"Well, then, give it to them again!" said he, mentally replying to these sounds, and again he started on a gallop along the lines, making his way farther and farther within the domain of the troops already now entering into the action.

"How this is going to turn out yonder I do not know, but it will be all right!" thought Rostof.

Having passed by some of the troops of the Austrian army, Rostof noticed that the portion of the Line next — they were the Guards — were already moving to the attack.

"So much the better, I can see it close at hand!" he said to himself.

He was now riding along almost at the very front. A number of horsemen were galloping in his direction. These were our Leib-Uhlans, who, with broken and disorderly ranks, were returning from the charge. Rostof passed them and could not help noticing that one of them was covered with blood, but he galloped on.

"That's of no consequence to me," he said to himself.

He had ridden only a few hundred paces farther when he perceived at his left, cutting him off, an immense body of cavalry on coal-black horses and in brilliant white uniforms. They extended the whole length of the field and were galloping straight at him.

Rostof spurred his horse at full speed so as to get out of the way of these cavalrymen, and he would easily have distanced them had they kept on at the same pace all the time, but they rode faster and faster, and some of the horses were almost upon him. Rostof distinguished more and more clearly the trampling of their hoofs and the jingling of their arms, and could see more and more distinctly their horses, their figures, and their faces. These were our "Cavalier-guards" on their way to charge the French cavalry who were deploying to meet them.

The Cavalier-guards came galloping along, but still kept their horses under restraint. Rostof could already see their faces and hear the word of command, — *Marsch! marsch!* — spoken by the officer who was urging on his blooded charger.

Rostof, afraid of being crushed or carried away into the charge against the French, spurred along the front with all the speed that he could get out of his horse,

and still it seemed as if he were going to fail of it. The last rider in the Line, a pock-marked man of giant frame, frowned angrily when he saw Rostof in front of him, knowing that they must infallibly come into collision. This Guardsman would surely have overthrown Rostof, — for Rostof himself could not help seeing how small and slight he and Bedouin were in comparison with these tremendous men and horses, — if he had not had the presence of mind to shake his riding-whip in the eyes of the Guardsman's horse.

The charger, black as a coal, heavy and tall, shied, cropping back his ears, but the pock-marked rider plunged his huge spurs into his side with all his might, and the charger, arching his tail and stretching out his neck, rushed onward faster than ever. Rostof was hardly out of the way of the Guardsmen when he heard their hurrah, and glancing around saw that their front ranks were already mingling with strange horsemen with red epaulets, apparently the French. Farther away it was impossible to see anything, because immediately after this, on the other side, the cannon began to belch forth smoke, and everything was shrouded.

At the moment the Guardsmen dashed past him and were lost to view in the smoke, Rostof was undecided in his own mind whether he should gallop after them or go where his duty called him.

This was that brilliant "Charge of the Cavalier-guards" which the French themselves so much admired. It was terrible for Rostof when he heard afterward, that out of all that throng of handsome young giants, out of all those brilliant, rich young men, officers and yunkers mounted on splendid chargers who galloped past him, only eighteen were left alive after the charge.

"Why should I envy them? My turn will come, and perhaps I shall see the sovereign very soon now," thought Rostof, and he galloped on.

When he came up to the infantry of the Guards, his attention was called to the fact that shot and shell were flying over them and around them, not so much because he heard the sounds of the missiles as because he saw

dismay on the faces of the soldiers and an unnatural martial solemnity on the faces of the officers.

As he was riding behind one of the infantry regiments of the Guard, he heard a voice calling him by name: —

"Rostof!"

"What is it?" he replied, not seeing that it was Borís.

"What do you think of this? We were put in the front line. Our regiment has been in a charge," said Borís, smiling with the happy smile that young men wear when they have been for the first time under fire.

Rostof drew up.

"Have you, indeed!" said he, "and how was it?"

"We drove them back," said Borís, eagerly, and becoming talkative. "You can imagine."

And Borís began to relate how the Guards, as they stood in their places and saw troops in front of them, at first mistook them for Austrians, and then suddenly, by the shots that came flying over from these same troops, recognized that they were in the front line and unexpectedly engaged in the conflict. Rostof, not stopping to hear Borís to the end of his story, started his horse.

"Where are you bound?"

"To his majesty, with a message."

"There he is," said Borís, who supposed that Rostof wanted his highness instead of his majesty, and therefore directed him to the grand duke, who was standing not a hundred paces away. Dressed in a helmet and a Cavalier-guard *kolet*, or jacket, with elevated shoulders and frowning face, he was shouting something to a pale Austrian officer in a white uniform.

"No! that's the grand duke, but my errand is to the commander-in-chief or to the emperor," said Rostof, and was just getting his horse under way.

"Count! count!" cried Berg, who, no less excited than Borís had been, came running up from the other side, "count, I have been wounded in my right arm," said he, pointing to his wrist, which was bloody and wrapped up in a handkerchief, "and I stayed at the front. Count, I shall have to hold my sword in my left

hand. In the Von Berg family, count, all of us have been knights!"

Berg was saying something more, but Rostof, not stopping to listen to him, was already far away.

Passing by the Guards and across a vacant space, Rostof in order not to get into the front again, as he had been, when he was caught by the charge of the Cavalier-guards, rode along the line of the reserves, making a considerable detour of the place where the most violent cannonade and musketry firing was heard. Suddenly he heard loud volleys of musketry before him and behind our troops, in a place where he would never have suspected the presence of the enemy.

"What can that mean?" wondered Rostof. "Can the enemy have outflanked us? It cannot be," said he to himself, and a horror of fear for himself and for the success of the battle suddenly came over him. "Whatever it is, however," he thought, "now there's no avoiding it. I must find the commander-in-chief here, and if all is lost, then it is my place to perish with the rest."

The gloomy presentiment which had suddenly come over him was more and more made certainty the farther he rode into the fields behind the village of Pratz, occupied by throngs of demoralized troops.

"What does this mean? What can this mean? At whom are they firing? Who is firing?" he inquired, as he overtook Russian and Austrian soldiers running in confused throngs across his path.

"The devil only knows! He has beaten us all. All is lost," answered the throngs of the fugitives in Russian, in German, and in Bohemian, and they could tell no better than he himself could what was going on there.

"Hang the Germans!" cried one.

"The devil take 'em, the traitors!"

"*Zum Henker diese Russen* — to the devil with these Russians," stammered some German.

A number of wounded were wandering down the road. Curses, cries, groans, mingled in one general uproar. The firing ceased; as Rostof afterward heard, Russian and Austrian soldiers had fired at each other.

"*Bozhe moï!*— My God, what does this mean?" thought Rostof. "And here where any minute the emperor might see them. But no! these were apparently only a few cowards. This is only transient, this is nothing! it cannot be," he said to himself; "I must get by them as soon as possible."

The idea of a defeat and of a total defeat could not enter Rostof's head. Although he could see the French cannon and troops on the Pratzer, on the very place where he had been commanded to find the commander-in-chief, he could not and would not believe this.

CHAPTER XVIII

Rostof had been told that he should find Kutuzof and the emperor somewhere in the vicinity of the village of Pratz. But they were not to be found there, nor was a single officer in sight, but everywhere throngs of fleeing troops of all nationalities.

He spurred on his horse, which was already growing fagged, so as to pass by these fugitives as quickly as possible; but the farther he went, the more demoralized he found the forces. Along the highroad where he was riding, carriages and equipages of all sorts were crowded together, Russian and Austrian soldiers of all the different branches of the service, wounded and not wounded. All this mass hummed and confusedly swarmed under the dispiriting sounds of the shells fired from French batteries posted on the heights of the Pratzer.

"Where is the emperor? Where is Kutuzof?" asked Rostof of every one whom he could bring to a stop, but not one would answer his question.

At last seizing a soldier by the collar, he obliged him to reply.

"Eh! brother! They've all been yonder this long time — all cut sticks!" said the soldier, laughing for some reason and breaking away.

Releasing this soldier, who was evidently drunk, Rostof managed to stop the denshchik, — or groom

of some person of consequence, — and began to ply him with questions. The denshchik told Rostof that the emperor had been driven by an hour before at full speed in a carriage along this same road, and that the emperor had been wounded.

"It cannot be," said Rostof; "it must have been some one else."

"I myself saw him," said the denshchik, with a self-satisfied laugh, "I ought to know the sovereign by sight; I should like to know how many times I have seen him in Petersburg! He leaned back in the carriage and was pale, very pale. Heavens! what a rate those four black horses thundered by us here; I should think I might know the Tsar's horses, and Ilya Ivanuitch! I guess Ilya, the coachman, would n't be very likely to drive by with any one less than the Tsar!"

Rostof gave his horse the spur and started to ride farther. A wounded officer passing by turned to him.

"Who was it you wanted?" asked the officer; "the commander-in-chief? He was killed by a cannon-ball; hit him in the chest, right at the head of our regiment."

"Not killed! only wounded," said another officer.

"Who? Kutuzof?" asked Rostof.

"No, not Kutuzof, but what do you call him — ah, well, it 's all the same. Not many are left alive. If you go down yonder, yonder to that village, you 'll find all the commanders gathered," said this officer, pointing to the village of Gostieradeck, and he passed on.

Rostof walked his horse, not knowing now where to go or whom to seek. The sovereign wounded! the battle lost! Even now it was impossible to believe that. Rostof rode away in the direction indicated by the officer; in the distance could be seen towers and a church. What need was there of his hurrying? What had he now to say to the sovereign or to Kutuzof, even if they were alive and not wounded?

"That road; take that road, your nobility, else they 'll shoot you down, yonder!" cried a soldier to him. "They 'll shoot you!"

"Oh, what are you talking about?" cried another. "That's the nearest way to where he is going."

Rostof considered a moment and then rode in exactly the direction where they said that he would be killed.

"Now it's all the same to me; if the sovereign is wounded, why should I try to save my life?" he asked himself. He rode out on the open space where there had been the heaviest slaughter of the men escaping from Pratz. The French had not yet occupied this place, and the Russians — that is those who were alive or only slightly wounded — had long before abandoned it. On the ground, like shocks of corn on a fertile field, lay men in tens, in dozens, killed or wounded, on every rood of the place.

The wounded had crawled together, two or three at a time, and their cries and groans could be heard most gruesomely, though it seemed to Rostof that they were often simulated. He put his horse at a trot, so as not to see all these suffering men, and a great horror came over him. He was not afraid for his own life; but lest he should lose the manliness, which he felt was essential to him, he knew that he could not endure the spectacle of those unfortunate wretches.

The French had ceased to fire on this field strewn with dead and wounded, because there was no longer any sign of life on it; but when they caught sight of the adjutant riding across, they turned one of their cannon on it, and sent a few balls after him. The sensation caused by these terrific whistling sounds, and the spectacle of the dead around him, aroused in Rostof's mind an impression of horror and self-commiseration. He recalled his mother's last letter. "How would she feel," he asked himself, "if she should see me now, here in this field, with those cannon pointed at me?"

At the village of Gostieradeck the Russian troops were retiring from the field of battle in good order, though the regiments were mixed together. This was out of range of the French cannon-balls, and the firing sounded more distant. Here all clearly saw and openly confessed that the battle was lost. No one to whom

Rostof applied for information could tell him where the emperor or Kutuzof was. Some declared that the report about the sovereign being wounded was correct, others denied it and explained this false though widespread rumor by the fact that the Ober-hofmarshal, Count Tolstoï, who had gone out in company of others of the suite to see the battle, had dashed away, pale and frightened, from the field of battle in the emperor's carriage.

One officer told Rostof that in the rear of a village, over toward the left, he had seen some officials of high rank, and Rostof started in that direction, not indeed with the expectation of finding any one, but merely for the sake of clearing his conscience.

After riding three versts and passing beyond the last of the Russian troops, Rostof reached an orchard protected by a ditch, and saw two riders standing near the ditch. One, with a white plume in his hat, had a familiar look; the other rider, whom he did not know, was mounted on a handsome chestnut charger, — this charger somehow seemed familiar to Rostof, — and rode up to the ditch, put spurs to his horse, and giving him his head easily leaped the ditch into the orchard. The earth merely crumbled away a little from the embankment under the horse's hind hoofs. Turning his horse short, he leaped back over the ditch again, and addressed himself respectfully to the rider with the white plume, apparently urging him to do the same thing. The rider, whose figure Rostof seemed to recognize, and had therefore involuntarily attracted his attention, shook his head and made a gesture of refusal with his hand, and Rostof immediately, by this gesture, knew that it was his idolized, lamented sovereign.

"But it cannot be that he is left alone in this bare field!" thought Rostof. Just then Alexander turned his head, so that he had a good view of those beloved features so sharply graven on his memory. The sovereign was pale, his cheeks sunken, and his eyes cavernous, but there was all the more charm, all the more sweetness, in his features. Rostof was delighted to be convinced that the rumor of the sovereign's wound was

false. He was happy to have seen him. He knew that he might, nay, that he ought to, go straight up to him and deliver the message that had been intrusted to him by Dolgorukof.

But just as a young man in love trembles and loses his presence of mind, not daring to say what he has been dreaming about night after night, and timidly looks around, in search of help or the possibility of postponing it, when the wished-for moment has at last arrived and he is alone with her; so also with Rostof, now that he had attained what he had yearned for more than all else in the world: he did not know how to approach his sovereign, and devised a thousand excuses for finding it untimely, improper, and impossible.

"What! I might seem to be taking advantage of his being alone and dejected. An unknown face at this moment of sorrow might seem unpleasant and troublesome; besides, what could I say to him now, when one glance from him makes my heart swell within me and seem to leap into my mouth."

Not one of those innumerable speeches which he had so carefully prepared in case he should meet the emperor now recurred to his mind. Those speeches were, for the most part, composed under different conditions; they were to be spoken at the moment of victory and triumph; above all on his death-bed, when, as he sank under the wounds that he had received, his sovereign would come to see him, and thank him for his heroic conduct, and he would thus show him his love sealed by his death.

"Besides, what now could I ask the emperor in regard to his commands to the left wing when now already it is four o'clock in the afternoon, and the battle is lost. No, really, I ought not to trouble him. I ought not to break in upon his reflections. It would be better to die a thousand times than to receive an angry look or an angry word from him."

Such was Rostof's decision, and melancholy and with despair in his heart he rode away, constantly glancing back at the emperor, still remaining in the same unde-

cided attitude. While Rostof was making these reflections, and sadly rode away from his sovereign, Captain von Toll galloped up to the same place, and seeing the emperor went straight up to him, offered him his services, and helped him to cross the ditch on foot. The emperor, wishing to rest and feeling ill, sat down under an apple tree, and Toll stood near him. Rostof looked from afar, and saw with jealousy and regret how Von Toll talked long and eagerly to the sovereign, and how the sovereign, apparently weeping, covered his eyes with one hand and with the other pressed Von Toll's.

"And I might have done that in his place," thought Rostof, and with difficulty restraining the tears of sympathy for his sovereign, he rode away in utter despair, not knowing now where he should go or for what reason.

His despair was all the more bitter because he felt that his own weakness was the cause of his misfortune.

He might — not only might, but he ought to — have ridden up to the emperor. And this was his only chance of exhibiting to the sovereign his devotion. And he did not take advantage of it. "Why did I do so?" he asked himself, and he turned his horse about and galloped back to the same place where the emperor had been sitting; but there was no one any longer on the other side of the ditch. Only a train of baggage-wagons and carriages was winding along.

From one of the wagoners, Rostof learned that Kutuzof's staff were not very far away, at the village where the wagons were bound. Rostof followed them.

The foremost in the train was Kutuzof's groom, leading a horse with his trappings. The wagons followed behind the groom, and behind the wagon walked an old man, a household serf with bandy legs, wearing a cap and a short shuba.

"Tīt! ah! Tīt!" cried the groom.

"What is it?" asked the old man, heedlessly.

"Tīt! Tīt! grind the wheat!"

"E! durak! tfu!" said the old man, angrily spitting. Some time passed in silence, as they moved onward, and then the same joking rhyme was repeated.

By five o'clock in the evening the battle was lost at every point. More than a hundred cannon had already fallen into the hands of the French. Prsczebiszewsky and his battalion had laid down their arms. The other columns, having lost more than half their efficient, were retreating in disorderly, demoralized throngs.

The relics of Langeron and Dokhturof's forces, all in confusion, were crowded together around the ponds, on the dikes and banks of the village of Augest.

By six o'clock the only cannonading that was any longer heard was directed at the dike of Augest by some of the French, who had established a large battery on the slopes of the Pratzer, and were trying to cut down our men as they retreated. At the rear, Dokhturof and some others, having collected their battalions, made a stand against the French, who were pursuing our troops.

It had begun to be entirely dark. On the narrow dike of Augest, where for so many years the little old miller had peacefully sat with his hook and line, while his grandson with shirt-sleeves rolled up played in the water-can with the flapping silver fish; on that dike, over which the Moravians, in shaggy caps and blue blouses, had driven their two-horse teams loaded down with spring wheat, and returned dusted with flour and with whitened teams; along this same dike, this narrow dike, among vans and field-pieces, under the feet of horses, and between the wheels, crowded a throng of men, their faces distorted with fear of death, pushing one another, expiring, trampling on the dying and dead, and crushing one another, only to be themselves killed a few steps farther on.

Every ten seconds a cannon-ball, compressing the air, flew by, or a shell came bursting amid this dense throng, dealing death and spattering with blood those who stood near by. Dolokhof, wounded in the arm, on foot, with ten men of his company — he was now an officer again — and his regimental commander, on horseback, constituted the sole survivors of the whole regiment. Carried along in the throng, they were crowded together at

the very entrance of the dike, and, pressed on all sides, were obliged to halt, because a horse attached to a field-piece had fallen, and the throng were trying to drag it along.

One cannon-ball struck some one behind them, another struck just in front, and spattered Dolokhof with blood. The crowd, in desperation, pressed on, squeezing together, and then, after advancing a few steps, halted again.

"If we could only make those hundred paces, and safety is sure; if we stay here two minutes longer, our destruction is certain!" said each one to himself.

Dolokhof, standing in the midst of the throng, forced his way through to the edge of the dike, knocking down two soldiers, and sprang out on the glare ice that covered the pond.

"Turn out this way!" he cried, sliding along on the ice, which bent under his weight. "Turn out," he cried to the gunner, "it will hold! it will hold!"

The ice held him, but it yielded and cracked, and it was evident that it would immediately give way, if not under his weight alone, certainly under that of the field-piece or the throng of men. They looked at him, and crowded along the shore, not venturing to step upon the ice. The commander of the regiment, sitting on horseback at the entrance, was just raising his hand and opening his mouth to speak to Dolokhof, when suddenly a cannon-ball flew so close over the men that they all ducked their heads. There was a dull thud as if something soft were struck, and the general fell from his horse in a pool of blood. No one looked at the general or thought of picking him up.

"Come on the ice!".... "Cross the ice!".... "Come on!".... "Move on! Don't you hear? Come!" was heard suddenly from innumerable voices, after the cannon-ball had struck the general, though the men knew not what or why they were crying.

One of the last field-pieces that was just entering on the dike ventured on the ice. A throng of soldiers started down from the ground on the frozen pond. One

of the rearmost soldiers broke through, one leg slumping down into the water. He tried to save himself and sank up to his belt. The men who stood nearest held back; the driver of the field-piece drew in his horses, but still behind them were heard the shouts: —

"Take to the ice!".... "What are you stopping for?" .... "Take to the ice!".... "Take to the ice!" and cries of horror were heard among the throng. The soldiers surrounding the gun gesticulated over their horses, and beat them to make them turn and go on. The horses struck out from the shore. The ice, which might have held the foot-soldiers, gave way in one immense sheet, and forty men who were on it threw themselves, some forward and some back, trampling on one another.

All the time the cannon-balls kept regularly whistling by and falling on the ice, into the water, and, more frequently than all, into the mass of men that covered the dike, the pond, and the banks.

CHAPTER XIX

On the Pratzer hill, in the same spot where he had fallen with the flagstaff in his hand, lay Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, his life-blood oozing away, and unconsciously groaning, with light, pitiful groans, like an ailing child.

By evening, he ceased to groan, and lay absolutely still. He did not know how long his unconsciousness continued. Suddenly, he became conscious that he was alive, and suffering from a burning and tormenting pain in his head.

"Where is that lofty heaven which I had never seen before, and which I saw to-day?" That was his first thought. "And I never knew such pain as this, either," he said to himself. "Yes, I have never known anything, anything like this, till now. But where am I?"

He tried to listen, and heard the trampling hoofs of several horses approaching, and the sounds of voices, talking French. He opened his eyes. Over him still stretched the same lofty heavens, with clouds sailing

over it in still loftier heights, and beyond them he could see the depths of endless blue. He did not turn his head or look at those who, to judge from the hoof beats of the horses and the sounds of the voices, rode up to him and paused.

These horsemen were Napoleon, accompanied by two aides. Bonaparte, who had been riding over the field of battle, had given orders to strengthen the battery that was cannonading the dike of Augest, and was now looking after the killed and wounded left on the battle-field.

"Handsome men!" said Napoleon, gazing at a Russian grenadier, who lay on his belly with his face half buried in the soil, and his neck turning black, and one arm flung out and stiffened in death.

"The ammunition for the field-guns is exhausted, sire!"

"Have that of the reserves brought," said Napoleon, and then a step or two nearer he paused over Prince Andreï, who lay on his back with the flagstaff clutched in his hands (the flag had been carried off by the French as a trophy).

"*Voilà, une belle mort,*" said Napoleon, gazing at Bolkonsky. Prince Andreï realized that this was said of him, and that it was spoken by Napoleon. He heard them address the speaker as "sire." But he heard these words as if they had been the buzzing of a fly. He was not only not interested in them, but they made no impression upon him, and he immediately forgot them. His head throbbed as with fire; he felt that his life-blood was ebbing, and he still saw far above him the distant, eternal heavens. He knew that this was Napoleon, his hero; but at this moment, Napoleon seemed to him merely a small, insignificant man in comparison with that lofty, infinite heaven, with the clouds flying over it. It was a matter of utter indifference to him who stood looking down on him, or what was said about him at that moment. He was merely conscious of a feeling of joy that people had come to him, and of a desire for these people to give him assistance and bring

him back to life, which seemed to him so beautiful: because he understood it so differently now. He collected all his strength to move and make some sound. He managed to move his leg slightly, and uttered a weak, feeble, sickly moan which stirred pity even in himself.

"Ah! he is alive!" said Napoleon. "Take up this young man, and take him to the temporary hospital."

Having given this order, Napoleon rode on to meet Marshal Lannes, who, removing his hat and smiling, rode up and congratulated him on the victory.

Prince Andreï recollected nothing further; he lost consciousness in consequence of the terrible pain caused by those who placed him on the stretcher, and by the jolting as he was carried along, and by the probing of the wound. He recovered it again only at the very end of the day, as he was carried to the hospital together with other Russians wounded and taken prisoner. At this time, he felt a little fresher and was able to glance around and even to speak.

The first words he heard after he came to were spoken by a French officer in charge of the convoy, who said: —

"We must stop here; the emperor is coming by immediately; it will give him pleasure to see these prisoners."

"There are so many prisoners to-day, — almost the whole Russian army, — I should think it would have become a bore to him," said another officer.

"Well, at all events, this man here, they say, was the commander of all the Emperor Alexander's Guards," said the first speaker, indicating a wounded Russian officer in a white Cavalier-guards uniform. Bolkonsky recognized Prince Repnin, whom he had met in Petersburg society. Next him was a youth of nineteen, an officer of the Cavalier-guard also wounded.

Bonaparte coming up at a gallop reined in his horse.

"Who is the chief officer here?" he asked, looking at the wounded.

They pointed to Colonel Prince Repnin.

"Were you the commander of the Emperor Alexander's Horse-guard regiment?" asked Napoleon.

"I commanded a squadron," replied Repnin.

"Your regiment did its duty with honor," remarked Napoleon.

"Praise from a great commander is the highest reward that a soldier can have," said Repnin.

"It is with pleasure that I give it to you," replied Napoleon. "Who is this young man next you?"

Prince Repnin named Lieutenant Sukhtelen.

Napoleon glanced at him and said with a smile: "He is very young to oppose us."

"Youth does not prevent one from being brave," replied Sukhtelen in a broken voice.

"A beautiful answer," said Napoleon. "Young man, you will get on in the world."

Prince Andreï, who had been placed also in the front rank, under the eyes of the emperor, so as to swell the number of those who had been taken prisoner, naturally attracted his attention. Napoleon evidently remembered having seen him on the field, and turning to him he used exactly the same expression, "young man," as when Bolkonsky had the first time come under his notice.

"*Et vous, jeune homme.* — Well, and you, young man?" said he, addressing him. "How do you feel, *mon brave?*"

Although five minutes before this Prince Andreï had been able to say a few words to the soldiers who were bearing him, now he fixed his eyes directly on Napoleon, but had nothing to say..... To him at this moment all the interests occupying Napoleon seemed so petty, his former hero himself, with his small vanity and delight in the victory, seemed so sordid in comparison with that high, true, and just heaven which he had seen and learned to understand; and that was why he could not answer him.

Yes, and everything seemed to him so profitless and insignificant in comparison with that stern and majestic train of thought induced in his mind by his lapsing

strength, as his life-blood ebbed away, by his suffering and the near expectation of death. As Prince Andreï looked into Napoleon's eyes, he thought of the insignificance of majesty, of the insignificance of life, the meaning of which no one could understand, and of the still greater insignificance of death, the thought of which no one could among men understand or explain.

The emperor, without waiting for any answer, turned away, and as he started to ride on, said to one of the officers: —

"Have these gentlemen looked after and conveyed to my bivouac; have Doctor Larrey himself look after their wounds. *Au revoir*, Prince Repnin," and he touched the spurs to his horse and galloped away.

His face was bright with self-satisfaction and happiness.

The soldiers carrying Prince Andreï had taken from him the golden medallion which the Princess Maríya had hung around her brother's neck; but when they saw the flattering way in which the emperor treated the prisoners, they hastened to return the medallion.

Prince Andreï did not see how or by whom the medallion was replaced, but he suddenly discovered on his chest, outside of his uniform, the little image attached to its slender golden chain.

"It would be good," thought Prince Andreï, letting his eyes rest on the medallion which his sister had hung around his neck with so much feeling and reverence, "it would be good if everything were as clear and simple as it seems to the Princess Maríya. How good it would be to know where to find help in this life, and what to expect after it, — beyond the grave! How happy and composed I should be, if I could say now, 'Lord have mercy on me!' But to whom can I say that! Is it force — impalpable, incomprehensible, which I cannot turn to, or even express in words; is it the great All or nothingness," said he to himself, "or is it God which is sewed in this amulet which the Princess Maríya gave me? Nothing, nothing is certain, except the insignificance of all within my comprehension, and

the majesty of that which is incomprehensible but all-important."

The stretcher started off. At every jolt he again felt the insufferable pain, his fever grew more violent, and he began to be delirious. The dreams about his father, his wife, his sister, and his unborn son, and the feeling of tenderness which he had experienced on the night before the battle, the figure of the little insignificant Napoleon, and above all the lofty sky, formed the principal content of his feverish imaginations.

He seemed to be living a quiet life amid calm, domestic happiness at Luisiya Gorui. He was beginning to take delight in this blissful existence, when suddenly the little Napoleon appeared with his unsympathetic, shallow-minded face, expressing happiness at the unhappiness of others, and once more doubts began to arise and torment him, and only the skies seemed to promise healing balm.

Toward morning all his imaginations were utterly confused and blurred in the chaos and fogs of unconsciousness and forgetfulness, which much more likely, according to the opinion of Doctor Larrey, Napoleon's physician, would end with death than recovery.

"He is of a nervous and bilious temperament — he won't recover."

Prince Andreï, together with other prisoners hopelessly wounded, was turned over to the care of the natives of the region.

PART FOURTH

CHAPTER I

AT the beginning of the year 1806, Nicholaï Rostof went home on furlough. Denísof was also going to his home in Voronezh, and Rostof persuaded him to accompany him to Moscow and make him a visit. At the next to the last post station, Denísof fell in with a comrade, and drank three bottles of wine with him; and on the way to Moscow, in spite of the cradle-holes on the road, did not once wake up, but lay stretched out in the bottom of the post-sledge, next Rostof, who, in proportion as they approached the city, grew more and more impatient.

"Faster! faster! oh, these intolerable streets, shops, kalatchi,[1] lanterns, cab-drivers!" thought Rostof, when, having left their names at the city gates, as visitors on furlough, they had fairly entered the city.

"Denísof! we are here! — He 's asleep!" he exclaimed, leaning forward with his whole body, as if by this motion he could hope to increase the speed of the sledge. Denísof made no answer.

"There is the cross street, where Zakhar, the izvoshchik, used to stand; and there is Zakhar himself, and the same horse! And here 's the shop where we used to buy gingerbread! Can't you hurry, there?"

"Which house?" asked the postilion.

"That one yonder, on the corner, that big one, can't you see? That 's our house!" said Rostof. "There, that 's our house! — Denísof! Denísof! we shall be there in a moment!"

Denísof lifted his head, coughed, and made no answer.

[1] *Kalatch:* a sort of wheaten bread, made of thin dough, peculiar to Russia.

"Dmitri," said Rostof, calling to his valet on the coachman's seat, "there 's a light in our house, is n't there?"

"Certainly there is; there 's a light in your father's room."

"They can't have gone to bed yet? Hey? What do you think? See here! Don't you forget it, I want my new Hungarian coat taken out," he added, stroking his young mustache. "Now, then, a little farther," he cried to the postilion. "Here, wake up, Vasha," turning to Denísof, who had again let his head fall back. "Come, now, get along, three silver rubles for vodka, get on!" shouted Rostof, when the sledge was within three doors of his own entrance. It seemed to him that the horses did not move. At last the sledge drew up at the entrance at the right. Over his head, Rostof saw the well-known cornice, with the peeling stucco, the front doorsteps, the curbstone. He leaped out before the sledge had stopped, and rushed into the entry. The house stood as cold and motionless as if it had no concern with the one who was entering its portals. There was no one in the entry.

"My God! has anything happened?" thought Rostof, with a sinking at the heart, standing still for a minute, and then starting to run along the entry and up the well-known winding stairs. There was still the same old door handle, the untidiness of which always annoyed the countess, as loose and as much askew as ever. In the anteroom burned a single tallow candle.

The old Mikháĭla was asleep on the chest. Prokófi, the hall boy, who was so strong that he could lift a coach by the back, was sitting making shoes out of selvage. As the door opened he looked up, and his sleepy, indifferent expression of countenance suddenly changed to one of awe and even fright.

"Heavens and earth! The young count!" he cried, as soon as he recognized his young master. "How does it happen, my dear boy?"[1]

And Prokófi, trembling with emotion, rushed through

[1] *Galúbchik.*

the door into the drawing-room, evidently with the intention of announcing the good news; but then, on second thought, he came back and fell on the young barin's neck.

"All well?" asked Rostof, drawing away his arm.

"Yes! glory to God, glory to God! Only just done dinner! Let us have a look at you, your illustriousness!"

"Are they all perfectly happy?"

"Glory to God! glory to God!"

Rostof, entirely forgetting about Denísof, and not wishing any one to announce his arrival, pulled off his fur shuba, and ran on his tiptoes into the great dark drawing-room. Everything was the same: the same card-tables, the chandelier still in its covering. But some of the family must have seen the young barin, and hardly had he entered the drawing-room before something flew out from one of the adjoining rooms like a tornado, hugged him and began to kiss him. Then a second, and still a third object came leaping out of a second and third side door; more embraces, more kisses, more shouts, tears of joy! He could not tell which was papa, or which was Natasha, or which was Petya! All were shouting, talking, and kissing him at one and the same time. Suddenly, he discovered that his mother was not among them.

"And here I knew nothing about it, ... Nikolushka, ... my darling!"

"Here he is .... ours again .... my darling, Kolya. .... How you have changed! .... There are no lights! Bring tea!"

"Now kiss me!"

"Dushenka, dear heart, ... and me too!"

Sonya, Natasha, Petya, Anna Mikhaïlovna, Viera, the old count, were all embracing him; and the servants and the maids, crowding into the room, were exclaiming and oh-ing and ah-ing.

Petya, clinging to his legs, kept crying, "Me, too!"

Natasha, after having thrown her arms around him and kissed him repeatedly all over his face, ran behind

him, and seizing him by the tail of his coat, was jumping up and down like a goat, in the same spot, and squealing at the top of her voice.

On all sides of him were eyes gleaming with tears of joy and love; on all sides were lips ready to be kissed.

Sonya, red as kumatch,[1] also held him by the hand, and all radiant with affection, gazed into his eyes which she had been so longing to see. Sonya was now just past sixteen, and was very pretty, especially at this moment of joyous, triumphant excitement. She looked at him, without dropping her eyes, smiling, and almost holding her breath. He looked at her gratefully, but still he was all the time waiting and looking for some one else. The old countess had not yet made her appearance.

And now steps were heard at the doorway — steps so quick that they could not be his mother's.

But it was his mother in a gown which he had never seen before, one that had been finished since he was gone. All made way for him, and he ran to her. When they met, she fell on his heart, sobbing. She could not lift her face, and only pressed it against the cold silver braid of his Hungarian coat. Denísof, coming into the room unobserved by any one, stood there also, and as he looked at them, he wiped his eyes.

"Vasíli Denísof, the fwiend of your son," said he, introducing himself to the count, who looked at him with a questioning expression.

"I beg your pardon. I know, I know," said the count, embracing Denísof and kissing him. "Nikolushka wrote..... Natasha, Viera, here is Denísof."

The same happy, enthusiastic faces were turned upon Denísof's shaggy figure, and crowded around him.

"My dear[2] Denísof," screamed Natasha; and forgetting herself in her excitement and running to him, she threw her arms around him and kissed him. All were abashed at Natasha's escapade. Denísof also reddened, but smiled, and taking Natasha's hand, kissed it.

Denísof was conducted to the room that had been

[1] A kind of fustian. [2] *Galúbchik.*

prepared for him, but the Rostofs all collected in the divan-room around Nikolushka.

The old countess not letting go his hand, which she kept kissing every minute, sat next him. The others standing around them watched his every motion, word, glance, and could not take from him their enthusiastically loving eyes.

The brother and sisters quarreled and disputed with each other for places next him, and vied with each other in bringing him his tea, his handkerchief, his pipe.

Rostof was very happy in the love which they showed him, but the first moment of the meeting had been so beatific that his present happiness seemed a little tame, and he kept desiring and expecting something more and more, and yet more.

The next morning the travelers slept straight on till ten o'clock.

In the adjoining room there was a confusion of sabers, valises, sabretashes, opened trunks, muddy boots. Two pairs of boots cleaned and with brightened spurs had just been brought up and set along the wall. Servants were carrying wash-hand basins, hot water for shaving, and well-brushed clothes.

There was an odor of tobacco and of *men*.

"Hey! Gwishka! bwing my pipe!" cried Vaska Denísof, in his hoarse voice. "Wostof, wouse yourself!"

Rostof, rubbing his sleepy eyes, lifted his disheveled head from his warm pillow.

"What is it? late?"

"Late! It 's after ten o'clock," cried Natasha's voice in answer to his question, and in the next room was heard the rustling of starched dresses, the whispering and giggling of the girls, and through the crack of the door could be seen a flash of something blue — ribbons, dark locks, and bright faces. This was Natasha with Sonya and Petya, who came to find out whether their friends were up.

"Nikolenka! get up!" again was heard in Natasha's voice at the door.

"Directly!"

But at this instant Petya in the first room, having spied and appropriated a saber, and experiencing that enthusiasm which little lads usually feel at the sight of their elder brothers of the army, and forgetting that it was unbecoming for the girls to see men undressed, pushed open the door.

"Is this your saber?" he cried. The maidens sprang away. Denísof, with startled eyes, hid his hairy legs under the counterpane, looking at his comrade for help.

The door let Petya through, and then closed on him. A sound of giggling was heard behind it.

"Nikolenka, come out in your dressing-gown!" said Natasha's voice.

"Is this your saber," insisted Petya, "or is it yours?" addressing with deepest respect the dark-mustached Denísof.

Rostof hastily put on his shoes and stockings, threw his dressing-gown over his shoulders, and went out. Natasha had put on one of his spurred boots and was just slipping her foot into the other. Sonya, as he came in, was whirling round and trying to make a balloon of her skirts and then squat down. Both were dressed alike in new blue dresses, and were fresh, rosy, full of spirits. Sonya ran away, but Natasha, putting her arm in her brother's, drew him into the divan-room and the two began to talk. They immediately began an endless series of questions and answers in regard to a thousand trifles that would interest no one else but themselves. Natasha laughed at every word that he said and that she said, not because there was anything to laugh at, but because she was happy, and because she had not the ability to restrain the joy that expressed itself in laughter.

"Akh! how nice! how delightful!" she kept exclaiming. Rostof was conscious that under the influence of these warm rays of love, for the first time in a year and a half, his heart and his face were lighted up by the childlike smile which he had not smiled since he had left his home.

"No, listen, you are now a grown-up man, are n't you? I am *awfully* glad that you are my brother!" She touched his mustache. "I should like to know what you men are like! Are you like us? No?"

"What made Sonya run away?" asked Rostof.

"Yes, that is a whole long story! How are you going to speak to her, — *thou* or *you?*"

"Just as it happens," said Rostof.

"Call her *you*, please! I will tell you why some other time. Well, then, I will tell you now. You know that Sonya is my dearest friend, such a friend that I have burnt my arm for her sake. Just look here!" She turned up her muslin sleeve and showed him a red spot on her long, thin, delicate arm below the shoulder and considerably above the elbow, in a place where it would be hidden even by a ball dress.

"I burnt that spot so as to prove how much I loved her! I simply heated a ruler in the fire and held it there!"

As he sat in what had formerly been his classroom, on the sofa with the cushion on the arms, and gazing into Natasha's desperately lively eyes, Rostof again fell back into that old world of his childhood, of his home, which no one besides himself could understand, but which appeared to him replete with some of the sweetest joys of life. And the burning of the arm with the ruler, for the sake of exhibiting love, seemed to him not so senseless; he understood it, and was not surprised.

"So that was the way you did? was that all?" he asked.

"We are such friends, such friends! All that matter of the ruler was a mere trifle; but we are to be friends forever. When she loves any one it is forever; but I can't understand that; I forget right away."

"Well, what then?"

"Well, she loves you just as she does me." Natasha suddenly blushed. "Well, you remember what happened just before you went away. And so she says that you have forgotten all about it — she says: 'I shall love him always, but he must be left to his own free

choice.' That is a fact, and is n't it splendid and noble of her? Now, is n't it? very noble! Is n't it?" asked Natasha, so seriously and full of emotion that it could be seen that what she said now she had spoken of before with tears.

Rostof was lost in thought.

"I will not retract the words that I have given," said he. "And, besides, Sonya is so charming that any one would be a fool, a durak, to refuse such happiness."

"No, no!" cried Natasha, "she and I have already discussed that. We knew that you would say so. But it is impossible, because, you understand, if you say so, you will consider yourself bound by your word: it would seem as if she had said this on purpose. It would seem as if you had married her under compulsion, and that would n't do at all."

Rostof saw that all this had been well decided by them. Sonya had struck him the evening before by her beauty. To-day, just catching a glimpse of her, she seemed to him still prettier. She was a charming girl of "sweet sixteen," evidently passionately in love with him; of that he did not doubt for a single instant. "Why should n't he love her, and even marry her?" thought Rostof. "But just now there are so many pleasures and occupations still before me! — yes, they have made a wise decision," said he to himself, "I must remain free."

"Well, all right," said he, after their talk. "Akh! But how glad I am to see you!" he added. "Well, and tell me, have you changed toward Boris?" asked he.

"Oh, that 's all nonsense," cried Natasha, laughing. "I don't trouble myself about him, or any one else, and I don't want to hear about it."

"Hear the girl! Then who is it that you —?"

"I?" asked Natasha in her turn, and a smile of happiness spread over her face, "have you ever seen Duport?"

"No."

"Never saw Duport, the famous dancer! Then you can't understand. Well, that 's what I am going to be!" Natasha picked up her skirt as dancers do, and curving

her arms, ran off a few steps, turned around, cut a caper, whirled one leg around the other, and standing on the very tips of her toes glided forward several feet. "See how I can pose! That's the way," said she. But she did not, could not, keep herself on her tiptoes. "That's what I'm going to be. I am never going to marry any one, but I am going to be a ballet-dancer! but don't you tell any one!"

Rostof laughed so loud and merrily that Denísof in his room really envied him, and Natasha could not help joining in with him.

"What, isn't that a good idea?" she asked.

"Excellent, and so you don't want to marry Borís?"

Natasha grew red in the face.

"I don't want to marry any one! And I will tell him the same thing when I see him."

"What an idea!" said Rostof.

"Ah, well, but this is all nonsense," said Natasha, continuing to chatter. "But tell me: is Denísof nice?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, he is."

"Well, good-by, now; go and finish dressing. And isn't he, isn't Denísof, terrible?"

"Why should he be terrible?" inquired Nicolas. "No! Vaska is a splendid fellow."

"Do you call him Vaska? how funny! And so he's very nice, is he?"

"Yes, very nice."

"Well, then, come down to tea as quick as you can. We shall all be together."

And Natasha stood on her tiptoes and glided from the room after the manner of a ballet-dancer, but smiling all the time, just as happy young girls of fifteen are wont to smile.

When Rostof met Sonya in the drawing-room, he reddened. He did not know how to behave toward her. The evening before, they had kissed each other, in the first joyful moment of meeting again; but to-day they both felt that it was impossible to do so; he imagined that every one, his mother and his sisters, were

looking inquisitively at him, and wondering how he would conduct himself toward her. He kissed her hand, and called her by the formal *vui*, you — Sonya. But their eyes met, and said to each other the tender, *tui*, thou, and expressed the kisses that were not exchanged. Her glance seemed to ask forgiveness for having, through the mediation of Natasha, dared to remind him of his promise, and thanked him for his love. He, with his glance, in turn, thanked her for offering him his freedom, and assured her that he should never cease to love her, since it was impossible not to love her.

"But how funny it is," said Viera, breaking the general silence. "Sonya and Nikolenka meet as if they were strangers, and call each other 'you.'"

Viera's remark was true enough, like all her remarks, but, like most of her remarks, it was awkward for all concerned, and not only Sonya, Nikolaï, and Natasha, but the old countess also, who dreaded lest her son should fall in love with Sonya and thus fail to make a brilliant marriage, blushed like a girl.

Denísof, to Rostof's amazement, made his appearance in the drawing-room in a new uniform, pomaded and scented, with as much ceremony as if he were going out to battle, and showed himself so polite to the ladies and gentlemen present that Rostof could hardly believe his eyes.

CHAPTER II

Nikolaï Rostof, on his return to Moscow from the army, was welcomed by the home circle as the best of sons, as a hero, and their darling Nikolushka; by his relatives, as a fine, attractive, and distinguished young man; by his acquaintances, as a handsome lieutenant of hussars, a graceful dancer, and one of the best matches in town.

Every one in Moscow knew the Rostofs. This year the old count had plenty of money, having mortgaged

all his possessions, and consequently Nikolushka, who kept his own fast trotter, and wore the most stylish riding trousers, of the latest cut, such as had never before been seen in Moscow, and likewise the most fashionable boots, with very pointed toes and little silver spurs, was enabled to spend his time very agreeably.

Now that he was at home again, after a considerable lapse of time, he experienced the pleasant sensation of accommodating himself to the old conditions of life. It seemed to him that he had grown to be very much of a man. His despair at not having been able to pass his examination in the catechism, his borrowing of money from Gavrílo for an izvoshchik, his clandestine kisses with Sonya, all came back to him as remembrances of a childhood from which he was now immeasurably separated. Now he was a lieutenant of hussars, in a silver-laced jacket, with the cross of Saint George, and he could enter his own racer, together with well-known, experienced, and respected amateurs. There was a lady of his acquaintance on the boulevard, with whom he liked to spend his evenings. He took the lead of the mazurka at the Arkharofs', discussed war with Field-Marshal Kamiensky, was an habitué of the English Club, and was on "thou" terms with a colonel of forty years, to whom Denísof had introduced him.

His passion for his sovereign had somewhat cooled since his return to Moscow, since he did not see him and had no opportunity of seeing him; but he often talked about him, and of his love for him, giving people to understand that he did not tell all, that there was something in his feeling toward the emperor that was not comprehensible to all men, and with his whole soul he entered into the sentiment, general at that period in Moscow, of devotion to the Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch, who was called then *angel vo ploti*, an angel in the flesh, or an angel on earth.

During Rostof's short stay in Moscow, before he returned to the army, instead of growing nearer to Sonya he rather drifted away from her. She was very pretty and sweet, and was evidently deeply in love with him;

but he had reached that period of young manhood when there seem to be so many things to do that no time is left for this, and the young man is afraid of binding himself irrevocably, and learns to prize his freedom, since it is necessary to him for other things. When he thought of Sonya during these days of his visit at home, he would say to himself: —

"Eh! there are many, many more as good as she is, whom I have not had a chance to see as yet. I shall have time enough whenever I want to engage myself and fall in love, but now I will have none of it."

Moreover, it seemed to him that there was something rather derogatory to his manhood to spend his time in the society of the ladies. If he went to balls and into the society of women, he pretended that he did so against his will. Races, the English Club, junketing with Denísof, and visits *there* were quite a different affair: such things were becoming to a gay young hussar!

About the middle of March, the old Count Ilya Andreyevitch Rostof was occupied with the preparations for a dinner to be given at the English Club in honor of Prince Bagration.

The count in his dressing-gown was walking up and down his drawing-room, giving orders to the club steward and the famous Feoktist, the old cook of the English Club, in regard to asparagus, fresh cucumbers, strawberries, veal, and fish for the dinner to the prince.

The count, ever since the founding of the club, had been a committeeman and the leading spirit. He had been appointed by the club to oversee the entertainment for Prince Bagration, because no one knew so well as he did how to organize a banquet on a broad and hospitable scale, and especially because no one else could or would spend his own money if it were necessary to make it a success. The cook and steward of the club listened to the count's orders with happy faces, because they knew that for their advantage there was no better person for them to have to manage a dinner costing several thousand rubles.

"Now see here, put esparcet in the turtle soup, esparcet, you know."

"Must there be three kinds of cold dishes?" asked the cook.

The count pondered: "Certainly not less than three — mayonnaise, one...." said he, beginning to count them on his fingers.

"Do you wish me to order some large sterlet?" interrupted the steward.

"What shall we do if there are no good ones? Yes, bátyushka, certainly — I came near forgetting. See here, we must have another *entrée* on the table. O dear me!" he put his hands to his head. "Now who is going to get me flowers?.... Mítenka! ah! Mítenka — hurry off, Mítenka!" he cried to his overseer, who came in at his call, "hurry off to my estate pod-Moskovnaya,[1] and tell Maksimka, the gardener, to get up the decorations. Tell him to have all the greenhouses stripped, and the flowers sent up, well wrapped in felt. Let him have two hundred flower-pots here by Friday."

Having given a profusion of various other orders, he was just going to the "little countess's" room to rest, but remembering some important item he turned round, called back the steward and cook, and began to give still further orders.

Just then in the doorway were heard the light steps of a man, the jingling of spurs, and the young count, handsome, ruddy-faced, with dark mustache, came into the room; it was evident that the lazy, easy-going life in Moscow agreed with him.

"Akh! my dear boy,[2] how my head whirls!" said the old man, smiling at his son with a sort of humiliated expression. "Come now, if you 'd only help me! We really must have some more singers. I shall have my own orchestra, but what should you think of getting the gypsies? Your brotherhood of military men like them."

"It 's a fact, pápenka! I think that Prince Bagration, when he was getting ready for the battle of Schöngra-

[1] Any estate in the suburbs of Moscow. [2] *Brátets moï.*

ben, did not make such hard work of it as you are doing now," said the young man with a smile.

The old count pretended to be angry: —

"Yes, you talk, just try it yourself!"

And the count turned to the cook, who with an intelligent and respectful face was looking on, with friendly and flattering eyes, at the father and son.

"That 's the way with the young men, hey, Feoktist?" said he. "Always making sport of us old fellows!"

"That 's so, your illustriousness, all they want is to have good things to eat and drink, but how it 's got and served is no concern of theirs."

"That 's it, that 's it," cried the count, and gayly seizing his son's two hands, cried: "Now this is what I want, since I have you. Take the sledge and pair and hurry off to Bezukhoï's and tell him that the count, that is Ilya Andreyitch, sent to ask for some fresh strawberries and pineapples. No one else has any at all. If he himself is not there, then find the princesses and ask them; and from there, mind you, drive to the Razgulyai — Ipatka, the coachman, will know the way — and there find Ilyushka the Tsigan, the one who danced and sang in a white kazakin at Count Orlof's, you remember, and bring him with you to me here."

"Shall I bring some of the Tsigan girls with him too?" asked Nikolaï, laughing. "There! there!"

At this moment, with noiseless steps, and with her indefatigable and anxious, and at the same time sweet and Christian, expression, which never deserted her, Anna Mikhaïlovna came into the room. In spite of the fact that Anna Mikhaïlovna every day discovered the count in his dressing-gown, each time he was much abashed, and offered her apologies for his costume.

"No matter, count, my dear," said she, blandly closing her eyes. "I myself am going to the Bezukhoïs'. Pierre has come, and now we can get anything from his greenhouses. I have been wanting to see him. He sent me a letter from Boris. Glory to God! — Borya is now on the staff."

The count was delighted to have one part of his commission undertaken by Anna Mikhaïlovna, and bade her make use of the coupé.

"You tell Bezukhoï to come. I will write him a note. How are he and his wife getting along?" asked the count.

Anna Mikhaïlovna rolled up her eyes, and her face expressed deep affliction.

"Akh, my dear! he's very unhappy," said she; "if it is true, what we have heard, it is terrible! And could we have dreamed of such a thing, when we rejoiced so in his happiness! And such a lofty, heavenly soul this young Bezukhoï is! Yes, I pity him from the bottom of my heart! and I mean to do all that within me lies, to give him consolation."

"Tell us, what is it?" asked both the Rostofs, elder and younger.

Anna Mikhaïlovna drew a deep sigh.

"Dolokhof, Márya Ivanovna's son," said she, in a mysterious whisper, "has, so they say, absolutely compromised her. Pierre introduced him to her, took him to his own house in Petersburg, and now.... she came here and that madcap fellow followed her," said Anna Mikhaïlovna, trying to express her sympathy for Pierre, but involuntarily, by the inflections of her voice and by the half-smile on her face, showing more sympathy for the "madcap fellow," as she called Dolokhof. "They say Pierre is perfectly broken by his trial."

"Well, then, be sure to tell him to come to the club. It will help to distract him. It will be a stunning banquet!"

On the next day, the fifteenth of March, at two o'clock in the afternoon, two hundred and fifty members of the English Club and fifty guests were waiting for their distinguished guest, Prince Bagration, the hero of the Austrian campaign.

At first the news of the battle of Austerlitz had been received at Moscow with incredulity. The Russians had been so accustomed to victory, that when they heard of the defeat, some simply refused to believe it, others

sought explanations for such a strange circumstance in extraordinary causes. In the month of December, when the news was fully confirmed, at the English Club, which was a rendezvous for all men of note, or who had trustworthy sources of information, and everywhere else, nothing was said about the war and the recent defeat, just as if there had been common consent to hush the matter up. Men who were apt to give the cue to conversation — for instance Count Rostopchin, Prince Yuri Vladímirovitch Dolgoruky, Valuyef, Count Markóf, Prince Vyazemsky — did not show themselves at the club at all, but met at their own houses in their own intimate circles, and the rest of the Moscovites, who never had any opinions of their own, — and in this number we must reckon also Ilya Andreyitch Rostof, — remained for a short time without any definite opinion in regard to the war, and without their natural leaders.

These Moscovites had a dim idea that something was wrong, and that it was hard to arrive at a proper judgment in regard to this bad news, and therefore they preferred to keep silent.

But after some time, when the bigwigs who directed opinion at the club came back like jurors after a consultation in the jury-room, then all was made clear and definite. Reasons were found for this incredible, unheard-of, and impossible circumstance, that the Russians were beaten. It now became perfectly clear, and one and the same thing was said in all the corners of Moscow. These were the reasons: The treachery of Austria, the wretched victualing of the troops, the treason of the Pole Prszebiszewsky and the Frenchman Langeron, the incapacity of Kutuzof, and — spoken with bated breath — the youth and inexperience of the sovereign, who had placed his confidence in inefficient and insignificant men.

But the army, the Russian army, — and all agreed in regard to this, — was extraordinary, and had accomplished prodigies of valor. Soldiers, officers, generals, all were heroes. But the hero of heroes was Prince Bagration, who had won imperishable glory by his victory of Schöngraben and his retreat at Austerlitz, where

he alone had led off his division unbroken, and had fought the livelong day against an enemy double his numbers. What added still more *éclat* to his repute as a hero was the fact that he had no kin in Moscow, and was a foreigner. He was considered as the representative of the simple heroic Russian soldier, who had won his way without connections and intrigues, and was moreover associated with recollections of the Italian campaign, and the name of Suvorof. And then again, by showing him such distinguished honors, it was felt that there could be no better way of showing Kutuzof ill-will and disapprobation.

"If there were no Bagration, we should have to manufacture one," said the jester Shinshin, with a parody on Voltaire's witticism. Scarcely any one spoke of Kutuzof, and those who did abused him under their breath, calling him the court weathercock and an old satyr.

Prince Dolgorukof's witticism was repeated all over Moscow: "Stick to the plaster, and you'll become a master;" thus he consoled himself for our defeat by the remembrance of former victories. Men likewise freely quoted Rostopchin's clever saying, that "you have to spur the French soldier to battle with high-sounding phrases; the Germans must have it logically proved to them that it is more dangerous to run away than it is to advance; while the Russian soldier, on the contrary, must be held back and urged to go gently."

On all sides were heard new and ever new tales of individual examples of heroism shown by our officers and soldiers at Austerlitz. This man saved a standard, that one killed five Frenchmen, the other alone loaded five cannons. They spoke of Berg, even those who did not know him, and told how, when he was wounded in his right arm, he took his sword in his left hand and dashed forward. Nothing was heard of Bolkonsky, and only those who knew him intimately lamented his premature death, and pitied his wife with her unborn child, and his whimsical old father.

CHAPTER III

On the fifteenth of March, in all the rooms of the English Club, was heard the hum of busy voices, and, like bees at the spring swarming-time, the members and guests of the club, dressed in uniforms, dress-coats, and some even in powder and kaftans, roamed back and forth, sat down, stood up, met and parted. Powdered and liveried footmen in small-clothes and slippers stood at each door, and strove eagerly to anticipate each motion of the guests and members, so as to offer their services. The majority of those present were well on in years, men of distinction, with broad, self-satisfied faces, plump fingers, resolute gestures and voices. The guests and members of this class occupied the well-known places of honor, and were surrounded by little circles of well-known and distinguished men.

Those that formed the minority were chance guests, preëminently young men, among whom were Denísof, Rostof, and Dolokhof, the last being now an officer of the Semyonovsky regiment once more. The faces of these young men, especially those that belonged to the army, wore that expression of contemptuous deference toward their elders, which seemed to say to the older generation: 'We are ready to respect and honor you, but remember that nevertheless the future is ours.'

Nesvitsky was there, also, in the capacity of a former member of the club.

Pierre, who, by his wife's advice, had let his hair grow, renounced his spectacles, and dressed in the height of style, wandered through the rooms with a melancholy and dismal mien. As usual, he was surrounded by that atmosphere of worship offered by those who bow before riches, and he, having now become accustomed to this dominion, treated such sycophants with careless scorn.

In years he should have associated with the young men, but by his wealth and importance he gravitated toward the circles of the older and more influential guests,

and consequently he drifted from one group to another. Central circles were formed by some of the most distinguished old men, around whom respectfully gathered many of the less conspicuous, for the purpose of listening to the great ones. Such groups were formed around Count Rostopchin, Valuyef, and Naruishkin. Rostopchin was telling how the Russians were caught by the fugitive Austrians and obliged to force their way through at the point of the bayonet.

Valuyef confidentially announced that Uvarof had been sent from Petersburg to learn the opinion of the Moscovites in regard to Austerlitz.

In the third great circle, Naruíshkin was telling about a session of an Austrian council of war at which Suvorof crowed like a cock in answer to the absurdities spoken by the Austrian generals. Shinshin, who formed one of the group, tried to raise a laugh by saying that evidently Kutuzof had not been able to learn of Suvorof even such a simple thing as to crow like a cock; but the elderly men looked sternly at the jester, giving him thereby to feel that on such a day, and in such a place, it was so unseemly to speak of Kutuzof!

Count Ilya Andreyitch Rostof, in his soft boots, hovered, full of anxiety and solicitude, between the dining-room and the parlors, giving always the same hasty greeting to every one he met, whether men of mark or not men of mark, his acquaintance including every one, without exception, occasionally looking around for his handsome young son, at whom he would look with delight and a nod of satisfaction. Young Rostof was standing in the embrasure of a window, with Dolokhof, whose acquaintance he had recently made and felt to be congenial.

The old count came up to them and shook hands with Dolokhof: —

"I beg of you to come and see us; since you and my young man here are friends .... you and he played the heroes together, yonder. .... Ah! Vasíli Ignatyitch! Good afternoon, old friend," cried he, turning to welcome a little old man, just entering.

But he did not have time to add the usual greeting; there was a stir, and a footman with awestruck face announced: —

"He has come."

The bell rang; the elders hastened forward; the guests, scattered in the different rooms, like rye gathered up by the shovel, congregated in a throng, and stood in the great drawing-room at the door of the hall.

At the entrance appeared Bagration, without his hat and sword, which, according to the club custom, he had left in care of the Swiss. He was dressed not in his lambskin cap with his whip over his shoulder, as Rostof had seen him the night before the battle of Austerlitz, but in a new and tight-fitting uniform, with Russian and foreign orders, and with the star of the George on his left breast. He had evidently just had his hair and whiskers trimmed, and this did not change his appearance for the better.

His face had a naïvely festive look, which, being inappropriate to his firm, manly features, gave him a rather comical expression.

Bekleshof and Feodor Petrovitch Uvarof, who came together with him, paused at the doorway, waiting for him, as the guest of honor, to precede them. Bagration was confused, not wishing to take advantage of their politeness; there was a little pause at the entrance, and finally Bagration, after all, led the way. He walked across the inlaid floor of the reception-room, awkwardly and bashfully, not knowing what to do with his hands; it would have been much more to his mind, and much easier for him, to cross a ploughed field under a rain of bullets, as, for instance, he had done when leading the Kursk regiment at the battle of Schöngraben.

The older gentlemen met him at the door, said a few words expressive of their delight at seeing such an illustrious guest, and, without waiting for his reply, seized him, as it were, and dragged him off into the drawing-room. Around the doors of the drawing-room there was such a crowd that it was impossible to pass. Members and guests crushed one another, and tried to

look over one another's shoulders for a glimpse of Bagration, as if he were some wild beast.

Count Ilya Andreyitch, laughing and talking more energetically than all the rest, pushed through the throng, crying, "Make way, *mon cher*, make way, please, make way," and led the guests into the drawing-room, and placed them on the central divan, where now all the bigwigs and the most distinguished members of the club gathered in an eager throng.

Count Ilya Andreyevitch, again pushing his way through the crowd, left the room, but quickly reappeared with another of the directors, bearing a huge silver salver, which he presented to Prince Bagration. On the salver lay some verses composed and printed in the hero's honor.

Bagration, seeing the salver, looked around in alarm, as if seeking for refuge. But all eyes demanded his submission, and Bagration, feeling that he was in their power, seized the salver resolutely with both hands, and looked gravely and reproachfully at the count, who brought it to him. Some one gallantly relieved the prince of the salver — for otherwise, he would have evidently felt it incumbent upon him to hold it in his hands till evening, and even gone out to dinner with it — and directed his attention to the ode. 'Well, I will read it,' Prince Bagration seemed to say, and fastening his weary eyes on the parchment, tried to read it with serious and concentrated attention. But the composer of the ode took it and began to read it aloud: *Slav tako Aleksandra vyek.* Prince Bagration bent his head and listened: —

"Pride of Alexander's age!
Be of our Titus' throne the stern defender!
At once the mighty chief and humble sage:
At home, a Ripheus, Cæsar, 'mid the battle's splendor!
Yes! e'en victorious Napoleon
By sad experience knows Bagration!
Now justice to the Alcide Russians he must render
And fear ...."

But even while he was in the midst of his ode, the stentorian majordomo proclaimed "Dinner is served!"

The door was flung open, and from the dining-room were heard the resounding notes of the polonaise: "Roll, ye thunder tones of victory, gallant Russian hearts rejoice," and Count Ilya Andreyitch, giving the author a severe look for still continuing to read his verses, came and made a low bow before Bagration.

All rose to their feet, feeling that the dinner was of more consequence than poetry, and again Bagration was obliged to lead the way to the dining-room. He was assigned to the seat of honor between the two Alexanders, Bekleshof and Naruishkin, which was meant as a delicate allusion to the name of the sovereign. Three hundred men sat down at table, according to their ranks and stations, those most distinguished being nearest to the guest of honor, just as naturally as water flows deepest where it is narrowest.

Just before the dinner began, Count Ilya Andreyitch presented his son to the prince. Bagration, recognizing him, mumbled a few words, awkward and incoherent, like everything else that he said that day. Count Ilya Andreyitch looked around gleefully and proudly on all while Bagration was talking to his son.

Nikolaï Rostof, with Denísof and his new acquaintance, Dolokhof, sat together almost at the center of the table. Opposite to them sat Pierre, next to Prince Nesvitsky. Count Ilya Andreyitch's seat was opposite Bagration, with the other directors, and he did the honors to the prince, personifying in himself the hospitality of Moscow.

His labors were not spent in vain. The dinner, which was served both for those who were keeping Lent and for those who were not, was magnificent, but still he could not feel perfectly at ease until the very end. He kept beckoning to the butler, whispering directions to the waiters, and, not without agitation, looked for the arrival of each course which he knew so well. All passed off admirably.

At the second course, when they brought on the gigantic sterlet, at the sight of which Ilya Andreyevitch flushed

with joy and modesty, the waiters began to uncork the bottles and pour out the champagne.

After the fish, which produced a great impression, Count Ilya Andreyitch glanced at the other directors. "There are so many toasts, it is time to begin," he said in a whisper, and taking his wine-cup in his hand, he got up. All grew still, and waited what he should have to say.

"To the health of our sovereign, the emperor," he cried, and at the same time his kindly eyes were dimmed with tears of pleasure and enthusiasm. At the same time the band broke out with the polonaise again: "Roll, ye thunder tones." All arose in their places and cried "Hurrah!" and Bagration also joined in shouting with the same voice which had cried "Hurrah!" on the field of Schöngraben.

Young Rostof's enthusiastic voice was heard above all the other three hundred. He could hardly refrain from tears.

"Hurrah for the emperor!" he cried, "hurrah!" Draining his glass at one draught, he smashed it on the floor. Many followed his example. And the deafening shouts continued for a long time. When silence was restored the servants swept up the broken glass, and all, having resumed their seats, began to converse and laugh again.

Then Count Ilya Andreyitch arose once more, and proposed the health of the hero of our last campaign, Prince Piotr Ivanovitch Bagration, and again the count's blue eyes grew tender with tears. "Hurrah!" again rang out the three hundred voices; but this time, instead of the band, the choir of singers struck up a cantata composed by Pavel Ivanovitch Kutuzof: —

"Obstacles are naught to Russians;
Courage wins the victor's crown!
If Bagration leads our columns,
We shall hew the foemen down."

As soon as the singers had finished, fresh toasts kept following, at which Count Ilya Andreyitch grew more

and more sentimental, and more and more glasses were smashed, and the shouts grew ever more boisterous. They drank to the health of Bekleshof, Naruishkin, Uvarof, Dolgorukof, Apraksin, Valuyef, to the health of the directors, to the health of the committeemen, to the health of all the members of the club, to the health of all the guests of the club, and finally, as a special honor, to the health of the master of ceremonies, Count Ilya Andreyitch. At this toast the count took out his handkerchief and, hiding his face, actually wept.

CHAPTER IV

Pierre sat opposite Dolokhof and Nikolaï Rostof. He ate much and greedily, and, as usual, drank much. But those who knew him intimately observed that day that a great change had come over him. He said nothing all the time of the dinner; scowling and frowning, he looked about him; or, with downcast eyes and a look of absolute abstraction, picked at his nose with his finger. His face was gloomy and dismal. Apparently he did not see or hear anything that was going on around him, and was absorbed in some disagreeable and unsolvable problem.

This unsolvable problem which tormented him was caused by the hints of the princess in Moscow in regard to Dolokhof's intimacy with his wife, and by an anonymous letter received that very morning, wherein it was said, in that dastardly mocking tone characteristic of anonymous letters, that his spectacles did him very little good, and that his wife's criminal intimacy with Dolokhof was a secret for him alone.

Pierre resolutely refused to heed the princess's insinuations or the letter, but it was terrible for him to look now at Dolokhof, sitting opposite him. Every time that his glance fell accidentally upon Dolokhof's handsome, insolent eyes, he was conscious of something awful and ugly arising in his soul, and he would quickly turn away. Involuntarily remembering all his wife's past, and her behavior toward Dolokhof, Pierre saw

clearly that what was expressed so brutally in the letter might very well be true, might, at least, seem true, did it not concern *his wife!*

Pierre could not help recalling how Dolokhof, on being restored to his rank after the campaign, had returned to Petersburg and come to him. Taking advantage of the friendship arising from their former sprees together, Dolokhof had come straight to his house, and Pierre had taken him in and lent him money. Pierre remembered how Ellen, with her set smile, had expressed her discontent at having Dolokhof living under their roof; and how Dolokhof had cynically praised before him his wife's beauty, and how, from that time forth until his coming to Moscow, he had not budged from their house.

"Yes, he is very handsome," thought Pierre, "I know him. In his estimation it would be admirable sport to besmirch my name and turn me into ridicule, just for the very reason that I was doing so much for him, and taking care of him and helping him. I know, I understand, what spice it would add in his estimation to his villany, if this were true! Yes, if it were true; but I don't believe it! I have no right to believe it, and I cannot!"

He remembered the expression which Dolokhof's face had borne at times when he was engaged in his acts of deviltry, as for instance when they had tied the policeman to the bear and flung them into the river, or when, without any provocation, he had challenged men to fight duels, or shot the post-driver's[1] horse dead with his pistol. This expression he had often noticed lately on Dolokhof's face.

"Yes, he 's a bully," said Pierre to himself; "he would think nothing of killing a man; it is essential for him to think that every one is afraid of him; this must be pleasant to him. He must think that I am afraid of him. And in fact I am afraid of him," thought Pierre, and again at these suggestions the awful and ugly *something* arose in his mind.

Dolokhof, Denísof, and Rostof were still sitting oppo-

[1] *Ydmshchik*, driver or postilion.

site to Pierre, and seemed to be very lively. Rostof was gayly chatting with his two friends, one of whom was a clever hussar, the other a well-known bully and madcap, and occasionally he glanced rather mockingly at Pierre, who had impressed him by the concentrated, abstracted, and stolid expression of his countenance. Rostof looked at Pierre with a malevolent expression, in the first place because Pierre, in the eyes of a hussar like him, was merely a millionaire civilian, the husband of a pretty woman, and moreover was a *baba* — an old woman! in the second place, because Pierre, in his abstracted state of mind, did not recognize Rostof, or return his bow. When they stood up to drink the toast to the emperor, Pierre was so lost in his thoughts that he forgot to get up with the others, and did not lift his wine-glass.

"What 's the matter with you?" shouted Rostof, his eyes flashing with righteous indignation, as he looked at him, "why don't you pay attention; the health of our sovereign, the emperor!"

Pierre, with a sigh, humbly got to his feet, drained his glass, and then, after they had all sat down, he turned to Rostof with his good-natured smile: "Ah! I did not recognize you," said he.

But Rostof was engaged in shouting "Hurrah!" so that this was lost on him. "Are n't you going to renew the acquaintance?" asked Dolokhof of Rostof.

"Curse the fool!"[1]

"One must cawess a pwetty woman's husband," said Denísof. Pierre did not catch what they said, but he knew that they were talking about him. He reddened, and turned away.

"Well, now to the health of the pretty women!" said Dolokhof, and with a serious expression, though a smile lurked in the corners of his mouth, he lifted his glass to Pierre. "To the health of the pretty women, Pétrusha, and — their lovers!" he added.

Pierre, dropping his eyes, sipped his glass, not looking at Dolokhof or making him any reply.

[1] *Bog s nim, durak:* literally, "God be with him, fool or idiot."

A lackey, who was distributing copies of Kutuzof's cantata, handed one of the sheets to Pierre as being among the more distinguished guests. Pierre was going to take it, but Dolokhof leaned over, snatched the sheet from his hand, and began to read it. Pierre stared at Dolokhof; his pupils contracted; that awful and ugly something that had been tormenting him all the dinner-time, now arose in him and overmastered him. He leaned his heavy frame across the table.

"Don't you dare to take it!" he cried.

Nesvitsky and his right-hand neighbor, hearing him speak in such a tone of voice, and seeing whom he was dealing with, were filled with alarm and hastily tried to calm him.

"That's enough!".... "Be careful!".... "Think what you're doing!" whispered anxious voices.

Dolokhof stared at Pierre with his bright, merry, insolent eyes, and with that smile of his that seemed to say, "This is what I like."

"I will not give it back," he said, measuring his words.

Pale, with twitching lips, Pierre snatched back the sheet of paper. "You.... you.... blackguard!.... I shall call you to account for this!" he cried, and pushing away his chair, rose from the table.

At the very instant that Pierre did this, and pronounced these words, he felt that the problem of his wife's guilt, which had been torturing him for the past twenty-four hours, was finally and definitely settled beyond a peradventure. He hated her, and the breach between them was widened irrevocably.

In spite of Denísof's urgency that Rostof should not get mixed up in this affair, Rostof consented to act as Dolokhof's second, and after dinner he arranged with Nesvitsky, Bezukhoï's second, in regard to the conditions of the duel. Pierre went home, and Rostof, together with Denísof and Dolokhof, stayed at the club till late, listening to the gypsies and the singers.

"Well, then, till to-morrow, at Sokolniki," said Dolokhof, taking his leave of Rostof on the club steps.

"And you are confident?" asked Rostof.

Dolokhof paused.

"Now, see here, I will give you in two words the whole secret of dueling. If you are going to fight a duel, and write your will and affectionate letters to your father and mother, if you get it into your head that you are going to be killed, then you are an idiot — a durák — and deserve to fall; but if you go with firm intention to kill him as quickly and certainly as you can, then you are all right, as our Kostroma bear-driver told me. 'How can you help being afraid of the bear?' says he; 'yes, but when you once see him, your only fear is that he will get away.' Well, that's the way it is with me! *À demain, mon cher!*"

On the next morning, at eight o'clock, Pierre and Nesvitsky drove to the woods of Sokolniki, and found there Dolokhof, Denísof, and Rostof waiting for them. Pierre had the aspect of a man entirely absorbed in his reflections and absolutely incognizant of the affair before him. His countenance was haggard and yellow. He had evidently not slept the night before. He glanced around him vaguely, and frowned as if he were blinded by the bright sun. Two considerations exclusively occupied him: his wife's guilt, of which, after his sleepless night, he had no longer the slightest doubt; and the innocence of Dolokhof, who had no reason to guard the honor of a stranger.

"Maybe I should have done the same thing, if I had been in his place," said Pierre to himself; "I am perfectly certain that I should; why then this duel, this homicide? Either I shall kill him, or he will put a bullet through my head, in my elbow, or my knee. Can't I get out of it somehow, run away, hide myself somewhere?"

This thought came into his mind. But at the very instant that these suggestions were offering themselves to him, he, with his usual calm and absent-minded expression, — which aroused the respect of those who saw him, — was asking if all were ready and they should begin soon?

When all had been arranged, and the swords stuck upright in the snow, to mark the limits for them to

advance, and the pistols had been loaded, Nesvitsky went up to Pierre.

"I should not be doing my duty, count," said he, in a faltering voice, "or be worthy of the confidence and honor which you confide in my hands, at this moment, this most serious moment, if I did not tell you the whole truth. I consider that this affair has not sufficient reason, and does not warrant the shedding of blood. You were in the wrong, absolutely, you were in a passion." ....

"Oh, yes, it was horribly foolish," said Pierre.

"Then allow me to offer your regrets, and I am sure that your opponent will be satisfied to accept your apologies," said Nesvitsky, who, like the other participants, and like all men in similar affairs, did not believe even now that it would actually come to a duel. — "You know, count, that it is far more noble to acknowledge one's fault, than to carry an affair to its irrevocable consequences. The insult was not wholly on one side. Let me confer."

"No! there 's nothing to be said about it," said Pierre. "It 's all the same to me. .... Is everything ready?" he asked. "Do you only tell me where I am to stand, and where to fire," he added, with an unnaturally sweet smile. He took the pistol and began to ask about the working of the trigger, for he had never before held a pistol in his hands, though he was unwilling to confess it. "Oh, yes, that 's the way .... I know .... I had only forgotten," said he.

"No apologies, decidedly not," said Dolokhof to Denísof, who also on the other side proposed to effect a reconciliation, and he also went to the designated place.

The place selected for the duel was a small clearing in the fir woods, covered with what remained of the snow after the recent thaw, and about eighty paces from the road where the sledges were left. The opponents stood about forty paces apart on the border of the clearing. The seconds, while measuring off the distance, had trampled down the deep, wet snow between the

place where they stood and Nesvitsky's and Denísof's sabers, stuck upright ten paces apart, to mark the bounds. It was thawing, and the mist spread around; nothing could be seen forty paces away. For three minutes, all had been ready, and still they hesitated about beginning; no one spoke.

CHAPTER V

"Well, begin," said Dolokhof.

"All right," said Pierre, still smiling as before.

It was a solemn moment. It was evident that the affair, which at first had been so trivial, could no longer be averted, but was now bound to take its course to the very end, irrespective of the will of the men. Denísof first went forward to the barrier and announced: —

"As the adve'sawies have wefused to agwee, we may pwoceed. Take your pistols, and at the word thwee, advance and fire."

"U— one! — two! — thwee!" cried Denísof, sternly, and stepped to one side. The two men advanced along the trodden path, coming closer and closer, their faces growing more and more distinct to each other in the fog. The antagonists had the right to fire at any moment before reaching the barrier. Dolokhof advanced slowly, not raising his pistol, but fastening his bright, glittering blue eyes on his opponent's face. His lips as usual wore what seemed like a smile.

"So it seems I can fire when I please," said Pierre to himself, and at the word "three," he advanced with quick strides, leaving the beaten path, and pushing through the untrodden snow. He held the pistol in his right hand out at arm's length, apparently afraid of killing himself with it. His left hand he strenuously kept behind his back, because he felt such a strong desire to support his right arm with it, which he knew was out of the question.

After he had gone six steps, and had left the trodden path, he looked down at his feet, then gave a quick

glance at Dolokhof, and, pulling the trigger, as he had been told to do, fired. Not anticipating such a loud report, Pierre jumped, and then, smiling at his own sensations, stood stock still. The smoke, made heavier by the misty atmosphere, prevented him from seeing anything at first; but there was no second report, as he had expected. All he could hear was Dolokhof's hasty steps, and then his form loomed up through the smoke. He was holding one hand to his left side; with the other he clutched the pistol, which he did not raise. His face was pale. Rostof had rushed up to him, and was saying something.

"N .... no," hissed Dolokhof through his teeth. "No, I'm not done yet," and, making a few tottering, staggering steps toward the saber, he fell on the snow, near it. His left arm was covered with blood. He wiped it on his coat and supported himself with it. His face was pale and contracted, and a spasm passed over it.

"I beg of you...." began Dolokhof, but he could not speak coherently. "Please...." said he, with difficulty.

Pierre, hardly restraining his sobs, started to run to Dolokhof, and was just crossing the line, when Dolokhof cried, "Stop at the barrier;" and Pierre, realizing what he meant, paused near the saber. They were only ten paces apart. Dolokhof bent his head over to the snow, greedily ate a mouthful, lifted his head again, straightened himself up, tried to get to his feet, and sat down, in his effort to recover his equilibrium. He swallowed the icy snow and sucked it; his lips twitched; but he still smiled, and his eyes gleamed with concentrated hatred, as he tried to collect his failing strength. He raised the pistol and tried to aim.

"Stand sidewise; protect yourself from the pistol," cried Nesvitsky.

"Pwotect yourself," instinctively cried Denísof, though he was the other's second.

Pierre, with his sweet smile of compassion and regret, helplessly dropping his arms and spreading his legs, stood with his broad chest exposed directly to

Dolokhof, and looking at him mournfully. Denísof, Rostof, and Nesvitsky shut their eyes.

They heard the report, and simultaneously Dolokhof's wrathful cry.

"Missed!" cried Dolokhof, and lay back feebly on the snow, face down. Pierre clutched his temples, and turning back, went into the woods, trampling down the virgin snow and muttering incoherent words.

"Folly! Folly! Death! Lies!".... he kept repeating, with scowling brows. Nesvitsky called him back and took him home.

Rostof and Denísof lifted the wounded Dolokhof. They put him in the sledge, where he lay with closed eyes and without speaking or making any reply to their questions; but, when they reached Moscow, he suddenly roused himself, and, with difficulty raising his head, seized Rostof's hand, who was sitting next him. Rostof was struck by the absolutely changed and unexpectedly softened expression of Dolokhof's face.

"Well? How do you feel now?" asked Rostof.

"Wretchedly; but that is no matter. My dear," said Dolokhof, in a broken voice, "where are we? We are in Moscow, I know it. It 's no matter about me, but I have killed her, killed her; she won't get over this. She won't survive."

"Who?" asked Rostof.

"My mother. My mother, my good angel, my adored angel, my mother," and Dolokhof burst into tears, pressing Rostof's hand. When he had grown a little calmer, he explained to Rostof that he lived with his mother, and that if his mother should see him dying, she would not survive it. He begged Rostof to go and break the news to her.

Rostof rode on ahead to attend to this, and to his great surprise discovered that Dolokhof, this insolent fellow, this bully, Dolokhof, lived with his old mother and a hunchbacked sister, and was a most affectionate son and brother.

CHAPTER VI

PIERRE had rarely of late seen his wife alone by themselves. Both in Petersburg and Moscow, their house was constantly full of company.

On the night that followed the duel he did not go to his sleeping-room, but, as was often the case, stayed in the vast cabinet where his father, the Count Bezukhoï, had died.

He stretched himself out on the sofa, with the idea of forgetting all that had taken place; but this he could n't do. Such a tornado of thoughts, feelings, recollections, suddenly arose in his mind, that not only he could not sleep, but could not keep still, and he was compelled to spring up from the sofa and walk the room with rapid strides.

Now she seemed to come up before him as she was during the first few weeks after their marriage, with her bare shoulders, and her languid, passionate eyes; and then immediately he would see Dolokhof by her side — Dolokhof, with his handsome, impudent, mocking face, as he had seen it at the banquet, and then the same face, pale, convulsed, and agonized, as it had been when he reeled and fell on the snow.

"What was it?" he asked himself. "I have killed her *paramour!* yes, I have killed my wife's *paramour.* Yes, that was it. Why? How did it come to this?"

"Because you married her," replied an inward voice.

"But wherein was I to blame?" he asked again.

"Because you married her without loving her; because you deceived yourself and her."

And then he vividly recalled the moment after the dinner at Prince Vasíli's, when he had murmured those words, "*Je vous aime* — I love you," that had come with so much difficulty.

"It was all from that. Even then I felt," said he to himself, "even then I felt that this was wrong, that I had no right to do it, and so it has proved."

He recalled their honeymoon, and reddened at the

recollection. Extraordinarily vivid, humiliating, and shameful was the recollection of how one time, shortly after their marriage, he had gone in his silk dressing-gown, at twelve o'clock in the daytime, from his sleeping-room to his library, and found there his head overseer, who, with an obsequious bow, glanced at Pierre's face and at his dressing-gown, while a shadow of a smile passed over his face, as if he thereby expressed his humble sympathy in the happiness of his master.

"And yet how many times I have been proud of her, — proud of her majestic beauty, of her social tact," he went on thinking, — "proud of my house, where she received all Petersburg, — proud of her inaccessibility and radiance. Yes, how proud I was of it all! then I thought that I did not understand her. How often, when pondering over her character, I said to myself that I was to blame, that I did not understand her, did not understand her habitual repose, self-satisfaction, and lack of all interests and ambition, and now I have found the answer in that terrible expression: she is a lewd woman. Now I have said to myself that terrible word, all has become clear!

"Anatol came to her to borrow some money, and kissed her on her naked shoulder. She did not let him have the money, but she was willing for him to kiss her. Her father, in jest, tried to make her jealous, and she, with her calm smile, replied that she was not so stupid as to be jealous: 'Let him do as he pleases,' said she about me. I asked her once if she saw no signs of approaching maternity. She laughed scornfully, and replied that she was not such a fool as to wish to have any children, and that I should never get any children by her."

Then he recalled the coarseness and frankness of her thoughts, the vulgarity of the expressions that came natural to her, in spite of her education in the highest aristocratic circles. "I am no such fool," "Go and try it on yourself," "*Allez vous promener*," and such like slang she was fond of using.

Pierre, witnessing her success in the eyes of old and

young, men and women, had often found it hard to understand why he did not love her.

"Yes, and I have never really loved her," said Pierre to himself. "I knew that she was a lewd woman," he kept repeating to himself, "but I did not dare to acknowledge it to myself. And now there is Dolokhof sitting in the snow, and trying to smile, and dying maybe, and responding to my repentance with pretended bravado!"

Pierre was one of those men who, notwithstanding his affectionate nature, which some would call weakness of character, would never seek a confidant for his troubles. He worked out his sufferings alone by himself.

"She is to blame, the only one to blame for all," said he to himself. "But what was back of that? That I married her, that I said to her, 'I love you,' which was a lie, and even worse than a lie," said he to himself. "I am to blame and must suffer.... what? The besmirching of my name? the unhappiness of my life? eh! that's all nonsense," he continued, "the disgrace to my name and honor, all that is conditional, absolutely independent of me.

"Louis XVI. was executed because *they* said that he was a guilty offender," thus Pierre reasoned, "and they were right from their point of view, just as they also were right from theirs who died a violent death after him, and who reckoned him among the saints. Then Robespierre was beheaded because he was a tyrant. Who was right? who was to blame? No one! But live while we live; to-morrow we die, just as I might easily have died an hour ago. And is it worth tormenting one's self about, when life counts only as a moment in comparison with eternity?"

But even while he was trying to reason himself into calmness by such a train of thought, suddenly *she* again rose before his imagination, and at one of those moments when he had expressed to her more violently than ever his insincere love, and he felt how the blood poured back to his heart, and he was obliged again to get up, move

about, and break and smash whatever things came within reach of his hands.

"Why did I tell her that I loved her? why did I say 'I love you'?" he kept asking himself. And after he had asked himself this question a dozen times, the phrase of Molière came into his head, "*Mais que diable allait il faire dans cette galère?*"[1] and he had to laugh at himself.

At night he summoned his valet and ordered him to pack up in readiness to go to Petersburg. He could not imagine himself having anything more to say to her. He had decided to take an early departure the next day, leaving her a letter in which he should explain his intention of living apart from her for evermore.

The next morning, when the valet, bringing him his coffee, came into the cabinet, Pierre was lying on an ottoman, asleep, with an open book in his hand.

He aroused himself, and looked around for some time with a startled expression, wholly unable to understand where he was.

"The countess commanded to ask if your illustriousness were at home," said the valet.

But before Pierre had time to decide what answer to give, the countess herself, in a morning-gown of white satin embroidered in silver, and with her hair dressed in the simplest style — two enormously long braids wound twice, *en diadème*, around her graceful head — came into the room calmly and majestically; only on her marble forehead, which was a little too prominent, there was a deep frown of fury. With thoroughly masterful self-restraint, she did not say a word in the valet's presence. She had heard of the duel, and had come to speak about it. She waited until the valet had set down the coffee and left the room. Pierre looked at her timidly over his spectacles, and, like a hare surrounded by dogs, which lays back its ears and crouches motionless before its enemies, so he also pretended to take up his reading again; but he was conscious that this was a senseless and impossible thing to do, and again he looked at her.

[1] "What business had he there?"

She did not sit down, but with a scornful smile stared at him, waiting until the valet should be out of the room.

"Well, now, what's this latest? What have you been doing? I demand an answer!" said she, sternly.

"I .... what have I ....?" stammered Pierre.

"Playing the bravado, hey? Come now, answer me; what about this duel? What did you mean to imply by it? What? I demand an answer!"

Pierre turned heavily on the sofa, opened his mouth, but could not make a sound.

"If you won't answer, then I will tell you," continued Ellen. "You believe everything that is told you: you were told," Ellen laughed, "that Dolokhof was my paramour," said she in French, with her uncompromising, explicit manner of speech, pronouncing the word *amant* like any other word. "And you believed it! And what have you proved by it? What have you proved by this duel? That you are a fool, a *durak*, that you are *un sot!* And that's what every one calls you! What will be the result of it? This!—that you have made me the laughing-stock of all Moscow; this! that every one will say that you, while in a drunken fit, and not knowing what you were about, challenged a man of whom you were jealous without any reason,"—Ellen kept raising her voice and growing more and more excited,—"a man superior to you in every sense of the word...."

"Hm .... hm," bellowed Pierre, scowling, but not looking at her or stirring.

"And why did you believe that he was my paramour? Why was it? Because I liked his society! If you had been brighter and more agreeable, I should have preferred yours."

"Do not speak to me, I beg of you," whispered Pierre, hoarsely.

"Why should n't I speak to you? I have a right to speak, and I tell you up and down that it 's rare to find a woman with a husband like you, who does n't console herself with lovers, and that is a thing that I have n't done," said she.

Pierre started to say something, looked at her with strange eyes, the expression of which she could not understand, and again threw himself back. At that moment he was suffering physical pain; his chest was oppressed, and he could not breathe. He knew that it behooved him to do something to put an end to his torment, but what he wanted to do was too horrible.

"We had better part," he exclaimed in a broken voice.

"By all means, part, provided only you give me enough," said Ellen. "Part! That's nothing to scare one!"

Pierre sprang from the sofa, and staggered toward her.

"I will kill you!" he cried, and seizing from the table a marble slab, with a force such as he had never before possessed, rushed toward her brandishing it in the air.

Ellen's face was filled with horror; she screamed and sprang away from him. His father's nature suddenly became manifest in him. Pierre experienced the rapture and fascination of frenzy. He flung down the marble, breaking it in fragments, and with raised arms flew at her, crying, "Away!" with such a terrible voice that it rang through the whole house and filled every one with horror. God knows what Pierre would have done at that moment if Ellen had not escaped from the room.

At the end of a week, Pierre had given to his wife a power of attorney for the control of all his Great Russian possessions, which amounted to a large half of his property, and returned alone to Petersburg.

CHAPTER VII

Two months had elapsed since news of the battle of Austerlitz and the death of Prince Andreï had been received at Luisiya Gorui, and, in spite of all the letters sent through the diplomatic service, and all inquiries, his body had not been recovered, and his name was not

on the lists of prisoners. Worse than all for his relatives was the very hope that still remained that he had been picked up on the battle-field by some of the natives, and might be even now convalescing or dying somewhere alone, among strangers, and unable to send them any word.

In the newspapers from which the old prince had first learned of the battle of Austerlitz, it was stated, as usual, in the briefest and vaguest terms, that the Russians, after brilliant deeds of arms, had been compelled to retreat, and had accomplished this with the greatest order possible.

The old prince understood from this official bulletin that our troops had been defeated. A week after the receipt of the newspapers which informed him of the battle of Austerlitz, a letter came from Kutuzof, who announced the fate that had befallen his son.

"Your son," wrote Kutuzof, "before my eyes, fell at the head of his regiment, with the standard in his hands, like a hero worthy of his father and his fatherland. To the universal regret of all the army, including myself, it is as yet uncertain whether he is alive or dead. I flatter myself with the hope that your son is still alive, for, in the contrary case, he would certainly have been mentioned among the officers found on the field of battle, the list of which was brought me under flag of truce."

Receiving this news late in the afternoon when he was alone in his cabinet, the old prince as usual went the next day to take his morning promenade, but he had nothing to say to the overseer, the gardener, or the architect, and, though his countenance was lowering, there was no outbreak of wrath.

When, at the accustomed time, the Princess Maríya went to him, he was standing at his bench and driving his lathe, but he did not glance up at her as usual when she entered the room.

"Ah! Princess Maríya," suddenly said he, in an unnatural tone, and threw down his chisel. The wheel continued to revolve from the impetus. The Princess Maríya long remembered this dying whir of the wheel, which was

associated for her with what followed. The Princess Maríya approached him, looked into his face, and suddenly something seemed to pull at her heartstrings. Her eyes ceased to see clearly. By her father's face, which was not melancholy or downcast, but wrathful and working unnaturally, she saw that now, now some terrible misfortune was threatening to overwhelm her, a misfortune than which none is worse in life, none more irreparable and incomprehensible, a misfortune such as she had never yet experienced, — the death of one she loved.

"*Mon père!* André!" said the princess, and she who was ordinarily so clumsy and awkward became endowed with such inexpressible charm of grief and self-forgetfulness that her father could not endure her glance, and, with a sob, turned away.

"I have had news. He 's not among the prisoners, he 's not on the list of the dead. Kutuzof has written me," he cried in a shrill voice, as if he desired by this cry to drive the princess away. "He is killed!"

The princess did not fall; she did not even feel faint. She was pale to begin with, but when she heard these words her face altered and a light seemed to gleam in her beautiful, lustrous eyes. Something like joy, a supernatural joy, independent of the sorrows and joys of this world, took the place of this violent grief that filled her heart. She forgot all her fear of her father, and went up to him, took him by the hand, and drew him to her, and threw her arm around his thin, sinewy neck.

"*Mon père!*" said she, "do not turn away from me; let us weep together!"

"Villains! scoundrels!" cried the old man, averting his face from her. "To destroy the army, to destroy men! What for? Go, go and tell Liza."

The princess fell back feebly in the arm-chair near her father, and burst into tears. She could now see her brother as he looked at the moment when he bade her and Liza farewell, with his affectionate and at the same time rather haughty face. She could see him as

he tenderly and yet scornfully hung the medallion round his neck. Did he come to believe? Had he repented of his unbelief? Was he yonder now, yonder in the mansions of eternal calm and bliss?

These were the questions that filled her thoughts.

"*Mon père*, tell me how it happened?" said she, through her tears.

"Go, go; he was killed in that defeat where the best men of Russia and Russian glory were led out to sacrifice. Go, Princess Maríya. Go and tell Liza. I will follow."

When the Princess Maríya left her father, she found the little princess sitting at her work, with that expression of inward calm and happiness peculiar to women in her condition. She looked up as her sister-in-law came in. It was evident that her eyes did not see the Princess Maríya, but were rather profoundly searching into the tremendous and blessed mystery that was taking place within her.

"Marie," said she, turning from her embroidery-frame, and leaning back, "let me have your hand."

She took the princess's hand and laid it just below her heart. Her eyes smiled with anticipation, the short, downy lip was raised in a happy, childlike smile.

The Princess Maríya knelt down before her, and buried her face in the folds of her sister-in-law's dress.

"There! there, do you perceive it? It is so strange. And do you know, Marie, I am going to love him very dearly," said Liza, looking with shining, happy eyes at her husband's sister.

The Princess Maríya could not raise her head; she was weeping.

"What is the matter, Masha?"

"Nothing; only I felt sad, sad about Andreï," she replied, wiping away her tears on her sister-in-law's knee.

Several times in the course of the morning the Princess Maríya attempted to break the news to her sister-in-law, and each time she had to weep. These tears, the cause for which the little princess could not under-

stand, alarmed her, unobservant as her nature was. She made no remark, but she looked around in some alarm, as if searching for some one. Before dinner the old prince came into her room and went right out again without saying a word; she was always afraid of him, but now his face was so disturbed and stern that she gazed at the Princess Maríya, then fell into a brown study, with her eyes, as it were, turned inward with that expression so characteristic of women in her condition, and suddenly burst into tears.

"Have you heard anything from Andreï?" she asked.

"No, you know that it is n't time yet to get news, but *mon père* is anxious, and it frightens me."

"Then there 's nothing?"

"Nothing," replied the Princess Maríya, letting her lustrous eyes rest unflinchingly on her sister-in-law.

She had made up her mind not to tell her, and had persuaded her father to conceal the terrible tidings from her until her confinement, which would be now before many days. The Princess Maríya and the old prince, each according to their own nature, bore and hid their grief. The old prince was not willing to indulge in hopes; he had made up his mind that Prince Andreï was killed, and, although he sent a chinovnik to Austria to make diligent search for traces of his son, he commanded him to order in Moscow a gravestone to be erected in his garden, and he told every one that his son was dead. He himself aged rapidly; he unchangeably carried out the rigorous routine of his life, but his strength failed him; he took shorter walks, ate less, slept less, and each day grew weaker.

The Princess Maríya still hoped. She prayed for her brother, as if he were alive, and all the time was on the lookout for news of his return.

CHAPTER VIII

"*Ma bonne amie*," said the little princess, after breakfast on the morning of the thirty-first of March, and her downy upper lip was lifted out of mere habit, for a certain sense of melancholy had affected not only the talk, but the footsteps, of all in this house ever since the receipt of the terrible news, so that even the little princess had come under the influence of it, and she smiled in such a way that it reminded one even more of the general depression.

"My dear girl, I am afraid my *frühstück* this morning, as Foka, the cook, calls it, did n't agree with me."

"What 's the matter, sweetheart? You are pale. Akh! you are very, very pale," said the Princess Maríya, alarmed, and going toward her sister-in-law with her heavy but gentle steps.

"Your illustriousness, shan't we call Márya Bogdánovna?" inquired one of the maids, who happened to be present. (Marya Bogdanovna was the midwife from the district capital, who had now been living at Luisiya Gorui for a fortnight.)

"It certainly may be necessary," replied the Princess Maríya. "I will go. Courage, *mon ange!*" She kissed Liza and started to leave the room.

"Ah, no, no!"

And over and above the pallor arising from physical suffering, the little princess's face showed a childish fear of unendurable agony.

"No, it is indigestion, tell me it is indigestion, Marie," and the princess wept, childishly, capriciously, and perhaps rather hypocritically, wringing her hands. The young princess went from the room in search of Marya Bogdanovna.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*"

"Oh!" was heard behind her.

Rubbing her plump, small, white hands, the midwife came to meet her, with a significant but perfectly composed expression of countenance.

"Marya Bogdanovna! I think it is beginning," said the Princess Maríya, looking at the midwife, with terrified, wide-open eyes.

"Well, then, glory to God for that, princess," said Marya Bogdanovna, not quickening her steps. "You young ladies have no need to know anything about it."

"But what shall we do if the doctor from Moscow has not come yet?" asked the princess.

By Liza and Prince Andreï's desire they had sent to Moscow for an obstetrician, and he was expected at any moment.

"No matter, princess, don't be alarmed," said Marya Bogdanovna; "it will come out all right even without a doctor."

In the course of five minutes the young princess heard, as she sat in her room, the sound of men carrying something heavy. She looked out and saw the servants, for some reason or other, carrying into the sleeping-room the leather divan which had always stood in Prince Andreï's study. There was an expression of gentleness and solemnity on the faces of the men who were lugging this.

The Princess Maríya sat alone in her room, listening to the various sounds in the house, and occasionally opening the door when any one passed, and trying to make out what was going on in the corridor. A number of women with light steps were moving hither and thither, and they gave a glance at the young princess and turned away. She did not venture to ask any questions, but shut her door, went back to her own bedroom, sat down for a little in her arm-chair, then hastened to her oratory, and bent on her knees before the *kiot*, or shrine of images. To her dismay and surprise, she found that prayer did not aid her in calming her agitation.

Suddenly the door of her room was softly opened, and on the threshhold appeared her old nurse Praskovya Savishna, with a kerchief tied over her head; she almost never came to the princess's room, as her father had expressly forbidden it.

"God be with you, Mashenka, I have come to sit a little while," said the nurse; "and here, my angel, are the prince's wedding tapers I 've brought to light before the saint," she added, with a sigh.

"Akh! how glad I am, nurse."

"God is merciful, my dove."[1]

The old nurse lit the tapers in the golden candlesticks before the shrine, and then sat down by the door with her knitting. The Princess Maríya took a book and began to read. Only when steps or voices were heard the princess would glance up with frightened, anxious face, and the nurse would look at her with a soothing expression.

In all parts of the house every one was dominated by the same feelings which the Princess Maríya experienced as she sat in her room. In accordance with the old superstition that the fewer people know of the sufferings of a woman in labor, the less she suffers, all pretended to be ignorant of what was going on; no one spoke about it, but every one, over and above the habitual gravity and respectful propriety that obtained in the prince's household, evidently shared the general anxiety, tender-heartedness, and consciousness that something great, incomprehensible, and solemn was taking place at that moment.

There was no sound of laughing heard in the great room devoted to the maidservants. In the offitsialnaya all the men sat silent, as if awaiting something. The servants kept pine knots and candles burning, and did not think of going to sleep. The old prince, walking on his heels, strode up and down his cabinet, and at last ordered Tikhon to go to Marya Bogdanovna: — "Merely say, 'The prince has sent to ask,' and come and tell me what she says."

"Inform the prince that labor has begun," said Marya Bogdanovna, giving the messenger a significant look. Tikhon went and reported to the prince.

"Very good," exclaimed the prince, closing the door behind him, and Tikhon heard not the slightest sound

[1] *Galúbka.*

in the cabinet. After waiting some time Tikhon went into the cabinet, pretending that it was to snuff the candles, and, seeing the prince lying on the sofa, he looked at his agitated face, shook his head, then silently stepping up to him and kissing him on the shoulder, he left the room forgetting to snuff the candles and not saying why he had gone in.

The most solemn mystery in the world was in process of consummation. The evening passed; the night wore away, and the sense of expectancy and solemnified thought at the presence of the ineffable grew intenser rather than grew weaker. No one slept.

It was one of those March nights when winter seems determined to resume his sway, and scatters with rage and despair his last snows and gusts of wind. A relay of horses had been sent along the highway to meet the German doctor from Moscow, who was every moment expected, and horsemen with lanterns were sent out to the junction of the cross-road, to guide him safely by the pitfalls and watery hollows.

The Princess Maríya had long since laid down her book; she was sitting in perfect silence, with her lustrous eyes fastened on her old nurse's wrinkled face, every line of which she knew so well; on the little tuft of gray hair that had escaped from under her kerchief, and on the loose flesh hanging under her chin.

Nyanya Savishna, with her unfinished stocking in her hand, was telling in a low voice, without heeding her own words, the story that she had told a hundred times about the late princess, and how she had been delivered of the Princess Maríya in Kishenef, with an old Moldavian peasant woman for a midwife.

"God is merciful; dokhtors are never needed," she was saying.

Suddenly a gust of wind beat violently against the window-frame (it was always a whim of the princess to have the double windows taken off from at least one of the windows in each room, as soon as the larks made their appearance) and burst the carelessly pushed bolt,

while a draught of cold air laden with snow shook the silken curtains and puffed out the light.

The princess shuddered. The old nyánya, laying down her stocking, went to the window, and, leaning out, tried to shut it to again. The cold wind fluttered the ends of her kerchief and the gray locks of her disheveled hair.

"Princess! matushka! some one's coming up the preshpekt," cried she, getting hold of the window, but not closing it, "with lanterns! It must be the dokhtor!"

"Akh! glory to God, *Slava Bohu*," exclaimed the Princess Maríya. "I must go and meet him; he won't be able to speak Russian."

The Princess Maríya wrapped her shawl around her and hastened down to meet the new-comer. When she reached the anteroom she looked through the window and saw a team and lanterns standing at the front doorsteps. She went out on the landing. On the foot of the balustrade flamed a tallow candle, guttering in the wind. The groom Filipp, with terrified face, and with another candle in his hand, stood lower down on the first landing of the staircase. Still lower down at the turning of the staircase were heard advancing footsteps in thick boots. And a voice which struck the Princess Maríya as strangely familiar was saying something.

"Thank God, — *Slava Bohu!*" said the voice, "and my father?"

"He has gone to bed," replied the voice of Demyan, the steward, who had by this time come down.

Then the well-known voice asked something, and Demyan answered, and the steps in the thick boots came swifter up the stairs and nearer to the princess, out of sight around the turn.

"It is Andreï!" said the princess to herself. "No, it cannot be! It would be too extraordinary," she thought, and at the very moment that this thought occurred to her, on the landing where stood the servant with the candle, appeared Prince Andreï's form, enveloped in a fur shuba, the collar all powdered with snow.

Yes, it was he; but pale and thin, and with an altered

and strangely gentle but anxious expression. He ran up the stairs and clasped his sister in his arms.

"You didn't receive my letter?" he asked, and not waiting for her reply, which, indeed, he would not have received, for the princess was too much moved to speak, he turned back, and joined by the obstetrician, who had come with him (he had overtaken him at the last post station), with hasty steps flew up the stairs again, and again embraced his sister.

"What luck!" he cried, "dear Masha!" and flinging off his shuba and boots, he went to his wife's room.

CHAPTER IX

The little princess, in a white cap, was lying on the pillows. (For the moment she was a little easier.) Her dark locks fell in disorder over her flushed cheeks, wet with perspiration; her rosy, fascinating mouth, with its downy upper lip, was open, and she wore a smile of joy.

Prince Andreï went into the room and paused in front of her, at the foot of the sofa on which she lay. Her brilliant eyes, looking at him with childish trepidation and anxiety, rested on him without change of expression.

'I love you all; I haven't done any one any harm; why must I suffer so? Help me!' her expression seemed to say.

She saw her husband, but seemed to have no comprehension of the significance of his appearing just at this time before her.

Prince Andreï went round to the side of the sofa, and kissed her on the forehead.

"My darling heart — *dúshenka moyá*," he said. He had never called her by this endearing term before. "God is merciful...."

She looked at him with a questioning, childishly offended expression.

'I expected help from thee, and none comes, none comes!' her eyes seemed to say. She was not surprised at his coming; she did not even realize that he

had come. His appearance had nothing to do with her agony and the assuagement of it.

The pains began again, and Marya Bogdanovna advised Prince Andreï to leave the room. The obstetrician entered the room. Prince Andreï went out, and meeting his sister he again joined her. They began to talk in a whisper, but the conversation was constantly interrupted by silences.

They kept waiting and listening.

"*Allez, mon ami,*" said the Princess Maríya. Prince Andreï again went to his wife, and then sat down in the adjoining room waiting. Some woman or other came out of her room with a terrified face and was confused when she saw Prince Andreï.

He covered his face with his hands and sat thus for some minutes. Pitiful, heartbreaking groans were heard in the other room. Prince Andreï stood up and went to the door, and was about to open it. Some one held it to.

"You can't come in! it's impossible," said a terrified voice on the other side. He began to pace up and down the room. The cries had ceased; a few seconds more passed, when suddenly a terrible cry — it could not be his wife's, she could not cry like that — rang through the next room. Prince Andreï hastened to the door; this cry ceased; a baby's wailing was heard.

"What have they brought a baby in there for?" was Prince Andreï's query at first. "A baby? What baby?.... Why a baby there?.... Or can my baby have been born?"

Then he suddenly realized all the joyful significance of this cry; the tears choked him, and, leaning both his elbows on the window-seat, he wept and sobbed as children weep.

The door opened. The doctor, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, without his coat, pale, and with trembling jaw, came from the room. Prince Andreï went to him, but the doctor looked at him with a strange expression of confusion, and, without saying a word, passed by him. A woman came running out, but when she saw Prince

Andreï, stopped short on the threshold. He went into his wife's room.

She was dead, lying in the same position in which he had seen her five minutes before, and, notwithstanding the fixity of her eyes, and the pallor of her cheeks, that charming, little, childish face, with the lip shaded with dark hairs, wore the same expression as before.

"I love you all, and I have done no one any harm, and what have you done to me?" said her lovely face, pitifully pale in death. In the corner of the room a small, red object was yelping and wailing in the trembling, white hands of Marya Bogdanovna.

Two hours later, Prince Andreï, with noiseless steps, went to his father's cabinet. The old prince had already been informed of everything. He was standing by the very door, and, as soon as it was thrown open, the old man, without speaking, flung his rough, aged hands around his son's neck, and held him as in a vise and sobbed like a child.

Three days later, the little princess was buried, and Prince Andreï went up the steps to the coffin to take his last farewell. And there also in the coffin lay the same face, though with closed eyes.

'Akh! what have you done to me?' it all seemed to say. Prince Andreï felt that his heartstrings were torn within him, that he had done a wrong that could never be repaired or forgotten. He could not weep.

The old prince also came and kissed her waxen hand, placidly folded on her breast, and to him her face seemed to say: —

'Akh! and why have you done this to me?'

And the old man, after looking into her face, abruptly turned away.

Then, again, five days later, they christened the baby prince Nikolaï Andreyitch. The wet-nurse held up the swaddling-clothes against her chin, while the priest, with a goose-quill, anointed with holy oil the infant's wrinkled

little pink palms and soles. His grandfather, who acted as sponsor, with tottering steps, and afraid of dropping him, carried the little prince around the tin-lined font, and handed him over to his godmother, the Princess Maríya.

Prince Andreĭ, in deadly apprehension lest they should drop the child, sat in the next room, waiting for the conclusion of the sacrament. He looked joyfully at his baby when the nurse brought him to him, and nodded his head with great satisfaction when the nurse confided to him that the lump of wax with some of the infant's hairs on it, when thrown into the font, did not sink, but floated.[1]

CHAPTER X

The part played by Rostof in the duel between Dolokhof and Bezukhoĭ was ignored through the old count's efforts, and the young man, instead of being cashiered as he anticipated, was appointed aide to the governor-general of Moscow. In consequence of this, he was unable to go to the country with the rest of the family, but was kept in Moscow all summer, engaged in his new duties.

Dolokhof recovered, and he and Rostof became great friends during the time of his convalescence. He had been carried to the residence of his mother, who loved him passionately and devotedly. The old lady, Marya Ivanovna, becoming attached to Rostof on account of his friendship for her Fedya, often talked with him about her son.

"Yes, count, he is too noble and high-souled for this corrupt world of ours. No one loves goodness; it serves as a reproach to every one. Now tell me, count, tell me honestly, was it fair and honorable on Bezukhoĭ's part? And Fedya, with all his noble nature, always liked him,

[1] It is part of the Russian baptismal service for the priest to cut the infant's hair. The superstition considers it unlucky for the bit of wax with a few of these hairs attached to sink if placed in the waters of the baptismal font, and lucky for it to float.

and now never says hard things about him at all. And in Petersburg, they played all those tricks on the policeman; they did it together, did n't they? Well, Bezukhoï went scot free, and my Fedya had to bear the whole brunt of it on his shoulders! Yes, he had to bear it all! To be sure, he has been restored to his rank, but why should n't he have been? I don't believe the fatherland has many braver sons than he is!.... And now this duel! Have such men any feeling, any honor? Knowing that he was an only son, to challenge him to fight a duel, and then to fire right at him! Fortunately, God helped us. And what was it all about? Who is there in our day who does n't engage in intrigues? Why should he have been so jealous? I should think he might have given some signs of it before, and here a year has gone by! And so he challenged him, supposing that Fedya would not accept because he owed him some money. How nasty of him! I know you appreciate Fedya, my dear count, and so I love you with my whole heart, believe me. There are n't many who understand him. He has such a lofty, heavenly nature."

Dolokhof himself, during his convalescence, often said things to Rostof that no one would ever have expected from him.

"I am supposed to be a bad man, I know," said he, "and let them think so. I don't care anything about the opinions of men, unless I am fond of them; but if I am fond of people, I am so fond of them that I would give my life for them, and as for the rest, if they stood in my way, I would push them to the wall. My mother is a dear, precious woman, and I have two or three others — you among the number — and as for the rest, I only heed them as so many who may be able to be useful or injurious to me. And almost all are injurious, especially the women. Yes, my dear, — *dúsha moyá*" — he went on to say, "among men I meet many who are lovable, noble, elevated, but among women I have yet to meet one who is not to be bought — all are alike, countess and cook! I have yet to find that celestial purity, devotion, which I look for in woman. If I were

ever to find such a woman, I would give my life for her. But these!" .... he made a depreciatory gesture. "And you may not believe me, but if I prize my life still, it is simply because I hope some day to find one of these heavenly creatures who would regenerate me, purify me, and elevate me. But you do not understand this."

"Indeed, I understand perfectly," replied Rostof, who was coming more and more under the influence of his new friend.

In the autumn the Rostof family returned to Moscow. Early in the winter Denísof also came back and stayed with the Rostofs. The first months of this winter of 1806, which Nikolaï Rostof spent in Moscow, could not have been happier or gayer for him and for all his family. Nikolaï brought home with him to his parents' home many young men. Viera was a pretty young lady of twenty summers. Sonya was just sixteen, and had all the charm of an opening flower. Natasha, half child and half maiden, was now at one moment full of innocent merriment, at the next showing all the fascination of a maiden.

The house of the Rostofs at this time seemed to be full of the peculiar atmosphere of loveliness characteristic of homes where there are very pretty and very young ladies. Every young man who came there and saw these bright, impressionable, girlish faces, smiling apparently from very happiness, and the merry running to and fro, and heard that continual chattering of maiden's voices, inconsequential, illogical, kindly to every one, ready for anything, and full of hope, and listened to these inconsequential sounds, now of singing, now of instrumental music, must have experienced one and the same feeling of predisposition for love and coming happiness, which the young people of the Rostof household themselves experienced.

Among the young men and one of the first whom Rostof introduced at home was Dolokhof, and every one, with the exception of Natasha, was pleased with him. She almost quarreled with her brother concern-

ing him. She insisted that he was a bad man, that Pierre was in the right in his duel with Dolokhof, and the other in the wrong; and that he was disagreeable and insincere.

"There's nothing for me to understand," cried Natasha, with stubborn self-will; "he is bad, and lacks feeling. Now, here, I like your Denísof; he may be a spendthrift, and all that, but still I like him, and I certainly understand him. I don't know how to express it to you, but everything that *he* does has some ulterior object, and I don't like him; but Denísof...."

"There now, Denísof is quite another matter," replied Nikolaï, giving her to understand that, in comparison with Dolokhof, Denísof was of no consequence. "You ought to know what a tender heart this Dolokhof has, you ought to see him with his mother! what a warm-hearted fellow he is!"

"Well, I don't know anything about that, but I'm ill at ease with him. And do you know, he's in love with Sonya?"

"What nonsense!"....

"I'm certain of it, you can see for yourself."

Natasha's prognostication was justified. Dolokhof, though he did not like the society of ladies, had begun to be a frequent visitor at the Rostofs', and the problem what brought him there was quickly solved, though no one ventured to remark upon it. He came on account of Sonya. And Sonya, though she would never have dared to acknowledge such a thing, knew it very well, and every time that Dolokhof was announced blushed as red as kumatch.

Dolokhof often came to dinner at the Rostofs'; he never missed an entertainment where they were to be found, and frequented the *adolescentes* balls given by Iogel, which the Rostofs always attended. He paid preëminent attention to Sonya, and looked at her with such eyes, that not only the girl herself could not endure his glances without blushing, but even the old countess and Natasha flushed if they caught sight of him looking at her.

It was plain to see that this powerful, strange man was coming under the irresistible influence of this gracious, dark-eyed maiden, who, all the time, was in love with some one else.

Rostof perceived that there was something new between Dolokhof and Sonya, but he could not make out what this relationship was.

"Everybody here is in love with some one," he said to himself, referring to Sonya and Natasha. But he was no longer at his ease in the company of Sonya and Dolokhof, as before, and he began to be absent from home more frequently.

In the autumn of 1806 there had been continual talk about war with Napoleon, and with even greater heat than the year before. A conscription of ten men in a thousand, and of nine militiamen to a thousand, in addition, was ordered. Everywhere anathemas were heaped upon Bonapartism, and nothing was talked about in Moscow except the coming war.

For the Rostof family, all interest in these preparations for war were centered on the fact that Nikolushka would not hear of such a thing as remaining at home, and was only waiting for the end of Denísof's furlough in order to return with him to his regiment after the holidays. The approaching departure did not in any way prevent him from having a good time; it rather only seemed still more to spur them all on to enjoyment. The larger part of his time he spent away from the house, at dinners, receptions, and balls.

CHAPTER XI

On the third day of the Christmas holidays, Nikolai dined at home — a thing which he had rarely done of late. It was a sort of farewell dinner, as he and Denísof were going to start for their regiments after Epiphany. There were about twenty who sat down at table, among the number Dolokhof and Denísof.

Never at the Rostofs' had that delicious breath of

passion and that atmosphere of love made itself felt with such force as during these days of the Christmas-tide.

"Seize these moments of happiness; let yourself drift into love; become enamoured yourself. This is the only genuine bliss in the world; everything else is dross. And with this alone all of us here are exclusively occupied," said this atmosphere.

Nikolaï, as always, tired out two spans of horses, and yet had not had time enough to go to all the places where he was needed and summoned; he came home just before dinner-time. As soon as he came in, he noticed and felt this atmosphere so charged with the electrical tension of love, but more especially he remarked a strange embarrassment existing among several of those who were gathered in the drawing-room. Peculiarly agitated were Sonya, Dolokhof, and the old countess, and, to a certain extent, his sister Natasha. Nikolaï perceived that something must have happened between Sonya and Dolokhof, and, in accordance with his impulsive nature, and the genuine tact characteristic of him, he showed himself very affectionate and considerate toward these two.

That evening of the third day of the Christmas-tide, there was to be one of the balls which Iogel, the dancing-master, used to give during the holidays to all the young men and women who were his pupils.

"Nikolenka, you will go to Iogel's, won't you? Please do!" said Natasha to him. "He invited you especially, and Vasíli Dmítritch is going." (By Vasíli Dmítritch, she meant Denísof.)

"Where would n't I go at the countess's wequest!" exclaimed Denísof, who, in a joking way, occupied in the Rostof household the position of knight to Natasha. "I am weady to dance even the *pas de châle!*"

"I will if I have time. I promised to go to the Arkharofs', who have a party this evening," said Nikolaï.

"And you?" he asked, turning to Dolokhof. But the moment the words had left his lips, he perceived that he had committed a blunder.

"Yes, perhaps so," replied Dolokhof, coolly and laconically, glancing at Sonya, frowning, and giving Nikolaï exactly the same sort of a look that he had given Pierre, the night of the dinner to Bagration at the club.

"There must be something up," said Nikolaï to himself, and he was still further confirmed in this impression by the fact that Dolokhof took his departure immediately after dinner. He called Natasha to him, and asked what the matter was.

"And I was just looking for you," exclaimed Natasha, running to him. "I told you so, but you would not believe me," said she, triumphantly. "He has proposed for Sonya."

Little as Sonya had occupied Nikolaï's thoughts during these last weeks, still he felt a sort of pang when he learned this. Dolokhof was a suitable, and in some respects a brilliant, match for the dowerless orphan, Sonya. From the old countess's standpoint, and that of society, it was simply madness to refuse him. And, therefore, Nikolaï's first feeling on hearing this piece of news was that of indignation against the girl.

He had it on his tongue's end to say, "And it is an excellent thing, of course, for her to forget her old promises, and accept this first proposal," but before he spoke, Natasha went on: —

"And can you imagine it, she refused him? — absolutely refused him! She told him that she loved some one else," she added, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, and could my Sonya have done anything else!" thought Nikolaï.

"In spite of all mamma's arguments, she refused him, and I know that she won't change her decision if she said that."

"And mamma tried to persuade her?" he asked reproachfully.

"Yes," said Natasha. "And now, Nikolenka — and don't be vexed — but I know you will never marry her. I am sure of it, God knows why, but I am perfectly certain that you will never marry her."

"Well, you know nothing about it at all," said

Nikolaï. "But I must have a little talk with her. How charming she is! our Sonya," he added, with a smile.

"Charming! indeed she is. I will send her to you."

And Natasha, kissing her brother, ran away.

In a moment Sonya came in, alarmed and abashed, as if she had been doing something wrong. Nikolaï went to her and kissed her hand. This was the first opportunity that they had enjoyed for some time of being alone together, and talking about their love.

"Sophie," said he, timidly, and then growing more and more confident. "If you have seen fit to refuse an offer not only so brilliant, but so very advantageous .... he is a splendid, noble fellow; and he is a friend of mine."

Sonya interrupted him.

"I have already refused him," said she, hastily.

"If you have refused him for my sake, then I am afraid that I...."

Sonya again interrupted him. She looked at him with beseeching, frightened eyes.

"Nicholas, don't speak of that, please," said she.

"Nay, but I must. Maybe it is unbounded conceit on my part, but it is better to speak. If you have refused him for my sake, then I ought to tell you the whole truth. I love you, I think, more than all...."

"That is all I want," said Sonya, with a sigh.

"No! but I have fallen in love a thousand times, and I shall fall in love again, and I shall never find any one so friendly, so true, so lovely as you. But then, I am young. *Maman* does not approve of this. So, then, simply I can't make any promises. And I beg of you to reconsider Dolokhof's proposal," said he, finding it hard to speak his friend's name.

"Don't mention such a thing. I have no desires at all. I love you as if you were my brother, and shall always love you, and that is quite enough for me."

"You are an angel! I am not worthy of you, but what I am afraid is that I might give you a wrong impression!" Nikolaï once more kissed her hand.

CHAPTER XII

"Iogel has the jolliest balls in Moscow."

This was what the mammas said, as they looked at their *adolescentes*, practising the steps which they had just been learning; this was said also by the grown-up girls and young men, who came to these balls with just a shade of condescension, and, nevertheless, found there the very best amusement.

This very same year, two engagements had resulted from these balls. The two pretty Princesses Gorchakova found husbands there, and thus these balls came into still greater vogue. Their peculiarity was the lack of any host or hostess: they merely had the good-natured Iogel, light as flying down, bowing and scraping, according to the rules of his art; and almost all of his guests were those from whom he had received bank-notes in payment for dancing lessons. The fact was only those came to these balls that liked to dance and have a good time with the zest of thirteen or fourteen year old maidens wearing a long dress for the first time in their lives.

All, with rare exceptions, were pretty, or at least seemed to be. How enthusiastically they all smiled, and how eloquent were their sparkling eyes! Sometimes even the *pas de châle*, or shawl figure was danced by his most advanced pupils, and of these Natasha was the best, as she was distinguished for her grace; but at this, the last of the season, they danced only English schottisches, and the mazurka, which was now beginning to be fashionable.

Iogel engaged for the ball the large drawing-room in the Bezukhoï mansion, and the ball was a great success, as every one confessed. Many were the pretty girls, and the Rostof maidens were among the prettiest. Both of them were remarkably happy and gay. That evening, before she started, Sonya, proud of Dolokhof's proposal, of her refusal of him, and of her explanation with Nikolaï, whirled around the house, scarcely giving her maid a

chance to comb her hair, and now she was perfectly transfigured with impetuous delight.

Natasha, not less proud of going to this ball, for the first time in a long dress, was even more radiant. Both wore muslin gowns with pink ribbons.

The moment they entered the ball-room, Natasha began to be enamoured of every one. She was not enamoured of any one in particular, but of all! Whomever her eyes happened to fall upon, with him she was deeply in love for the time being.

"Akh! how nice it is!" she kept saying, whenever she met Sonya.

Nikolaï and Denísof strolled through the rooms, looking graciously and condescendingly on the dancers.

"How pwetty she is! She will be a waving beauty!"

"Who?"

"The Countess Natasha," replied Denísof.

"And how charmingly she dances! What gwace!" he said once more, after a little pause.

"Whom are you talking about?"

"I was refe'wing to your sister," said Denísof, testily.

Rostof smiled.

"My dear count, you are one of my best pupils, you must dance," said the little Iogel, coming up to Nikolaï. "Just see what a lot of pretty girls."

And with the same request he turned to Denísof, who also had been one of his pupils.

"No, my dear, I pwefer to be a wall-flower," replied Denísof. "Don't you wemember how illy I pwofited by your lessons?"

"Oh, no," said Iogel, hastening to reassure him. "You were only somewhat inattentive, but you had the ability; oh, yes, you had the ability."

The band now began to play the newly introduced mazurka. Nikolaï could not refuse Iogel, and invited Sonya as his partner. Denísof sat down with some of the elderly ladies, and, leaning his elbows on his sword and beating time with his foot, told jolly stories and made the old ladies laugh, while his eyes followed the young people dancing.

Iogel led the mazurka with Natasha, who was his pride and his best pupil. Noiselessly, skilfully shuffling his feet, shod in pumps, Iogel flew around the hall with Natasha, rather timid, but, nevertheless, performing all the steps with the utmost care.

Denísof did not take his eyes from her, and thumped his sword in time, with an expression that said clearly that he was not dancing simply because he did not care to, and not because he was not able. In the midst of the figure he saw Rostof passing, and called him to him.

"That's no way at all," said he; "do you call that the Polish mazurka? But she dances admiwably though!"

Knowing that Denísof in Poland had won great reputation for his skill in dancing the genuine Polish mazurka, Nikolaï glided over to Natasha: —

"Go ahead," said he, "choose Denísof! He dances splendidly! It's wonderful!"

When it came Natasha's turn again, she got up and, swiftly *chasséeing* across the hall in her dainty slippers trimmed with rosettes, she blushingly made her way to the corner where Denísof was sitting. She saw that all were looking at her and waiting. Nikolaï noticed that Denísof and Natasha were having a playful quarrel, and that the former refused, but smiled with gratification. He went up to them.

"Please, Vasíli Dmitritch," said Natasha. "Come, please do!"

"I pway you, let me off, countess."

"There, there, that's no excuse, Vasya!" said Nikolaï.

"Just like two kittens persuading Vaska," said Denísof, jestingly.

"I will sing a whole evening for you," pleaded Natasha.

"The enchantwess can do anything with me!" exclaimed Denísof, and he laid aside his sword. He made his way out from among the chairs, firmly grasped his partner's hand, threw back his head, and put his

feet in position, waiting to catch the beat of the music.

Only on horseback, or while dancing the mazurka, was Denísof's small stature lost sight of, and he appeared to be the gallant young hero that he felt himself to be. While waiting to get the time, he glanced askance at his partner triumphantly and mischievously, then suddenly stamped with one foot, and, like a tennis-ball, bounded up elastically, and sped out into the middle of the room, carrying his lady with him. Noiselessly, he flew half across the hall on one foot, and, apparently, not seeing the chairs ranged in front of him, was like to have run right into them; but, suddenly clinking his spurs and spreading his legs, he stopped on his heels, stood so for a second, then with a clanking of his spurs, making a sort of double shuffle, quickly turned about, and, with his left heel clicking against the right, he again flew around the circle.

Natasha realized by a sort of intuition what he intended to do, and herself not knowing how, simply followed him, and gave herself up to his guidance.

Now he would whirl around her from left to right, then from right to left; now falling on his knee cause her to pirouette around him, and then, again, he would spring up and dart off in a straight line with such impetuosity, without even taking breath, that it seemed as if they were going straight through all the rooms; then suddenly he would come to a pause again, and execute some other new and unexpected evolution. When at last, swiftly whirling his lady about in front of her own seat, and jingling his spurs, he made her a low bow, Natasha forgot to perform a courtesy. In perplexity, she fixed her eyes upon him, smiling as if she did not know him. "What does this mean?" she asked herself.

Although Iogel refused to acknowledge such a dance as a proper mazurka, all were in raptures over Denísof's skill; he was in constant requisition as a partner, and the old people, smiling, began to talk about Poland, and about the good old times. Denísof, flushed from

the exertion of the mazurka, and wiping his face with his handkerchief, sat down next Natasha, and through the rest of the evening did not leave her side.

CHAPTER XIII

For two days, Rostof had not seen Dolakhof at his house, or found him at home; on the third day he received a note from him: —

"As I intend never to visit your house again, from reasons which you may appreciate, and as I am about to rejoin my regiment, I am going to give to my friends a farewell supper this evening. Come to the English hotel."

At ten o'clock that evening, after the theater, where he had been with Denísof and his family, Rostof repaired to the place which Dolokhof had designated. He was immediately shown into the handsomest room of the hotel, which Dolokhof had engaged for the occasion. A score of men were gathered around the table, at the head of which sat Dolokhof, between two candles. There was a pile of gold and bills on the table, and Dolokhof was keeping the bank.

Since Dolokhof's proposal and Sonya's refusal, Nikolaï had not seen him, and he felt a slight sense of confusion at the thought of their meeting.

Dolokhof's keen, cold eyes met Nikolaï's the moment he entered the room, as if he had been waiting for him for some time.

"We have not met for several days," said Dolokhof, "thank you for coming. Here, I will only finish this hand. Ilyushka and his chorus are coming."

"I have called at your house," said Rostof, reddening.

Dolokhof made him no answer.

"You may bet," he said.

Rostof recalled a strange conversation which he had once had with Dolokhof. "Only fools play on chance," had been Dolokhof's remark at the time.

"But perhaps you are afraid to play with me," said

Dolokhof now, as if he read Rostof's thought, and he smiled.

By his smile, Rostof could plainly see that he was in the same frame of mind as he had been at the time of the dinner at the club, or, one might say, at any of those times when Dolokhof, bored by the monotony of life, felt the necessity of escaping from it by some strange and usually outrageous action.

Rostof felt ill at ease. He racked his brain, but was unable to find an appropriate repartee for Dolokhof's words. But before he had a chance to reply, Dolokhof, looking straight into Rostof's face, said slowly, with deliberate intervals between the words, so that all might hear: —

"Do you remember you and I were talking once about gambling?.... 'It's a fool, a durak, who is willing to play on chance. One ought to play a sure hand,' but I am going to try it."

"Try the chance or the sure thing — I wonder which," thought Rostof.

"Well, you'd better not play," he added, and springing the freshly opened pack of cards, he cried: —

"Bank, gentlemen!"

Pushing the money forward, Dolokhof prepared to start the bank. Rostof took a seat near him, and at first did not play. Dolokhof glanced at him.

"What? Won't you take a hand?" and strangely enough Nikolaï felt it incumbent upon him to select a card, and stake an insignificant sum on it, and thus begin to play.

"I have no money with me," he said.

"I will trust you."

Rostof staked five rubles on his card and lost; he staked again, and again he lost. Dolokhof trumped, in other words took Rostof's stake ten times running.

"Gentlemen," said he, after he had been keeping the bank some time, "I beg of you to lay your stakes on the cards, otherwise, I may become confused in the accounts."

One of the players ventured the hope that he was to be trusted.

"I trust you, certainly, but I am afraid of getting the accounts mixed. I beg of you to lay your money on the cards," replied Dolokhof. "Don't you worry yourself, you and I will settle our accounts afterwards," he added, turning to Rostof.

The game went on; the servant kept filling their glasses with champagne.

All Rostof's cards failed to be matched, and his losses amounted to eight hundred rubles. He was just writing down on the back of a card eight hundred rubles, but, as it happened that at that moment a glass of champagne was handed him, he hesitated, and once more staked the sum that he had been risking all along, that is, twenty rubles.

"Make it that," said Dolokhof, though he was apparently not looking at Rostof. "You 'll win it back all the quicker. The others win but you keep losing. Or are you afraid of me?" he insisted.

Rostof acquiesced, staked the eight hundred which he had written down on a seven of hearts with a bent corner, which he had picked up from the floor. He remembered it well enough afterwards. He laid down this seven of hearts, after writing on the broken part, the figures eight hundred, in large, distinct characters; he drank the glass of foaming champagne handed him by the waiter, smiled at Dolokhof's words, and, with a sinking at the heart, while hoping that a seven would turn up, watched the pack of cards in Dolokhof's hands.

The gain or loss dependent on this seven of hearts would have very serious consequences for Rostof. On the preceding Sunday, Count Ilya Andreyitch had given his son two thousand rubles, and, although he generally disliked to speak of his pecuniary difficulties, had told him that he could not have any more till May, and therefore begged him, for this once, to be rather economical. Nikolaï had told him that that would be amply sufficient, and gave him his word of honor not to ask for any money till spring.

And now, out of that sum, only twelve hundred rubles were left. Of course that seven of hearts, if he lost on it, would signify not only the loss of sixteen hundred rubles, but also the necessity of breaking his word to his father. With a sinking of the heart, therefore, he watched Dolokhof's hands, and said to himself: —

"Now let him hurry up and give me this card, and I will put on my cap and go home to supper with Denísof, Natasha, and Sonya, and truly I will never, as long as I live, take a card into my hands again."

At that instant his home life, his romps with Petya, his talks with Sonya, his duets with Natasha, his game of piquet with his father, and even his peaceful bed in his home on the Pavarskaya, came over him with such force and vividness and attraction, that it seemed to him like an inestimable bliss, which had passed and been destroyed forever.

He could not bring himself to believe that stupid chance, by throwing the seven of hearts to the right rather than to the left, might deprive him of all this just comprehended and just appreciated happiness, and plunge him into the abyss of a wretchedness never before experienced, and of which he had no adequate idea. It could not be so, and yet, with a fever of expectation, he watched every motion of Dolokhof's hands. Those coarse reddish hands with wide knuckles and hairy wrists, showing from under his shirt bands, laid down the pack of cards, and took up the champagne glass that had been handed him, and put his pipe in his mouth.

"And so you are not afraid to play with me?" repeated Dolokhof, and, as if for the purpose of telling some humorous story, he laid down the cards, leaned back in his chair, and with a smile deliberately began to speak: —

"Yes, gentlemen, I have been told that there is a report current in Moscow, that I am a sharper, and so I advise you to be on your guard against me."

"Come now, deal ahead!" said Rostof.

"Okh! these Moscow grannies!" exclaimed Dolokhof, and with a smile he took up the cards.

"Aaaakh!" almost screamed Rostof, clasping his head with both hands. The seven which he needed already lay on top, the very first card in the pack. He had lost more than he could pay.

"Now, don't ruin yourself!" said Dolokhof, giving Rostof a passing glance, and proceeded to deal the cards.

CHAPTER XIV

During the next hour and a half, the majority of the gamblers watched with much amusement their own play.

The whole game centered on Rostof alone. Instead of the sixteen hundred rubles against him there was already a long column of figures which he had reckoned to be at least ten thousand rubles, and which he now vaguely imagined to be perhaps fifteen thousand. In reality the sums footed up to more than twenty thousand rubles.

Dolokhof no longer listened to stories or told them himself; he watched each motion of Rostof's hands, and occasionally cast hasty glances at the paper containing Rostof's indebtedness. He had made up his mind to keep him playing until his losses should reach forty-three thousand rubles. He had selected this number because forty-three represented the sum of his and Sonya's ages.

Rostof, supporting his head in both hands, sat in front of the table, now all written over, wet with wine, and littered with cards. One painful impression filled his mind: those wide-jointed, red hands with the hairy wrists, those hands which he loved and which he also hated, held him in their power.

"Six hundred rubles, ace, quarter-stakes, nine spot .... impossible to win it back .... and how gay it would be at home! — Knave on five — it cannot be. — And why is he treating me so?" said Rostof to himself, mingling his thoughts and recollections.

Sometimes he staked on a card a large sum, but Dolokhof refused to accept it, and himself named the stake. Nikolaï would submit, and then pray God, just as he had prayed on the battle-field at the bridge of Amstetten; then it would occur to him that perhaps the first card that he should draw from the pile of rejected cards on the table would save him; then he would count up the number of buttons on his jacket, and select a card with the same number on which to stake the double of what he had already lost; then, again, he would look for aid to the other players, or glance into Dolokhof's face, now so cold, and try to read what was passing in his mind.

"Of course he knows what this loss means for me. It cannot be that he desires me to lose like this. For he was my friend. For I loved him..... But of course it is n't his fault; how can he help it if luck favors him? And neither am I to blame," said he to himself. "I have done nothing wrong. Have I killed any one, or insulted any one, or wished any one evil? Why, then, this horrible misfortune? And when did it begin? It was only such a short time ago that I came to this table with the idea of winning a hundred rubles, so as to buy for mamma's birthday that jewel-box, and then go home. I was so happy, so free from care, so gay! And I did not realize then how happy I was! When did it all end, and when did this new, this horrible state of things begin? What does this change signify? And here I am, just the same as before, sitting in the same place at this table, choosing and moving the same cards, and looking at those wide-knuckled, dexterous hands. When did this take place, and what is it that has taken place? I am well, strong, and just the same as I was, and in the selfsame place! No, it cannot be! Surely, this cannot end in such a way!"

His face was flushed, he was all in a perspiration, in spite of the fact that it was not warm in the room. And his face was terrible and pitiable, especially on account of his futile efforts to seem composed.

The list of his losses was nearing the fatal number

of forty-three thousand. Rostof had in readiness a card with the corner turned down as the quarter-stakes for three thousand rubles, which he had just won, when Dolokhof, rapping with the pack, flung it down, and taking the lump of chalk began swiftly to reckon up the sum total of Rostof's losses, with his firm, legible figures, breaking the chalk as he did so.

"Supper, it's time for supper, and here are the Tsigans!"

It was a fact; at that moment a number of dark-skinned men and women came in, bringing with them a gust of cold air, and saying something in their gypsy accent. Nikolaï realized that all was over; but he said, in an indifferent tone:—

"What, can't we play any more? Ah, but I had a splendid little card all ready!"

Just as if the mere amusement of the game was what interested him the most!

"All is over! I have lost!" was what he thought. "Now a bullet through my brains — that's all that's left," and yet he said, in a jocund tone, "Come now, just this one card!"

"Very well," replied Dolokhof, completing the sum total, "very good! Make it twenty-one rubles then," said he, pointing to the figures twenty-one, which was over and above the round sum of forty-three thousand; and, taking up the pack of cards, he began to shuffle them. Rostof obediently turned back the corner, and, instead of the six thousand which he was going to wager, carefully wrote twenty-one.

"It's all the same to me!" said he, "all I wanted to know was whether you would give me the ten or not."

Dolokhof gravely began to deal. Oh, how Rostof at that moment hated those red hands, with the short fingers and the hairy wrists emerging from his shirt bands, those hands that had him in their grasp!

The ten-spot fell to him.

"Well, you owe me just forty-three thousand, count," said Dolokhof, getting up from the table and stretching

himself. "One gets tired sitting still so long," he added.

"Yes, and I am used up, also," said Rostof.

Dolokhof, as if to remind him that it was not seemly to jest, interrupted him: —

"When do you propose to pay me this money, count?"

Rostof, coloring with shame, drew Dolokhof into another room. "I cannot pay you at such short notice, you must take my note," said he.

"Listen, Rostof," said Dolokhof, with a frank smile, and looking into Nikolaï's eyes, "you know the proverb: 'Lucky in love, unlucky at cards.' Your cousin is in love with you, I know."

"Oh! how horrible it is to be in this man's power," thought Rostof. He realized what a blow it would be to his father, to his mother, to learn that he had been gambling and losing so much. He realized what happiness it would be if he could only have avoided doing it, or could escape confessing it, and he realized that Dolokhof knew how easily he might save him from this shame and pain, and yet, here he was playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse.

"Your cousin...." Dolokhof started to say; but Nikolaï interrupted him.

"My cousin has nothing to do with this, and there is no need of bringing her in," he cried, in a fury.

"Then when will you pay me?" demanded Dolokhof.

"To-morrow," replied Rostof, and he left the room.

CHAPTER XV

To say "to-morrow," and to preserve the conventional tone of decency, was not hard; but to go home alone, to see his brother and sisters, his father and mother, to confess his fault and ask for money to which he had no right, after giving his word of honor, was horrible.

When Nikolaï reached home, the family were still up. The young people on their return from the theater had had supper, and were now sitting at the clavichord.

As soon as he entered the music-room he felt himself surrounded by that poetical atmosphere of love which had reigned all winter in that home, and which, now, after Dolokhof's proposal and Iogel's ball, had seemed to condense especially around Sonya and Natasha, like the air before a thunderstorm. Sonya and Natasha were in the blue gowns which they had worn to the theater. Pretty, and realizing that fact, they stood happy and smiling around the clavichord. Viera and Shinshin were playing checkers in the drawing-room. The old countess, waiting for her son and husband, was laying out a game of patience with the aid of an old noblewoman who made her home in their family. Denísof, with shining eyes and bristling hair, sat at the clavichord with one leg thrust out behind him, and, while drumming out the accompaniment with his little, short fingers, was singing in his thin, hoarse, but true voice some verses which he had composed under the title "The Enchantress," and to which he was trying to suit the music:—

"Enchantress, tell by what strange charm compelling
Thou draw'st me back to long unwonted chords!
What magic flames within my heart are swelling!
What rapture thrills me, all too deep for words!"

He sang in a passionate voice, and fixed his bright, black, agate-colored eyes on Natasha.

"Lovely! delightful!" cried she. "Still another verse," she urged, not yet perceiving Nikolaï.

"With them it is just the same," said Nikolaï to himself, looking into the drawing-room, where he saw Viera, his mother, and the old lady.

"Ah! and here is Nikolenka!" cried Natasha, running to him.

"Is pápenka at home?" he demanded.

"How glad I am you have come!" exclaimed Natasha, not answering his question. "We are having such a jolly time; Vasíli Dmitritch is going to stay another day, just for my sake; did you know it?"

"No, papa has n't come home yet," said Sonya.

"Koko, have you come? Come here, dear!" cried the countess, from the drawing-room. Nikolaï went to his mother, kissed her hand, and, without saying a word, took a seat near her table and began to watch her hands as she laid out the cards. From the music-room they could hear the sounds of laughter, and merry voices trying to persuade Natasha.

"Well, very good, very good," exclaimed Denísof. "Now there's no good your refusing; it's your turn! Give us the barcarole, I beg of you!"

The countess noticed her son's silence.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked.

"Akh, nothing," said he, as if he had heard the same question till he was weary of it. "Will pápenka be back soon?"

"I think so."

"They are the same as ever. They know nothing about it. Where can I hide myself?" thought Nikolaï, and he went again into the music-room, where the clavichord stood.

Sonya was sitting at it, and playing the introduction to the barcarole which was Denísof's especial favorite. Natasha was preparing to sing. Denísof was looking at her with enthusiastic eyes.

Nikolaï began to pace up and down the room.

"Now, why should they want to make her sing? What can she sing? There's nothing here to make a fellow feel happy!" said Nikolaï to himself.

Sonya struck the first chord of the prelude.

"My God, I am a ruined, dishonorable man! A bullet through my brain, that is the only thing left for me, and not singing!" his thoughts went on. "Go away? But where? Very well, let them sing!"

Nikolaï continued gloomily striding up and down the room, glancing at Denísof and the girls, but avoiding their eyes.

'Nikolenka, what is the matter?' Sonya's eyes, fixed on him, seemed to ask. She had immediately seen that something unusual had happened to him.

Nikolaï turned away from her. Natasha also, with

her quickness of perception, had instantly noticed her brother's preoccupation. She had observed it, but she felt so full of merriment at that time, her mood was so far removed from grief, melancholy, and reproaches, that (as often happens in the case of young girls) she purposely deceived herself.

"No, I 'm too happy now to disturb my joy by trying to sympathize in the unhappiness of another," was her feeling, and she said to herself: "No, of course I am mistaken. It must be that he is as happy as I am myself. Now, Sonya," said she, and she started to go to the very middle of the music-room, where, in her opinion, her voice would have the most resonance. Lifting her head, and letting her hands hang easily by her side, just as ballet-dancers do, Natasha, with a fine display of energy, skipping from her little heels to her tiptoes, flew out into the middle of the room, and there paused. "See what a girl I am!" she seemed to say, in answer to Denísof's enthusiastic eyes following her.

"Now, what is she so happy about, I wonder?" queried Nikolaï, as he glanced at his sister. "And how can it be that she isn't tired to death of it all?"

Natasha took the first note, her throat swelled, her bosom rose, her eyes assumed a serious expression. She thought of no one, of nothing in particular at that moment, and from the smiling mouth gushed the sounds, those sounds which may proceed in the same *tempo* and with the same rhythm, but which a thousand times leave you cold and unmoved, and the thousand and first time make you tremble and weep.

Natasha this winter had for the first time begun to take singing seriously; this was especially because Denísof had been so enthusiastic over her voice. She sang now not like a school-girl, nor was there in her singing anything of that ludicrous, childish effort which had formerly been characteristic of her. She still sang far from well, as all the connoisseurs who had heard her declared. "Not developed yet, but still a lovely voice; she ought to cultivate it," said every one. But this was said generally some time after the sounds of

her voice had entirely died away. While this, as yet, untrained voice, breathing in the wrong places, and finding it difficult to conquer rapid runs, was ringing out, even connoisseurs found nothing to say, but felt themselves unexpectedly moved by it, and only anxious to hear it again. In her voice there was a girlish sensitiveness, an unconsciousness of its own powers, and an untrained velvetiness, which were combined with the lack of knowledge of the art of singing in such a way that it seemed as if it would be impossible to change anything in that voice without ruining it.

"What does this mean?" queried Nikolaï, as he listened to her voice and opened his eyes wide. "What has come over her? How she sings to-night!" he said to himself. And suddenly all the world for him was concentrated on the expectation of the following note, the succeeding phrase, and everything in the world was divided into those three beats: "*Oh mio crudele affetto*".... one, two, three; one.... two.... three; one.... two! "*oh mio crudele affetto*".... one.... two.... three.... one — "Ekh! how foolish our life all is!" said Nikolaï to himself. "All of it and our unhappiness and money and Dolokhof and anger and honor; it is all rubbish, and this is the only real thing! There, Natasha, there, galubchik! there, matushka! Will she take that *si?* Yes, she's taken it. Glory to God — *Slava Bohu!*" and he himself, without noticing that he was singing, struck in the second a third below, in order to support that *si.*

"Good heavens! how nice! Did I take it right! How splendid!" he said to himself.

Oh! how that accord vibrated! and how all that was best in Rostof's soul came up to the surface. And this was something independent of all in the world, and higher than all in the world. What, in comparison with this, were his losses, and such men as Dolokhof and his word of honor! All rubbish. One might kill and rob and still be happy!....

CHAPTER XVI

It was long since Rostof had experienced any such delight from music as he did that night. But, as soon as Natasha had finished her barcarole, the grim reality again came back to him. Without saying a word to any one, he left the room and went up to his own chamber. A quarter of an hour later the old count came in from the club, gay and satisfied. Nikolaï, finding that he had come, went to his room.

"Well, have you been having a pleasant day?" asked Ilya Andreyitch, smiling gayly and proudly at his son. Nikolaï wanted to say "yes," but he found it impossible; it was as much as he could do to keep from bursting into tears. The count began to puff at his pipe, and did not perceive his son's state of mind.

"Ekh! it can't be avoided," said Nikolaï to himself, for the first and last time. And suddenly, in a negligent tone which seemed to himself utterly shameful, he said to his father, just as if he were asking for the carriage to drive down town: —

"Papa, I came to speak to you about business. I had forgotten all about it. I need some money."

"What's that?" said the father, who had come home in a peculiarly good-natured frame of mind. "I told you that you would n't have enough. Do you need much?"

"Ever so much," said Nikolaï, reddening, and with a stupid, careless smile which it was long before he could pardon himself for. "I have been losing a little; that is, considerable; I might say a great deal — forty-three thousand...."

"What? To whom? You are joking!" cried the count, flushing, just as elderly men are apt to flush, with an apoplectic rush of blood coloring his neck and the back of his head.

"I promised to pay it to-morrow," continued Nikolaï.

"Well!"... said the old count, spreading his hands and falling helplessly back upon the divan.

"What's to be done? It's what might happen to any

one!" said the son, in a free and easy tone of banter, while all the time in his heart he was calling himself a worthless coward, who could not atone by his whole life for such a thing. He felt an impulse to kiss his father's hands, to fall on his knees and beg his forgiveness, but still he assured his father in that careless and even coarse tone, that this was a thing liable to happen to any one!

Count Ilya Andreyitch dropped his eyes when he heard his son's words, and fidgeted about, as if he were trying to find something.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, "it'll be hard work, I am afraid.... hard work to raise so much.... it happens to every one, yes, yes, it happens to every one."

And the count, with a swift glance at his son's face, started to leave the room.

Nikolaï was prepared for a refusal, but he had never expected this.

"*Pápenka! pá....penka!*" he cried, hastening after him with a sob, "forgive me!" and, seizing his father's hand, he pressed it to his lips and burst into tears.

While father and son were having this conversation, a no-less-important confession was taking place between the mother and daughter. Natasha, in great excitement, had run in where her mother was.

"Mamma!.... mamma!.... He has done it!"

"Done what?"

"He has done it! He has made me an offer; mamma! mamma!" she cried.

The countess did not believe her ears. Denísof made a proposal! To whom? To this little chit of a Natasha, who only a short time since was playing with her dolls, and even now was only a school-girl?

"Natasha! Come now! No nonsense!" said she, still hoping that it was a joke.

"Why do you say 'nonsense'? I tell you just as it is," said Natasha, indignantly. "I came to ask you what I should do about it, and you call it 'nonsense.'"

The countess shrugged her shoulders. "If it is true

that *Monsieur* Denísof has made you an offer, then tell him that he is a fool, and that 's all there is of it!"

"No, he is not a fool," replied Natasha, in a grave and offended tone.

"Well, then, what do you wish? It seems to me that these days all of you are falling in love. Well, if you love him, then marry him," exclaimed the countess, with an angry laugh. "Good luck to you!"

"No, mamma, I 'm not in love with him; it can't be that I am!"

"Well, then, go and tell him so!"

"Mamma, are you annoyed? Don't be annoyed, sweetheart;[1] now wherein, I should like to know, was I to blame?"

"No, but what do you wish, my dear? Shall I go and tell him?" asked the countess, smiling.

"Certainly not, I will answer him myself, only tell me what to say. Everything comes so easy to you," she added, with an answering smile. "And if you had only seen how he said it to me! For, do you know, I am sure that he did not mean to say it, but it came out accidentally."

"Well, it behooves you, at all events, to refuse him."

"No, not refuse him! I feel so sorry for him! He is such a nice man!"

"Well, then, accept his proposal. Indeed, it is time you were married," exclaimed her mother, in a sharp, derisive tone.

"No, mamma, I pity him so. I don't know how to tell him!"

"Well, then, if you can't find anything to say, I myself will go and speak with him," said the countess, stirred to the soul that any one should dare to look upon her little Natasha as already grown up.

"No, not for anything; I will tell him myself, and you may listen at the door," and Natasha started to run through the drawing-room into the music-room, where Denísof was still sitting on the same chair by the clavi-

[1] *Galúbushka.*

chord with his face in his hands. He sprang up the moment he heard her light steps.

"Natalie," said he, going toward her with quick steps, "decide my fate. It is in your hands."

"Vasíli Dmitritch, I am so sorry for you..... No! but you are so splendid..... But it cannot be..... it is..... but I shall always, always love you."

Denísof bent over her hand, and she heard strange sounds which she could not understand. She kissed him on his dark, curly, disordered hair. At this instant was heard the hurried rustle of the countess's gown. She came toward them.

"Vasíli Dmitritch, I thank you for the honor," said the countess, in a troubled tone of voice, though it seemed to Denísof to be stern. "But my daughter is so young, and I should have thought that you, as a friend of my son's, would have addressed me first. In that case you might not have forced me to an unavoidable refusal."

"Countess," said Denísof, with downcast eyes and a guilty look, and vainly trying to stammer something more.

Natasha could not look with any composure upon him, it was so pitiable to see him. She began to sob aloud.

"Countess, I have done w'ong," at last he managed to articulate, in a broken voice. "But pway believe me, I adore your daughter and all your family, and I would gladly sacwifice my life twice over for you." He looked up at the countess, and, seeing her stern face, "Well, good-by, countess," he added, and kissing her hand and not even looking at Natasha, left the room with quick, resolute steps.

Rostof spent the next day making calls with Denísof, who would not hear to staying any longer in Moscow. All his Moscow friends gave him a send-off at the gypsies', and he had no recollection of how he was packed into his sledge, or how he rode the first three stages.

After Denísof's departure, Rostof spent a fortnight longer at home, waiting for the money which the old

count was unable to raise at such short notice; he did not leave the house, and spent most of the time with the girls.

Sonya was more affectionate and devoted to him than ever. It seemed as if she were anxious to show him that his gambling losses were quite an exploit, for which she could only love him the more, but Nikolaï now felt that he was unworthy of her.

He filled the girls' albums with verses and music, and at last, toward the end of November, after paying over the forty-three thousand rubles, and receiving Dolokhof's receipt for it, he started away without taking leave of any of his acquaintances, to rejoin his regiment, which was now in Poland.

PART FIFTH

CHAPTER I

AFTER his explanation with his wife, Pierre went to Petersburg. At the post-station at Torzhok, there were no horses, or the station-master was unwilling to furnish them. Pierre was obliged to wait. Without undressing, he stretched himself out on the leather divan before a circular table, put his big feet in warm boots on it, and pondered.

"Do you order the trunks brought in? Shall I make up a bed? Do you wish tea?" asked his valet.

Pierre made no answer, for the reason that he heard nothing and saw nothing. He had begun to ponder while at the last station, and still he went on, propounding the same questions, quite too important for him to pay any attention to what was going on around him. He was not in the least interested whether he reached Petersburg sooner or later, or whether or not they found him a place to sleep that night at the station; everything indeed was immaterial in comparison with the thoughts that were now occupying his mind, and it made no difference whether he spent a few hours or his whole life at this station.

The station-master, the station-master's wife, his valet, an old woman who sold Torzhok embroidery, came into the room and offered their services.

Pierre, not changing the elevated position of his feet, looked at them over his spectacles, and did not comprehend what they could want, or how they could live without having decided the questions which were troubling him. He had indeed been occupied by the same questions perpetually ever since that day when, after

his duel, he had returned home from Sokolniki, and spent the first painful, sleepless night; but now, in his solitary journey, they took possession of him with inexorable force. Whatever he began to think about, still his mind reverted to these problems which he could not solve and could not help asking himself. It was as if the principal screw on which his whole life depended had got sprung. The screw stays where it is; it does not give way, but it turns without the thread catching, always in the same fillet, and it is impossible to stop turning it.

The station-master came in and began obsequiously to ask his illustriousness to deign to wait only two "little hours," and then he could have for his illustriousness, come what would, post-horses for his service. The station-master was evidently lying, and his sole idea was to get as much money as possible from the traveler.

"Is this right, or is it wrong?" Pierre asked himself. "As far as I am concerned, it is good, but it is bad for the next traveler; but the station-master can't help himself doing so, because he has nothing to eat; he told me that some officer had given him a thrashing because of it. But perhaps the officer thrashed him because it was necessary for him to hasten away. And I shot at Dolokhof because I considered myself insulted, and Louis XVI. was beheaded because he was convicted as a criminal; but within a year those who had beheaded him were also put to death for something or other. What is wrong? What is right? What must one love? What must one hate? What is the object of life, and what am I? What is life, and what is death? What is the Power that directs all things?" he asked himself. And there was no answer to any one of the questions, except the one, the illogical answer which did not in reality fit any of these questions.

This answer was: "Thou shalt die — all will come to an end! Thou shalt die and know all, or else cease to question."

But the mere thought of death was terrible to him.

The Torzhok peddler woman, in her piping voice,

offered her wares, and called especial attention to her goatskin slippers.

"I have hundreds of rubles which I don't know what to do with, and she in her ragged shuba stands there and looks at me timidly," thought Pierre. "And what good would this money do her? Would this money of mine add the value of a single hair to her happiness, to her peace of mind? Can anything on earth make her or me in the least degree less susceptible to evil and death? Death, which ends all, and which may come to-day or to-morrow; everything becomes of equally little importance in comparison with eternity."

And once more he tried to screw up the screw that would not hold, and the screw, as before, kept turning around in the selfsame way.

His servant brought him the half-cut volume of a romance, in the form of letters by Madame de Souza. He began to read of the sufferings and virtuous resistance of the heroine, Amélie de Mansfeld. "And why did she resist her seducer if she loved him?" he asked himself. "God could not have put into her soul a desire which was contrary to His will. My former wife made no struggle, and maybe she was right. Nothing has ever been discovered, nothing ever invented," said Pierre again to himself. "The only thing that we can know is that we know nothing, and this is the highest degree of human wisdom!"

Everything within him and around him seemed confused, incoherent, loathsome. But, nevertheless, in this very loathing of everything, Pierre found a peculiar sense of exasperating delight.

"May I venture to ask your illustriousness to make a little room for this gentleman here?" asked the station-master, coming into the room and introducing another traveler, delayed also by the lack of horses. The newcomer was a thick-set, big-boned, little old man, yellow and wrinkled, with gray, beetling brows which shaded glittering eyes of indefinable grayish hue.

Pierre took his feet from the table, got up, and threw himself down on the bed that had been made ready for

him, occasionally glancing at the stranger, who, with an air of moroseness and fatigue, without paying any heed to Pierre, allowed his servant to help him lay off his wraps.

The old man sat down on the divan. He had on a well-worn, nankeen-lined sheepskin jacket, and felt boots on his thin, bony legs; his head was large, and very broad in the temples, and his hair was closely cropped. Sitting thus, and leaning back against the sofa, he glanced at Bezukhoï. The grave, intelligent, and penetrating expression of his glance struck Pierre. He felt an inclination to converse with the stranger, but when he had made up his mind to address him with some question about the state of the roads, the old man had already closed his eyes, and was sitting motionless, with his wrinkled old hands folded, — on one finger he wore a heavy, cast-iron ring with a death's head for a seal, — and was either dozing, or, as it seemed to Pierre, meditating calmly and profoundly.

The stranger's servant was also a little old man, all covered with wrinkles, without mustache or beard, not because they had been shaven, but because they seemed never to have grown. This agile old servant opened the traveling-case, prepared the tea-table, and brought in the boiling samovar. When all was ready, the stranger opened his eyes, drew up to the table, and, after pouring out a glass of tea for himself, filled another for his beardless servant, and handed it to him.

Pierre began to feel uneasy; it seemed to him that it was unavoidable, and even inevitable, that he should enter into conversation with this traveler.

The servant brought back his empty glass, turned bottom side up, and with the lump of sugar untasted, and asked his master if he needed anything.

"Nothing. Hand me my book," said the stranger. The servant handed him a book which Pierre took to be a religious work, and the traveler buried himself in his reading. Pierre looked at him. Suddenly, the stranger laid down his book, put a mark in it and closed it, and, again shutting his eyes and leaning back, assumed

his former position. Pierre gazed at him, but he had no time to look away before the old man opened his eyes and fastened his firm, steady, stern gaze directly on Pierre's face.

Pierre felt confused, and anxious to escape from that searching gaze, but the brilliant eyes of the old man irresistibly attracted him to them.

CHAPTER II

"If I am not mistaken, I have the pleasure of addressing Count Bezukhoï," said the stranger, in a loud and deliberate voice.

Pierre, without speaking, gave his neighbor an inquiring look over his spectacles.

"I have heard of you," continued the traveler, "and of the misfortune that has befallen you, my dear sir."

He seemed to lay a special stress on the word "misfortune," as much as to say: 'Yes, misfortune, whatever you may call it, for I know that what happened to you in Moscow was a misfortune.' "I have a great sympathy for you, my dear sir."

Pierre flushed, and, hastily putting down his legs from the bed, bent toward the old man, smiling with a timid and unnatural smile.

"Not from mere curiosity do I speak to you of this, my dear sir, but for a much more important reason."

He paused, though his eyes were still fixed on Pierre, and he moved along on the divan, signifying by this action that Pierre should sit down by his side.

It was not particularly agreeable for Pierre to enter into conversation with this old man, but, involuntarily submitting, he came and sat down by his side.

"You are unhappy, my dear sir," pursued the stranger. "You are young, I am old. I should like, as far as in me lies, to help you."

"Akh! yes!" replied Pierre, with the same unnatural smile. "I am very grateful to you. Have you been traveling far?"

The stranger's face was not genial, on the contrary, it was even cold and stern; but, nevertheless, his face and his speech had an irresistible attraction for Pierre.

"Now, if for any reason it is disagreeable for you to talk with me," said the old man, "tell me frankly, my dear sir."

And he suddenly smiled, an unexpected, a paternally affectionate smile.

"Akh! no, not at all; on the contrary, I am very happy to make your acquaintance," said Pierre, and, glancing once more at his new acquaintance's hand, he looked more carefully at the ring. He perceived on it the death's head, the symbol of Masonry.

"Allow me to ask," said he, "are you a Mason?"

"Yes, I belong to the Brotherhood of the Freemasons," said the traveler, looking deeper and ever deeper into Pierre's eyes. "And on my own account and that of the craft, I offer you the hand of fellowship."

"I fear," said Pierre, smiling, and hesitating between the confidence inspired in him by the Freemason's personality and the current disapprobation of the doctrines of the order.... "I fear that I am very far from being able to express myself; I fear that my whole system of thought in regard to the world in general is so opposite to yours, that we should not understand each other."

"I know your system of thought," replied the Freemason, "and this system which you mention, and which seems to you the product of your brain, is that common to most men; it is uniformly the fruit of pride, idleness, and ignorance. Excuse me, my dear sir; if I had not known this, I should not have addressed you. Your system of thought is a grievous error."

"In exactly the same way, I can imagine that it is you who are in error," said Pierre, with a feeble smile.

"I never venture to assert that I know the truth," said the Mason, impressing Pierre more and more by the precision and assurance of his discourse. "No one can alone attain to the truth; it must be stone upon stone, all lending their aid, millions of generations, from the first Adam even down to our day, building the temple

which is destined to be the suitable abiding-place for the Most High God," said the Mason, and he shut his eyes.

"I must tell you, I do not believe .... do not believe in God," said Pierre, with an effort, and a sense of regret, but feeling it indispensable to confess the whole truth.

The Mason looked earnestly at Pierre and smiled, much as a rich man who had millions in his hands might smile upon a poor man who should tell him that he had nothing and that five rubles would make him the happiest of men.

"Yes, you do not know Him, my dear sir," said the Mason. "You cannot know Him — you cannot know Him; therefore, you are unhappy."

"Yes, yes, I am unhappy," repeated Pierre. "But what am I to do?"

"You do not know Him, my dear sir, and therefore you are very unhappy. You do not know Him, but He is here; He is in me, He is in my words; He is in thee, and even in those blasphemous words that thou hast just uttered," said the Mason, in his stern, vibrating voice.

He paused and sighed, evidently trying to master his emotion.

"If He did not exist," said he, gently, "you and I would not be speaking about Him, my dear sir. Of what, of whom, have we been speaking? Whom didst thou deny?" he suddenly asked, with a tone of enraptured sternness and power in his voice. "Who would have invented Him, if He did not exist? How camest thou to have the hypothesis that such an incomprehensible being exists? How came you and all the world to suppose the existence of an incomprehensible being, — a being omnipotent, eternal, and infinite in all His attributes?"

He paused, and remained silent for some time.

Pierre could not and would not break in upon his silence.

"He is, but it is hard to comprehend Him," said the Mason at last, looking not into Pierre's face, but straight

ahead, while his aged-looking hands, which he could not keep quiet, owing to his internal excitement, kept turning over the leaves of his book.

"If it were a man whose existence thou disbelieved, I could bring this man to thee, I would take him by the hand and show him to thee. But how can I, an insignificant mortal, show all His omnipotence, all His infinity, all His goodness to him who is blind, or to him who shuts his eyes, in order not to see, not to comprehend Him, and not to see and not to comprehend all his own vileness and depravity?"

He paused again.

"Who art thou? What art thou? Thou imaginest that thou art heroic because thou canst utter those blasphemous words," said he, with a saturnine and scornful laugh. "And thou art stupider and less intelligent than a little child, which, playing with the artistically constructed parts of a clock, should dare to say that because it did not understand the clock, it did not believe in the artificer who made it. To comprehend Him is hard. For ages, since our first ancestor Adam even down to our own days, we have been striving to comprehend Him, and we are still infinitely far from the attainment of our purpose; but, while we cannot comprehend Him, we see only our feebleness and His majesty."

Pierre, with agitated heart and burning eyes, looked at the Mason, listening to his words, not interrupting him or asking him any questions; but with all his soul he believed in what this strange man told him. Whether it was that he was convinced by the reasonable arguments that the Mason employed, or was persuaded, as children are, by the conviction, by the sincerity expressed by the Mason's intonations, by the trembling voice which sometimes almost failed him, or by the brilliant eyes that had grown old in this conviction, or by that calmness, security, and belief in his own mission, which radiated from his whole being, and which especially impressed him when he compared it with his own looseness of belief and hopelessness, — he could not tell; at all events, he desired with all his soul to believe, and he

did believe, and experienced a joyous sense of calmness, regeneration, and restoration to life.

"It is not by the intellect that He is comprehended, but by life," said the Mason.

"I do not understand," said Pierre, finding with dread his doubts arising in him again. He was afraid lest he might detect some weakness and lack of clearness in his new friend's arguments; he was afraid not to believe in him. "I do not understand," said he, "how the human mind can attain that knowledge of which you speak."

The Mason smiled his sweet, paternal smile.

"The highest wisdom and truth is like the purest ichor, which we should wish to receive into our very selves," said he. "Can I, an unclean vessel, accept this pure ichor and judge of its purity? Only through the cleansing of my inner nature can I, to a certain extent, receive this baptismal consecration."

"Yes, yes, that is so," said Pierre, joyfully.

"The highest wisdom is established, not on reason alone, not on those worldly sciences, physics, history, chemistry, and the like, on which intellectual knowledge stumbles. The highest wisdom is one. The highest wisdom has one science, the science of the All, the universal science which explains all creation, and the place which man occupies in it. In order to absorb this science, it is absolutely essential to purify and renovate the inner man, and, therefore, before one can know it one must believe and accomplish perfection. And to attain this end, our souls must be filled with that divine light which is called conscience."

"Yes, yes," cried Pierre.

"Look with the eyes of your spirit at your inner man, and then ask yourself if you are content with your life. What do you attain when you put yourself under the guidance of the intellect alone? What are you? You are young, you are intelligent, and educated, my dear sir. What have you been doing with all those blessings that have been put into your hands? Are you content with yourself and your life?"

"No, I detest my life," exclaimed Pierre, with a scowl.

"If you detest it, then change it, undergo self-purification, and in accordance as you accomplish it, you will learn wisdom. Examine into your life, my dear sir. What sort of a life have you been leading? Wild revels and debauchery! Receiving everything from society, and giving nothing in return. You have become the possessor of wealth, — how have you been employing it? What have you been doing for your neighbor? Have you had a thought for your tens of thousands of slaves? Have you helped them, physically or morally? No! You have taken advantage of their labor to lead a dissipated life. That is what you have been doing! Have you chosen a life-work which might enable you to be of help to your neighbor? No! You have been spending your life in idleness. Then, my dear sir, you got married; you assumed responsibilities for the guidance of a young woman, and how have you carried them out? You have not aided her, my dear sir, to find the path of truth, but you have hurled her into the abyss of falsehood and wretchedness. A man insulted you, and you fought with him, and you say that you do not know God, and that you detest your life. There is no wisdom in that, my dear sir!"

After saying these words, the Mason, as if wearied by this long speech, again leaned against the back of the sofa, and closed his eyes. Pierre looked at the stern, impassive, almost deathly face of the old man, and moved his lips without making any noise. He wanted to say, — 'Yes, my life is shameful, idle, dissipated,' but he did not dare to break the silence.

The Freemason coughed, a hoarse, decrepit cough, and summoned his servant.

"How about the horses?" he asked, without looking at Pierre.

"Those that were ordered have been brought," replied the servant. "Do you not wish to rest?"

"No, have them harnessed."

"Can it be that he is going to leave me here alone,

and not tell me all, and not promise me help?" wondered Pierre, getting up, and beginning to pace up and down the room, with bowed head, though he occasionally glanced at the Mason.

"Yes, I had never thought about it before, I lead a contemptible, depraved life, but I do not love it, and I have no desire to continue it," thought Pierre. "And this man knows the truth, and if he had the desire he might enlighten me."

Pierre wished, but he had not the courage, to say this to the Mason. The traveler, gathering up his effects with his skilful, aged hands, began to button up his sheepskin coat. Having accomplished these tasks, he turned to Bezukhoï, and said to him in a polite, indifferent tone: —

"Where are you going now, my dear sir?"

"I?.... I am going to Petersburg," replied Pierre, in a childish, irresolute voice. "I am grateful to you. I agree with what you have said. But pray do not think that I am all bad! I wish with all my soul that I were what you wish that I was — but I have never found any help to become such.... however, I am, above all, to blame for my faults. Help me! teach me, and maybe I might...."

Pierre could not speak further. There was a strange sound in his nose, and he turned away.

The Mason did not speak for some time, evidently lost in thought.

"Help is given only from God," said he. "But that measure of help which it is within the power of our craft to give you, it will be glad to give, my dear sir. When you reach Petersburg, give this to Count Villarski."

He took out a pocket-book, and, on a large sheet of paper, folded twice, he wrote a few words.

"Allow me to give you one piece of advice. When you reach the capital, consecrate your first hours to solitude, to self-examination, and do not again enter into your former paths of life. And now I wish you a happy journey, my dear sir," said he, perceiving that

his servant had entered the room, "and all success." ....

The traveler was Osip Alekseyevitch Bazdeyef, as Pierre discovered by the station-master's record book. Bazdeyef was one of the most distinguished Freemasons and Martinists since the time of Novikof. Pierre, after his departure, without lying down to sleep, or asking for horses, long paced up and down the room of the station-house, thinking over his vicious way of living, and, with the enthusiasm of regeneration, imagining to himself the blessed, irreproachable, and beneficent future which now seemed to him so easy. He was, so it seemed to him, wicked only because he had, as it were, forgotten how good it was to be righteous. Not a trace of his former doubts remained in his mind. He had a firm faith in the possibility of a brotherhood of men, united in one common aim of keeping one another in the path of righteousness, and such a brotherhood Masonry now seemed to him to be.

CHAPTER III

On reaching Petersburg, Pierre informed no one of his presence, went nowhere, and spent whole days in reading Thomas à Kempis, which some one — he knew not whom — had sent him. One thing, and only one thing, Pierre understood in reading that book: that was the hitherto unknown delight in believing in the possibility of attaining perfection, and in the possibility of active brotherly love among men, which Osip Alekseyevitch had revealed to him.

Within a week after his return, the young Polish Count Villarski, whom Pierre had known slightly in Petersburg society, came one evening into his room with the same sort of official and solemn air with which Dolokhof's second had approached him; closing the door behind him, and assuring himself that no one except Pierre was in the room, he thus addressed him: —

"I have come to you, count, for the purpose of lay-

ing a proposition before you," said he, not sitting down. "An individual of very high degree in our brotherhood has interested himself in having you admitted out of due course, and has proposed that I should be your sponsor. I consider it as a sacred duty to fulfil this person's desires. Do you wish to join the brotherhood of Freemasons under my sponsorship?"

Pierre was amazed at the cold and severe tone of this man, whom he had seen almost always at balls, with a gallant smile, in the society of the most brilliant ladies.

"Yes," said Pierre, "I do wish it."

Villarski inclined his head.

"Still one further question, count," said he, "which I will beg of you to answer with all frankness, not as a future Mason, but as a man of honor (*un galant homme*): Have you renounced your former convictions? Do you believe in a God?"

Pierre hesitated.

"Yes.... yes, I believe in a God," said he.

"In that case...." began Villarski, but Pierre interrupted him.

"Yes, I believe in God," said he once more.

"In that case, we may start, then," said Villarski. "My carriage is at your service."

Villarski sat in silence all the way. To Pierre's questions as to what he had to do, and how he must answer, Villarski contented himself with replying that brethren more suitable than himself would examine him, and that all that it behooved Pierre to do was to speak the truth.

Entering the courtyard of a large mansion, where the lodge met, and passing up a dark staircase, they came into a small, brightly lighted anteroom, where they removed their shubas without the aid of servants. Through an entry they passed into another room. Here a man in a strange garb made his appearance at the door. Villarski, going forward to meet him, said something to him in French, in an undertone, and went to a small wardrobe, in which Pierre observed trappings such as he had never seen before. Taking from the wardrobe a handkerchief, Villarski bound it around

Pierre's eyes and tied a knot behind in such a way that his hair was caught in it and hurt him. Then he drew him to himself, kissed him, and taking him by the hand led him he knew not where. The hair caught in the knot hurt Pierre; he scowled with the pain, and smiled shamefacedly. His burly figure, with bandaged eyes, with swinging arms, with face both frowning and smiling, followed Villarski with timid steps.

After leading him half a score of paces, Villarski paused.

"Whatever happens to you," said he, "you must courageously endure it all, if you are firmly resolved to enter our brotherhood."

Pierre nodded assent.

"When you hear a rap on the door you can take off the handkerchief," added Villarski. "I wish you good courage and success."

And pressing Pierre's hand, Villarski went away.

Left alone, Pierre still continued to smile as before. Twice he shrugged his shoulders, raised his hand to the handkerchief, as if inclined to remove it, and again let it fall. The five minutes which he spent with bandaged eyes seemed to him like an hour. His hands swelled, his legs trembled; he had the sensation of being tired. He had the most complex and varied feelings. What was going to happen to him seemed to him terrible, and he was still more afraid that he should show his fear. He was filled with curiosity to know what was going to take place, what was going to be revealed to him; but, above all, it was delightful for him to think that the moment had come when he had definitely entered upon the path of regeneration, and of an active, beneficent life, of which he had dreamed ever since his meeting with Osip Alekseyevitch.

Loud raps were heard at the door. Pierre took off the bandage and looked around him.

It was intensely dark in the room, only in one place burned a lampada, or shrine lamp, within some white object. Pierre went nearer, and saw that the lamp stood on a table covered with a black cloth, on which

lay a single opened book. The book was a copy of the Gospels; the white object, in which burned the lamp, was a human skull, with its eye sockets and teeth. Reading the first words of the Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God." Pierre went around the table, and saw a large box filled with something and covered. This was a coffin with bones in it. He was not at all surprised at what he saw. In his hope of entering upon a wholly new life, absolutely removed from the old one, he expected all sorts of extraordinary things, indeed much more extraordinary than what he had already seen. The skull, the coffin, the Gospel — it seemed to him that all this was what he had expected; he expected something more. While trying to stimulate a sense of emotion, he looked around him: "God, death, love, human fraternity," he said to himself, connecting with these words confused but pleasing conceptions.

A door opened, and some one entered.

By the feeble light Pierre could just manage to make out that it was a short man. Coming from light into darkness, this man paused a moment, then, with cautious steps, he approached the table and placed on it his small hands covered with leather gloves.

The short man wore a white leathern apron covering his chest and a part of his legs; around his neck was something like a necklace, and above the necklace arose a high, white frill, serving as a sort of frame for his elongated face, lighted from below.

"Why have you come hither?" asked the new man, approaching Pierre, who had made a slight noise. "Wherefore do you, who believe not in the truth of light, and have never seen the light, wherefore have you come hither? What do you desire of us? Wisdom? virtue? enlightenment?"

The moment the door opened and the unknown man entered, Pierre experienced a sense of awe and reverence similar to that which he had felt in his childhood at confession; he felt that he was face to face with a human being who, under all the conditions of ordinary

life, was a stranger, but was near to him through the brotherhood of man. Pierre, with his heart beating so that he could hardly breathe, went toward the Rhetor, as the Masons call the brother whose duty it is to prepare the candidate for admission into the confraternity. Pierre, as he came nearer, recognized the Rhetor as an acquaintance of his, named Smolyaninof; it was a disappointment to think that this man was an acquaintance: the newcomer was merely a brother and instructor in virtue. It was some time before Pierre could find a word to say; so that the Rhetor was obliged to repeat his question.

"Yes, I .... I .... I seek regeneration," said Pierre, speaking with difficulty.

"Good," said Smolyaninof, and immediately proceeded: —

"Have you any idea of the means by which our holy fraternity can aid you to the attainment of your desires?" asked the Rhetor, calmly and rapidly.

"I .... hope for .... guidance .... for help .... toward .... regeneration," said Pierre, with a trembling voice, and finding a difficulty in speaking which arose from his emotion as well as from his lack of practice in speaking in Russian on abstract themes.

"What knowledge have you of Freemasonry?"

"I suppose that Freemasonry is fraternity and equality of all men who have virtuous aims," said Pierre, with a feeling of shame overwhelming him at the unfitness of his words at such a solemn moment. "I suppose ...."

"Good," said the Rhetor, in haste, evidently perfectly satisfied with this reply. "Have you found in religion means for the attainment of these ends?"

"No, I have considered religion opposed to truth, and I have spurned it," said Pierre, so low that the Rhetor did not hear him and asked him what he said. "I have been an atheist," replied Pierre.

"You seek after truth for the purpose of following her laws through life; consequently, you seek wisdom and virtue, do you?" asked the Rhetor, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, yes," insisted Pierre.

The Rhetor coughed, folded his gloved hands on his chest, and began to discourse: —

"It is now my duty to unfold to you the chief object of our craft," said he. "And if this object coincides with yours, then you will find it an advantage to join our fraternity. The first and principal aim, and at the same time the foundation of our confraternity, on which it stands firm, and which no human violence can shake, is the conservation and handing down to posterity of a certain important mystery, which has been handed down to us from the remotest antiquity, even from the first man, from which mystery perhaps depends the destiny of the human race. But as this mystery has the peculiarity that no one can know it and get advantage from it except through a long and assiduous course of self-purification, therefore not every one can hope speedily to discover it. Consequently, we have a secondary aim and object, which consists in preparing our fellow-members, as far as in us lies, to correct their hearts, to purify and enlighten their reason, by those means which have been handed down to us by tradition from those men who labored for the investigation of those mysteries, and thereby to teach them to be qualified for the reception of one.

"By purifying and rectifying our own members, we endeavor, in the third place, to correct also the whole human race, presenting in our own members an example of honor and virtue, and therefore we endeavor, by all means in our power, to counteract the evil that rules in the world. Think this over, and I will come to you again," said he, and he left the room.

"To counteract the evil that rules in the world," repeated Pierre, and he imagined his future activity in this great field.

He imagined such men as he himself had been a fortnight before, and his thoughts turned to the initiatory discourse that he had just heard. He called to mind the wicked and wretched men whom he should help by word or deed; he imagined the oppressors from whom he rescued their victims.

Of the three objects which the Rhetor enumerated, the last, the improvement of the human race, was the one that most appealed to Pierre. The important mystery of which the Rhetor spoke, although it aroused his curiosity, did not seem to him to be a reality; but the second, self-purification and regeneration, interested him very little, because at that moment he felt that he was already perfectly freed from his former vices, and ready only for what was right.

Within half an hour the Rhetor returned to instruct the candidate in the seven virtues, symbolized by the seven steps of Solomon's temple, which every Mason must make his especial practice. These virtues were as follows: —

1. *Modesty*, the observation of the secrets of the order.
2. *Obedience* to the higher degrees of the fraternity.
3. *Good temper.*
4. *Love for mankind.*
5. *Courage.*
6. *Generosity.*
7. *Love of death.*

"Apply yourself to the seventh," said the Rhetor. "By frequent thoughts of Death, bring yourself to feel that he is no more a terrible enemy, but a friend who frees the soul, wearied by works of beneficence, from the wretchedness of this life, and leads it into the place of rewards and rest."

"Yes, this ought to be so," thought Pierre, when the Rhetor, after delivering himself of this message, again retired, leaving him to solitary reflection. "This ought to be so, but I am still so feeble as to love my life, the meaning of which has only just been, to some small degree, revealed to me."

The other five virtues, however, which Pierre counted off on his fingers, he felt were already in his soul: courage and generosity, good temper and love for mankind, and especially obedience, which last seemed less to him a virtue than a pleasure, so glad was he now to be freed from the exercise of his own will, and to subordinate it

to those who knew the indubitable truth. The seventh virtue Pierre had forgotten; he could not remember what it was at all.

For the third time the Rhetor returned, this time more promptly than before, and asked Pierre if he were still firm in his convictions, and were resolved to undergo all that might be required of him.

"I am ready for anything," said Pierre.

"I must still further apprise you," said the Rhetor, "that our order does not instruct by words alone, but by other arguments which have perhaps a more powerful effect on the earnest seeker after wisdom and virtue than merely verbal ones. This chamber, with its ornamentation which you see, must have already made this plain to your heart, if it is sincere, more than any words could have done. You will see, probably, during your further advancement, similar modes of symbolism. Our order takes pattern after ancient societies, which concealed their teachings under the guise of hieroglyphics. A hieroglyphic," explained the Rhetor, "is a name of something symbolizing an abstract idea, and possessing in itself qualities similar to those possessed by the idea symbolized."

Pierre knew very well what a hieroglyphic was, but he did not venture to speak. He silently listened to the Rhetor, under the conviction that some sort of test was immediately to begin.

"If you are resolved, then it is my duty to proceed to the initiation," said the Rhetor, coming closer to Pierre. "As a sign of your generosity, I shall ask you to give me everything of value that you have."

"But I have nothing with me," said Pierre, supposing that he was to be required to make over all that he possessed.

"Well, what you have on you: your watch, money, rings .... "

Pierre hastily took out his pocket-book, his watch, and struggled for some time to remove his wedding-ring from his stout finger. When this was accomplished, the Mason said: —

"As a sign of obedience, I will ask you to strip."

Pierre took off his coat, waistcoat, and left boot, at the Rhetor's direction. The Mason opened the shirt over his left breast, and, bending over, lifted his trousers above the knee of his left leg. Pierre hastily began to take off his right boot also, and to tuck up his trousers, so as to save this stranger the trouble, but the Mason assured him that this was unnecessary, and gave him a slipper for his left foot. With a childlike smile of shame, doubt, and derision at his own awkwardness involuntarily crossing his face, Pierre stood up, dropping his arms and spreading his legs, and faced the Rhetor, waiting his next commands.

"And finally, as a sign of sincerity, I will ask you to reveal to me your chief predilection," said he.

"My predilection? But I *used* to have so many of them!" exclaimed Pierre.

"The predilection which more than all others has caused you to waver in the path of virtue," said the Mason.

Pierre paused, trying to think.

"Wine? Gluttony? Slothfulness? Impetuosity? Anger? Women?" He passed his faults in review, mentally considering them, and not knowing which to take in preference.

"Women," said he, in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible. The Mason did not move and did not speak until long after this reply. At last he approached Pierre, took up the handkerchief that was lying on the table, and again blindfolded his eyes.

"For the last time I say to you: 'Examine yourself with all attention! Put a bridle on your feelings, and seek your happiness, not in your passions, but in your heart. The fountain-head of happiness is not without, but within us.'"....

Pierre had already begun to feel in himself this refreshing fountain of happiness which now filled his soul to overflowing with bliss and emotion.

CHAPTER IV

SHORTLY after this, there came into the dark chamber, not the Rhetor, as before, but Pierre's sponsor, Villarski, whom he recognized by his voice. In reply to new questions as to the firmness of his resolve, Pierre said, "Yes, yes, I consent," and with a brilliant, childlike smile, with his broad chest uncovered, awkwardly stepping along with one foot in a boot and the other in a slipper, he marched forward, with Villarski holding a drawn sword across his bare breast.

He was led from the darkened room along several corridors winding back and forth, and at last brought to the door of the lodge-room.

Villarski coughed; he was answered by Masonic raps with mallets; the door opened before them. Some one's deep voice — Pierre's eyes were still blindfolded — asked him who he was, where and when he was born, and other questions. Then he was led somewhere else, the bandage not yet removed, and while he was on the way his attendants related to him allegories about the difficulties that beset his way, about the sacred fraternity, the Eternal Architect of the universe, and the courage with which he ought to endure labors and sufferings. During the time of this circumambulation, Pierre noticed that he was called first the "Seeker," then the "Sufferer," then the "Claimant," while the mallets and swords were struck each time in a different way. At one time, just as they brought him to some object or other, he noticed that there was confusion and perplexity among his attendants. He heard the men surrounding him whispering together, and one of them insisting that he was to be led across a certain carpet.

After this, they took his right hand and laid it on something, while with his left he was directed to hold a pair of compasses to his left breast, and to repeat the words read aloud by one of the number, and which bound him to a faithful observance of the regulations of the order. Then the candles were extinguished; some

alcohol was burned, as Pierre apprehended by the odor, and they told him that he could now see "the lesser light."

The bandage was removed from his eyes, and Pierre saw, as in a dream, by the feeble light of the alcohol lamp, a number of men, who, all wearing aprons similar to that which the Rhetor had worn, stood in front of him holding swords pointed towards his chest. Among them stood a man with a white shirt stained with blood. Seeing this, Pierre bent his chest forward against the swords, wishing that they might pierce it. But the swords were withdrawn, and his eyes were immediately rebandaged.

"Thou hast now seen the lesser light," said a voice. Then the candles were lighted again; he was told that he was to see the full light, and once more they removed the bandage, and more than a dozen voices suddenly cried: "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Pierre began to recover himself gradually, and looked around the room in which he was and at the men who were there. Around a long table covered with black sat a dozen men in the trappings worn by the others whom Pierre had seen. Some of them Pierre had known in Petersburg society. At the head of the table was a young man whom Pierre did not know; he had a peculiar badge around his neck. At his right hand sat the Italian *abbate* whom Pierre had met two years before at Anna Pavlovna's. There was still another very important dignitary, and a Swiss, who had once been a tutor at the Kuragins'. All preserved a solemn silence, and listened to the words spoken by the presiding officer, who held a mallet in his hand. Inserted in the wall was a blazing star. At one end of the table was a small cover with various allegorical symbols; on the other was something in the nature of an altar, with a copy of the Gospels and a skull. Around the table were seven large candlesticks, such as they have in churches.

Two of the brethren drew Pierre to the altar, made him stand with his feet at right angles, and bade him

lie down, declaring that he must prostrate himself at the Gates of the Temple.

"He ought to receive the trowel first," said one of the brethren, in a whisper.

"Akh! please hold your tongue," said another.

Pierre, with his distracted, near-sighted eyes, looked around him without obeying, and suddenly doubts began to come over him.

"Where am I? What am I doing? Are they not making sport of me? Will not the time come when I shall be ashamed of all this flummery?"

But this doubt lasted only for an instant. He looked around on the grave faces of the spectators, remembered all that he had already been through, and comprehended that he had gone too far now to withdraw.

He was mortified at his doubt, and, while endeavoring to regain his former feeling of emotion, he prostrated himself at the gates of the Temple. And, in reality, the former feeling of emotion came over him even more powerfully than before.

After he had been lying there for some little time, he was bidden to arise, and they put upon him the same kind of white leathern apron which the others wore, put a trowel into his hand, and gave him three pairs of gloves, and then the Grand Master addressed him.

He told him that it behooved him to endeavor never to allow the whiteness of this apron to be sullied, it being the emblem of strength and purity. Of the mysterious trowel, he said that he was to use it for eradicating the faults from his own heart, and courteously laying the foundations of virtue in the hearts of his neighbors. Then, as regarded the first pair of gloves, which were men's, he said that he was not to understand their signification, but must keep them; in regard to the second pair, which were also men's gloves, he said that he was to wear them at the lodge-meetings; and, finally, in regard to the third pair, which were a woman's gloves, he said as follows:—

"Dear brother, these woman's gloves also are destined for you. Give them to the woman whom you will

reverence above all others. By this gift you pledge the purity of your heart to her whom you will select as your worthy Masonic affinity."

Then, after a brief pause, he went on:—

"But take care, dear brother, that these gloves are not worn by unworthy hands!"

While the Grand Master was pronouncing these last words, it seemed to Pierre that he was embarrassed. Pierre himself was still more embarrassed, he flushed till the tears came, just as children flush; he began to look about him uneasily, and an awkward silence ensued.

This silence was broken by one of the brethren, who drew Pierre to the table-cover and began to read to him from a copy-book an explanation of all the symbolical figures worked in it; the sun, moon, the hammer, the plumb-line, the trowel, the untrimmed and four-square foundation-stone, the pillar, the three windows, and other things.

Then Pierre was assigned his place; the signals of the lodge were explained to him; the password was told him, and he was at last permitted to sit down.

The Grand Master began to read the regulations. They were very long, and Pierre, from his joy, excitement, and sense of shame, was not in a condition to understand what they were reading. He heard only the last words of the regulations, and they impressed themselves on his memory.

"In our temples, we recognize no degrees," the Grand Master read, "other than those which separate virtue from wrong-doing. Take care not to make any distinction which may tend to destroy equality. Fly to the aid of a brother, no matter who it may be; reclaim the wandering; raise the fallen, and never cherish anger or enmity against a brother. Be gentle and courteous. Kindle in all hearts the fires of virtue. Do acts of kindness to thy neighbor, and never allow thyself to envy the happiness of another. Forgive thy enemy, and avenge not thyself on him, except by doing him good. Having thus fulfilled the highest law, thou wilt discover traces of thy primal and lost greatness."

He finished reading, and getting up, embraced Pierre and kissed him. Pierre, with tears of joy in his eyes, looked around him, not knowing what reply to make to the greetings and congratulations of the acquaintances who surrounded him. He made no distinction between old friends and new; in every one he saw only brethren whom he burned with impatience to join in carrying out the work.

The Grand Master rapped with his mallet. All sat down in their places, and some one read an address on the necessity of humility.

The Grand Master then proposed to carry out the last obligation, and the important dignitary who bore the appellation of "Collector of Alms" began to approach each in turn. Pierre had the inclination to subscribe all the money that he possessed, but he was afraid that this would be construed as an exhibition of pride, and he put down only what each of the others did.

The session was ended, and on his return home it seemed to Pierre as if he had come from some long journey after an absence of ten years, and was entirely changed, with nothing left to him from the former objects and customs of his life.

CHAPTER V

On the day following his reception into the Masonic lodge, Pierre was sitting at home, reading a book and trying to penetrate the meaning of the square formed on one side by God, on the second by the moral world, on the third by the physical, and on the fourth by a mixture. Occasionally, his attention wandered from his book and square, and in his imagination he began to formulate a new plan of life for himself.

The evening before, at the lodge, he had been told that the emperor had heard of his duel, and that it would be for his advantage to leave Petersburg for a time. Pierre proposed to go to his southern estates and look

out for the welfare of his peasantry. He was joyfully thinking about this new life, when Prince Vasili unexpectedly came into the room.

"My dear, what have you been doing in Moscow? Why, my dear fellow, what made you quarrel with Lyola? You are in the wrong," said the prince, as he came in. "I have known all about it, and I can tell you honestly that Ellen is as innocent toward you as Christ toward the Jews."

Pierre started to reply, but Prince Vasili cut him short.

"And why did n't you come right to me in all frankness, as to a friend? I know how it was, I understand it," said he. "You behaved as a man who prizes his honor; perhaps, too, you acted too hastily, but we won't discuss that now. Just think of this, though: in what a position you have put her and me in the eyes of society, and especially of the court," he added, lowering his voice. "She is living in Moscow, you here. Remember, my dear," — he made him sit down, — "this is a mere misunderstanding; you yourself will feel so, I am sure. Now join me in writing a letter, and she will come back, — everything will be explained; but if you don't, I will tell you, you may very easily repent of it, my dear."

Prince Vasili gave Pierre a very suggestive look. "I have it from the very best sources that the empress dowager takes a lively interest in all this matter. You know that she is very favorably disposed to Ellen."

Several times Pierre collected himself to speak, but on the one hand Prince Vasili did not let him have a chance; on the other, Pierre himself was afraid to take that tone of determined refusal with which he had definitely made up his mind to answer his father-in-law. Moreover, the words of the Masonic ritual, "Be courteous and genial," occurred to him. He scowled, flushed, got up and sat down again, struggling to perform the hardest task that had ever come to him in his life — to say something unpleasant to a man's face, to say exactly the opposite of what this man expected. He was so accustomed to give in to Prince Vasili's tone of easy-going self-confi-

dence, that even now he felt that he had not the force of mind necessary to oppose him; but he felt that what he was going to say now was to decide the whole destiny of his life: was he to go back to the old path of the past, or to go on over that new one which had been placed before him in so attractive a light by the Masons, and on which he firmly believed that he should find regeneration?

"Well, my dear," said Prince Vasili, in a jocose tone, "tell me 'yes,' now, and I will write her the letter and we will kill the fatted calf."

But Prince Vasili had not time to finish his joke, before Pierre, not looking at Prince Vasili, and with a flash of rage, which made him resemble his father, exclaimed in a whisper:—

"Prince, I did not invite you to come; please go, go!" He sprang up and flung the door open. "Go!" he repeated, not believing in himself and rejoicing in the expression of confusion and terror on Prince Vasili's face.

"What is the matter with you, are you ill?"

"Go!" he cried once more, in a trembling voice. And Prince Vasili was obliged to go, without bringing about any explanation.

In a week's time, Pierre, bidding his new friends, the Masons, farewell, and leaving in their hands large sums for charities, departed for his estates. The brotherhood gave him letters to the Masons of Kief and Odessa, and promised to write and guide him in his new activity.

CHAPTER VI

Pierre's affair with Dolokhof was hushed up, and, in spite of the emperor's strictness in regard to dueling, neither the two principals nor their seconds were punished. But the story of the duel, confirmed by Pierre's rupture with his wife, was noised abroad in society. Pierre, who, when he was an illegitimate son, had been looked upon with patronizing condescension, who, when he was the best match in the Russian empire, had been

flattered and glorified, had lost much of his importance in the eyes of the world since his marriage; and young ladies and their mothers had nothing more to expect from him, the more from the fact that he could not and would not ingratiate himself into the favor of fashionable society. Now, he alone was blamed for this occurrence; it was said that he was a jealous blockhead, liable to exactly the same fits of ferocious temper as his father.

And when, after Pierre's departure, Ellen returned to Petersburg, she was received by all her acquaintances, not only gladly, but even with a shade of respectful deference, due to her unhappiness. When her husband was mentioned in conversation, Ellen put on a dignified expression, which, without her realizing its significance, she managed by that consummate tact of hers to make peculiarly becoming. This expression signified that she had made up her mind to endure her unhappiness without complaining, and that her husband was a cross sent her from God.

Prince Vasili expressed his feelings more openly. He would shrug his shoulders when the conversation turned on Pierre, and, pointing to his forehead, would say: —

"I have always said he was cracked."

"I said so before you did," insisted Anna Pavlovna; "I said so at the very first, and before anybody else," — she always claimed priority for her predictions, — "that he was a silly young man, ruined by the perverse notions of the day. I said so even when he had just returned from abroad, and when every one was enraptured by him, and you will remember that at one of my receptions he posed as a sort of Marat. How is it going to end? Even then I did not approve of this marriage, and predicted what would come of it."

Anna Pavlovna, just as of yore, was giving receptions on her days at home, and such ones as she alone had the gift of arranging — receptions at which were collected, in the first place, the cream of genuine good society, the very flower of the intellectual essence of Petersburg high life, as Anna Pavlovna herself ex-

pressed it. Over and above this discriminating selection of society, Anna Pavlovna's receptions, or "evenings," were still more distinguished by the fact that at each one she managed to present to her company some new and interesting personage, and that nowhere else could one so accurately and assuredly gauge the political thermometer by which the disposition of the conservative court society of Petersburg was regulated.

Toward the end of the year 1806, when the melancholy news of Napoleon's defeat of the Prussian army at Jena and Auerstädt and the surrender of the majority of the Prussian fortresses had been received, when our armies had just crossed over into Prussia, and our second campaign with Napoleon was beginning, Anna Pavlovna gave an "at home." "The cream of genuine good society" consisted of the charming and hapless Ellen, Montemart, the bewitching Prince Ippolit, just arrived from Vienna, two diplomats, the little old aunt, a young man who enjoyed the appellation simply of "a man of great ability," a newly promoted maid of honor, and a few persons of more or less distinction.

The person whom Anna Pavlovna served up this evening, as a choice "first-fruit" for the edification of her guests, was Boris Drubetskoi, who had just arrived on a special mission from the army in Prussia and was now enjoying the position of aide to a very great personage.

The political thermometer that evening offered the following points for the study of society: —

"Whatever all the rulers and commanders of Europe may do by way of indulging Bonaparte, at the expense of causing *me*, and *us* in general, annoyance and humiliation, our opinion in regard to Bonaparte remains unchanged and incapable of change. We shall not cease to express our views on this subject, and we can merely say to the king of Prussia: 'So much the worse for you. It's your own choice, *Georges Dandin*, that's all that we have to say about it.'"

That was what the political thermometer indicated at Anna Pavlovna's.

When Boris, who was to be offered up to the guests, entered the drawing-room, nearly all were already present, and the conversation, under Anna Pavlovna's lead, turned on our diplomatic relations with Austria and on the hope of an alliance.

Boris, in an elegant uniform, fresh and ruddy, and grown to man's estate, came with easy assurance into the drawing-room, and was led up, according to custom, to salute the aunt, and then brought back to the general circle of the guests.

Anna Pavlovna gave him her withered hand to kiss, introduced him to a number of the company with whom he was not acquainted, and of each she would say in a whisper: —

"Prince Ippolit Kuragin, a charming young man; Monsieur Krouq, *chargé d'affaires* from Copenhagen, a profound mind;" or simply, "Monsieur Sitof, a man of great ability," giving each one whom she named a word of flattery.

Boris, since he had been in the service, had, thanks to Anna Mikhaïlovna's efforts and to his own tastes and habit of self-control, succeeded in obtaining a very advantageous position. He had been appointed aide to a man of great eminence; he had been intrusted with a very important errand to Prussia, and had only just returned from there as a special courier. He had thoroughly mastered that unwritten system of subordination which had pleased him so much at Olmütz, according to which the ensign may stand incomparably higher than a general, while, for success in the service, exertions and services and gallantry are unnecessary, but all that is needed is tact in getting on with those who control the patronage of places; and he was often himself surprised at his rapid advances, and by the fact that his friends could not understand it. The consequence of this discovery was that his whole mode of life, and all his relations to former friends and acquaintances, and all his plans for the future, were entirely and absolutely changed. He was not rich, but he would spend his last kopek so as to be better dressed than

others; he preferred to deprive himself of many pleasures sooner than allow himself to ride in a shabby carriage or appear in anything but an immaculate uniform in the streets of Petersburg. He frequented only the society of those who were above him and might be of advantage to him. He liked Petersburg and despised Moscow. His recollections of his home with the Rostofs and his boyish love for Natasha were unpleasant to him, and since his first departure for the army he had not once been to see the Rostofs.

On reaching Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room, an invitation which he considered equivalent to a rise in the service, he immediately understood what part he had to play, and he allowed Anna Pavlovna to make the most of the interest which centered upon him, while he attentively studied each face and took mental stock of what possibilities of getting advantage from each might present themselves. He sat down in the place assigned to him, next the beautiful Ellen, and began to listen to the conversation that was going on.

"Vienna regards the basis of the proposed treaty as so entirely out of the question that it would be impossible to bring it about even by a series of the most brilliant successes, and she questions the means we have of gaining them. Such is the authentic report from Vienna," said the Danish *chargé d'affaires*, in French.

"The doubt is flattering," said the young man of the profound mind, with a shrewd smile.

"One should distinguish between the cabinet of Vienna and the emperor of Austria," said Montemart. "The Austrian emperor could never have thought of such a thing; it could only have been the cabinet that said it."

"Ah, my dear viscount," interrupted Anna Pavlovna, "*l'Urope* ...." for some reason she called it *l'Urope*, as a special refinement of French which she might make use of in speaking to a Frenchman. "Ah, my dear viscount, Europe will never be a trustworthy ally for us."

And then Anna Pavlovna immediately led the conversation around to the bravery and resolution of the

Prussian king, doing this for the sake of giving Boris a chance to take part.

Boris was listening attentively to what was said, awaiting his turn, but, nevertheless, he had been able to look several times at his neighbor, the beautiful Ellen, who, with a smile, had more than once exchanged glances with the handsome young adjutant.

Quite naturally, while speaking of the position of Prussia, Anna Pavlovna begged Boris to tell about his visit to Glogau, and the state in which he found the Prussian army. Boris, without undue haste, speaking in pure and elegant French, related very many interesting particulars about the army, and about the court, but throughout his story he carefully avoided expressing any personal opinion in regard to the facts which he communicated. For some time Boris held the attention of all, and Anna Pavlovna was conscious that all her guests took great satisfaction in the treat that she had set before them.

Ellen, more than any one else, gave her undivided attention to what Boris had to say. She several times asked him in regard to certain details of his journey, and was apparently greatly interested in the position of the Prussian army. As soon as he had finished, she turned to him with her usual smile, and said:—

"You must be sure to come and see me." She spoke in a tone which seemed to imply that circumstances of which he could know nothing made it absolutely imperative.

"Tuesday, between eight o'clock and nine. You will give me great pleasure."

Boris promised to comply with her wishes, and was about to engage her in further conversation, when Anna Pavlovna called him away, under the pretext that her old aunt wanted to speak with him.

"You used to know her husband, did n't you?" asked Anna Pavlovna, closing her eyes, and making a melancholy gesture toward Ellen. "Akh! she is such an unhappy and charming woman. Don't speak to her about him, please be careful about it. It is too hard for her."

CHAPTER VII

When Boris and Anna Pavlovna returned to the general circle, Prince Ippolit had taken the lead in the conversation. Leaning forward in his chair, he had said: "*Le roi de Prusse*," and when he said it, he laughed. All turned to him. "*Le roi de Prusse?*" asked Ippolit, again laughing, and then with a calm and serious expression throwing himself back into the depths of his easy-chair. Anna Pavlovna waited a little for him, but as Ippolit apparently had firmly shut his mouth not to say anything more, she started the conversation on the godless Bonaparte laying hands on the sword of Frederick the Great at Potsdam.

"'T is the sword of Frederick the Great which...." she began to say, but Ippolit interrupted her with the words:—

"*Le roi de Prusse*...." and again, as before, when all had turned toward him, he begged her pardon and remained silent. Anna Pavlovna frowned; Montemart, Ippolit's friend, turned to him peremptorily: "What do you mean now by your *roi de Prusse?*"

Ippolit laughed, as if he were ashamed of laughing:—

"No, it 's nothing at all, I only meant...."

He was trying to get off a joke which he had heard in Vienna, and which he had been anxious the whole evening long to spring on the company. He said:—

"I only meant that we were doing wrong to wage war for *le roi de Prusse*." [1]

Boris smiled a guarded smile, which might have been taken to signify a sneer or approbation of the joke, according as it was received by the company. All laughed.

"Your pun is very naughty! it 's witty, but it 's unfair," said Anna Pavlovna, in French, threatening him

[1] An untranslatable joke: *pour le roi de Prusse* means *for mere trifles.* — Author's Note.

with her finger. "We do not wage war for *le roi de Prusse*, but for good principles. Oh, this naughty Prince Ippolit," said she.

The conversation had not languished the whole evening, though it had turned principally on political matters. Toward the end of the evening it grew particularly lively on the topic of the rewards bestowed by the emperor.

"Now last year N. N. received a snuff-box, with a portrait," said the man "of the profound mind." "Why should not S. S. receive the same reward?"

"I beg your pardon, a snuff-box with the emperor's portrait is a reward, but not a distinction," said one of the diplomats. "A gift, rather."

"There have been precedents. I will mention Schwartzenberg."

"It's impossible," said the other. "I'll make you a wager. The ribbon is a different thing."

When all got up to leave, Ellen, who had spoken very little all the evening, addressed Boris again, and begged him with the most flattering and significant expression to come to see her the following Tuesday.

"It will be a very great favor to me," said she, with a smile, glancing at Anna Pavlovna, and Anna Pavlovna, with that same melancholy expression which always accompanied her words when she spoke of her august protectress, corroborated Ellen's request.

It seemed that from certain words spoken by Boris that evening concerning the Prussian army, Ellen had suddenly conceived a powerful determination to see him. She practically promised him that when he came, on the following Tuesday, she would tell him what it was that made her wish to see him.

But when, on the Tuesday evening, Boris reached Ellen's salon, he received no explanation that made it plain why he was so anxiously desired to come. There were other guests; the countess talked very little with him, and only on his departure, just as he was kissing her hand, she unexpectedly whispered to him, without any smile, — which was strange for her: —

"Come to-morrow evening to dinner. You really must come!"

Thus with his first visit to Petersburg began Boris's intimacy at the house of the Countess Bezukhaya.

CHAPTER VIII

The war was growing fiercer, and its theater was approaching the Russian frontiers. Everywhere were heard curses against Bonaparte, the enemy of all the human race. In all the villages of the empire, veterans and raw recruits were forming into companies, and from the theater of war came conflicting rumors, usually false, and consequently interpreted in various ways.

The life of the old Prince Bolkonsky, Prince Andreï, and the Princess Mariya had changed in many respects since the year 1805.

In 1806 the old prince was appointed one of the eight commanders-in-chief for the militia, at that time recruiting all over Russia. The old prince, in spite of the weaknesses of age, which had become especially noticeable at the period when he supposed that his son was killed, felt that he had no right to refuse the duty to which he had been called by the sovereign in person, and this new activity into which he entered stimulated and strengthened him. He was constantly engaged in journeying about the three governments intrusted to him; he carried his regulations even to pedantry; he was stern and strict even to cruelty with his subordinates, and he himself looked into the smallest details of his work.

The Princess Mariya had now ceased to recite her lessons in mathematics to her father, and only on mornings when he was at home did she go to his cabinet, accompanied by the wet-nurse and the "little Prince Nikolaï," as his grandfather called him. The baby prince, with his wet-nurse and the old Nyanya Savishna, lived in the apartments which had been occupied by the princess, his mother; and the young

Princess Mariya spent a large portion of the day in the nursery, trying to the best of her ability to take the place of mother to her little nephew. Mlle. Bourienne also apparently felt a passionate love for the child, and the Princess Mariya, often in a spirit of sacrifice, would allow her friend the pleasure of attending the little "angel," as she called her nephew, and playing with him.

Near the altar of the Luisorgorsky church, a chapel had been built to the memory of the little princess, and in the chapel was placed a marble monument brought from Italy, representing an angel with outstretched wings as if about to mount to heaven. The angel's upper lip was lifted a little, as if she were going to smile, and once Prince Andreï and the Princess Mariya, as they came out of the chapel, agreed that the face of the angel reminded them strangely of the face of the departed. But what was still stranger — and this Prince Andreï did not remark to his sister — was that in this expression which the artist had accidentally given to the angel's face, Prince Andreï read those very words of sweet reproach which he had before read on the face of his dead wife: —

"Akh! why have you done this to me?"

Shortly after Prince Andreï's return, the old prince had quarreled with his son and made over to him the large estate of Bogucharovo, situated about forty versts from Luisiya Gorui. Partly on account of the sad recollections associated with Luisiya Gorui, partly because Prince Andreï always felt himself unable to endure his father's idiosyncrasies, and partly also because he felt the need of solitude, he took possession of Bogucharovo, established himself there, and there spent a large part of his time.

Prince Andreï after the battle of Austerlitz had resolutely made up his mind never to go back into the military service again; and, when the war began, and all were obliged to enlist, he, in order to escape active service, accepted a position under his father's command in the recruiting of the militia.

Since the campaign of 1805, the old prince and his son seemed to have exchanged parts; the father, excited by active life, expected all that was good from the campaign; Prince Andreï, on the contrary, not taking any active part in the war, and in the secret depths of his heart regretting it, saw only a dark prospect ahead.

On the tenth of March, 1807, the old prince started on one of his circuits. Prince Andreï, as usual during his father's absences, stayed at Luisiya Gorui. The dear little Nikolushka had not been quite well for several days. The coachman who had driven the old prince to the next town returned and brought documents and letters for Prince Andreï. The valet, carrying the mail, failing to find the prince in his study, went to the Princess Mariya's apartments, but he was not there either. The valet was informed that the prince had gone to the nursery.

"If you please, your illustriousness, Petrusha has come with some documents," said one of the maids employed in the nursery, addressing Prince Andreï, who was sitting in a child's small chair, and with knitted brows and trembling hands was dropping medicine from a bottle into a tumbler half full of water.

"What did you say?" said he, testily; and by an unguarded movement of his trembling hand he poured too many drops into the glass of water. He threw the medicine on the floor and asked for some more water. The maid handed it to him.

In the room stood a child's cradle, two chests, two arm-chairs, a table, a child's table, and the little chair in which Prince Andreï was sitting. The windows were closely shaded, and on the table burned a single candle shaded by a bound volume of music, so that no light might fall on the cradle.

"My dear," said the Princess Mariya, turning to her brother from the cradle by which she was standing, "you had better wait .... until ...."

"Akh! Please be kind enough .... you 're always talking nonsense, and you 're always procrastinating; and see what it has led to now!" said Prince Andreï, in an

angry whisper, with the manifest intention of wounding his sister.

"My dear, truly it would be better not to awaken him; he is asleep now," said the princess, in a supplicating voice.

Prince Andreï got up and went over on tiptoes to the cradle with the glass in his hand.

"Had we really better not wake him?" said he, irresolutely.

"Just as you please; truly, I think so. But just as you think best," said the Princess Mariya, evidently embarrassed and a little ashamed that her opinion was about to rule. She called her brother's attention to the maid who was speaking to him in a whisper.

It was the second night that neither of them had got any sleep on account of watching over the baby, who was suffering from a sharp attack of fever. All this time, since they had felt very little confidence in their own domestic physician, and were expecting one to be sent them from the city, they had disagreed about remedies, the one preferring one thing, the other, another. Suffering from sleeplessness and anxiety, they each blamed the other, and indulged in recriminations which amounted to actual quarrels.

"Petrusha, with documents from your papenka," whispered the maid. Prince Andreï went out.

"The devil take them!" he exclaimed, and after hearing the verbal messages from his father, and taking the envelopes and letters, he went back to the nursery.

"How is he now?" asked Prince Andreï.

"Just the same. We must await the mercy of God. Karl Ivanuitch always declares that sleep is better than any medicine," whispered Princess Mariya, with a sigh.

Prince Andreï went to the child and felt of him. He was very hot.

"The mischief take you and your Karl Ivanuitch!"

He took the glass with the medicine which he had dropped into it, and again approached the cradle.

"André, you ought not," exclaimed the Princess Mariya.

But he scowled wrathfully at her, and at the same time with the look of a martyr, and bent over the baby with his glass. "I insist upon it," said he. "Well, then, you give it to him!"

The Princess Mariya shrugged her shoulders, but obediently took the glass, and, calling the nurse to help, tried to give the child the medicine. The baby screamed and strangled. Prince Andreï, scowling, clasped his hands to his head, left the room, and sat down on a divan in the next room.

The letters were still in his hands. He mechanically opened them and began to read them. The old prince, in his large scrawly hand, sometimes employing abbreviations and quaint archaic words, wrote on blue paper as follows: —

"I have just at this moment received very agreeable news — unless it 's a canard. Benigsen is said to have gained a complete victory over Buonaparte at Eylau. They are wild with delight at Petersburg, and endless rewards have been distributed in the army. Though he 's a German, I congratulate him. I cannot imagine what that nachalnik, Hendrikof, is doing at Korchevo ; so far no reinforcements or provisions have come from him. Go there as quick as you can and tell him that I will take his head off, if everything is not here within a week's time. I have received additional news about the battle of Eylau through a letter from Petinka ; he took part — it 's all true. When mischief-makers do not meddle, then even a German can beat Buonaparte. They say he is retreating in great disorder. See that you go to Korchevo without delay, and hurry things along."

Prince Andreï sighed and tore open another envelope. This was a closely written letter from Bilibin, filling two sheets. He folded it up without reading it, and again perused the letter from his father, ending with the words: "Go to Korchevo without delay, and hurry things along."

"No, excuse me, I will not go now, when my baby is still sick," he said to himself, and, stepping to the door,

he looked into the nursery. Princess Mariya still stood by the cradle, and was gently rocking the child.

"Yes, what in the name of goodness was that other disagreeable thing that he wrote?" asked Prince Andreï, trying to recall his father's letter. "Oh, yes. Our men have won a victory over Bonaparte, now that I am not there to take part. Yes, yes; he will have a good chance to make sport of me; well, let him if he wants." ....

And he began to read Bilibin's letter, which was in French. He read without understanding half of it, read it simply for the sake of forgetting for the moment what had been painfully and quite too long occupying his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else.

CHAPTER IX

Bilibin was now acting as a diplomatic chinovnik at the headquarters of the army, and though he wrote in French with French jests and phraseology, still he described the whole campaign with genuine Russian fearlessness, not sparing reproaches or sarcasms. He wrote that the discretion imposed upon him by the necessities of diplomacy annoyed him, and that he was glad to have in Prince Andreï an ingenuous correspondent, to whom he was able to pour out all the spleen which had been accumulating in him at the sight of what was going on in the army. This letter was of somewhat ancient date, having been penned even before the battle of Preussisch-Eylau. Bilibin wrote as follows:—

"Since our great success at Austerlitz, my dear prince, I have been, as you may know, constantly at headquarters. I have conceived a decided taste for war, and so much the better for me. What I have witnessed these past three months is beyond belief!

"I will begin *ab ovo*—at the very beginning. The 'enemy of the human race,' as you are well aware, has been attacking the Prussians. The Prussians are our faithful allies, who have only duped us three times within three years. Consequently,

we take up their cause. But it proves that the 'enemy of the human race' pays no attention to our fine speeches, and, in accordance with his rough and untrained nature, flings himself on the Prussians without allowing them to finish their parade, in short meter beats them all hollow — *les rosse à plate coûture* — and makes himself at home in the palace at Potsdam.

"'I have the most earnest desire,' writes the king of Prussia, to Bonaparte, 'that your majesty should be received and treated in my palace as would be most agreeable to you, and I hasten to take all measures to this end that circumstances permit. I only hope that I have been successful.'

"The Prussian generals make it a point of honor to be gracious toward the French and lay down their arms at the first summons.

"The principal officer of the garrison of Glogau, with ten thousand men, asks the king of Prussia what he shall do if he is called upon to surrender. Fact!

"In short, while hoping to make a great impression solely by our military attitude, lo and behold! here we are in for a real war and what is worse, for a war on our own frontiers *avec* and *pour le roi de Prusse!*

"Everything is all ready; we lack only one trifling thing, that is, a general-in-chief. As it has been discovered that the success of Austerlitz might have been more decided, if only the general-in-chief had been older, all the octogenarians have been brought forward, and between Prosorovsky and Kamensky, the preference has been given to the latter. The general comes to us in a kibitka after the style of Suvorof, and is received with acclamations of joy and triumph.

"On the fourth comes the first courier from Petersburg. The mail is brought into the marshal's study, as he likes to do everything personally. I am summoned to help sort the letters and take those addressed to ourselves. The marshal looks on while we work, and waits for the packages addressed to him. We search them over, but there is not one. The marshal becomes impatient and sets to work himself and finds letters from the emperor for Count T., for Prince V., and others. Then lo and behold! he goes off into one of his blue rages. He shoots fire and flames against everybody; he seizes the letters, breaks their seals, and reads those which the emperor has written to others.

"'So that 's the way I am treated! They have no confidence in me! Ah, that 's a fine notion, setting others to watch my

actions! Away with you.' And he writes his famous order of the day to General Benigsen: —

"'I am wounded, and cannot ride on horseback, and consequently cannot command the army. You have taken your defeated *corps d'armée* into Pultusk; there it is exposed, and lacks firewood and provender, and, as you yourself reported last evening to Count Buxhövden, you must devise measures for retiring beyond our frontier; see that this is done to-day.'

"'Owing to all my riding on horseback,' he writes to the emperor, 'I have become galled by the saddle, which, in addition to my former infirmities, entirely prevents me from riding on horseback and commanding such an extensive army, and therefore I have transferred the command to Count Buxhövden, who is next in seniority to myself, giving him the whole charge, and advising him, in case he cannot obtain bread, to move nearer to the interior of Prussia, since only enough bread is left for one day, and some of the regiments have none at all, — according to the reports of the division commanders, Ostermann and Sedmoretsky, — and the peasants, also, have nothing left. And I myself shall remain in the hospital at Ostrolenko until I am well. In offering, most respectfully, this report, I would add that if this army remain another fortnight in its present bivouac, by spring there will not be a single sound soldier left.

"'Permit an old man to retire to the country, since he is now so feeble that he finds it impossible to fulfil the great and glorious duty for which he was chosen. I shall await your all-gracious permission here in the hospital, so as not to play the *rôle* of a clerk instead of commander at the head of the army. Of men like myself there are thousands in Russia.'

"The marshal is vexed with the emperor, and punishes all of us for it. Is n't that logical?

"Thus ends the first act. In those that follow, the interest and the absurdity increase in proper degree. After the marshal's departure, it is discovered that we are in sight of the enemy, and must fight. Buxhövden is commander-general-in-chief by order of seniority, but General Benigsen is not of this opinion; all the more because it is he and his corps who are in sight of the enemy, and he is anxious to profit by the occasion to fight a battle on his own account, '*aus eigene Hand*,' as the Germans say. He does so. This is the battle of Pultusk, which is reported to be a great victory, but which, in my opinion, was no victory at all. We civilians — *nous autres pékins*

— have, as you are well aware, a very wretched habit of making up our own minds in regard to the gain or loss of a battle. The one who retires after the battle is the loser, so we say, and in this respect we lost the battle of Pultusk.

"In short, we retreat after the battle, but we send a courier to Petersburg to carry the news of the victory, and the general refuses to surrender the chief command to Buxhövden, hoping to receive from Petersburg the title of general-in-chief as a reward for his victory.

"During this interregnum, we begin an excessively interesting and original scheme of manœuvers. Our design consists not, as it should have been, in avoiding or attacking the enemy, but solely of avoiding General Buxhövden, who by right of seniority should be our chief. We pursue this plan with so much energy, that even in crossing an unfordable river we burn our bridges to cut off the enemy, who for the nonce is not Bonaparte but Buxhövden. General Buxhövden just misses being attacked and taken by overwhelming forces of the enemy by reason of one of our pretty manœuvers which saves us from him. Buxhövden pursues us, — we sneak away. As soon as he crosses to our side of the river we cross back again. At last our enemy, Buxhövden, catches up with us, and attacks us. The two generals have a quarrel. Buxhövden even goes so far as to send a challenge, and Benigsen has an attack of epilepsy.

"But at the critical moment the courier who carried the news of our victory at Pultusk returns with our nomination as general-in-chief, and our enemy No. 1 is done for. We can think of No. 2, Bonaparte. But what do you suppose? Just at this moment there rises before us a third enemy, the *pravoslavnoye*, — the orthodox army, — loudly clamoring for bread, for meat, for *sukhari*,[1] for hay, and what not! The stores are empty; the roads impassable. The orthodox troops set themselves to marauding, and in a way of which the last campaign would not give you the slightest notion. Half of the regiments form themselves into freebooters, scouring the country and putting everything to fire and sword. The natives are ruined, root and branch; the hospitals are overflowing with sick, and famine is everywhere. Twice the headquarters have been attacked by troops of marauders, and the general-in-chief has himself been obliged to ask for a battalion to drive them off. In one of these attacks my empty trunk and my dressing-gown was carried off. The emperor has consented to grant all the division

[1] Biscuits, hardtack.

chiefs the right to shoot the marauders, but I very much fear that such a course would oblige one half of the army to shoot the other half."

Prince Andreï at first read with his eyes alone, but gradually, in spite of himself, what he was reading — in spite of the fact that he was well aware of how far Bilibin was to be trusted — began to absorb him more and more. Having read thus far he crumpled up the letter and threw it aside. It was not what he had read in the letter that moved his indignation, but rather the fact that the life there, so remote and foreign to him now, had still the power to stir him. He closed his eyes, rubbed his forehead with his hand, as if to drive away all recollection of what he had been reading — and listened to what was going on in the nursery.

Suddenly it seemed to him that he heard a strange sound there. A great fear came over him; he was afraid that something might have happened to his baby while he was reading the letter. He went to the nursery door on his tiptoes, and opened it.

As he went in, he noticed that the nurse, with a frightened face, was hiding something from him, and the Princess Mariya was no longer by the cradle.

"My dear," he heard behind him, in his sister's frightened voice, as it seemed to him. As often occurs after long wakefulness and keen emotion, a causeless panic came over him; he imagined that the child was dead. All that he heard and saw seemed to confirm his fear.

"It is all over," he said to himself, and a cold sweat stood out on his brow. He went to the cradle in great apprehension, firmly convinced that he should find it empty, that the nurse-girl was hiding his dead baby! He drew the curtains aside, and it was some time before his frightened, wandering eyes could find the child. At last he saw him. The little one, all rosy, lay sprawled out across the cradle, with his head lower than the pillow, and was smacking his lips in his sleep and breathing regularly.

Prince Andreï was delighted to see the child so, when he was already beginning to think that he had lost him. He bent over, and, as his sister had instructed him, felt with his lips whether the baby's fever had gone. The sweet brow was moist; he passed his hand over the little head, and the soft hair was also moist, the baby was in such a perspiration! Not only was the baby not dead, but he was aware now that the crisis had passed, and that he was better. He felt a strong inclination to snatch up this helpless little creature and press him to his heart; but he dared not do so. He stood over him, looking at his head, and at his little arms and feet, which had thrown off the coverings. He heard a rustling behind him, and thought he saw a shadow outlined on the curtain of the cradle. But he did not look around, but gazed into the baby's face, still listening to his regular breathing. The dark shadow was the Princess Mariya, who, with noiseless steps, came to the cradle, lifted the curtain, and dropped it after her. Prince Andreï, without looking around, recognized her, and stretched out his hand to her. She pressed his hand.

"He is in a perspiration," said Prince Andreï.

"I had gone out to tell you."

The baby stirred a little in his sleep, smiled, and rubbed his forehead against the pillow. Prince Andreï looked at his sister. The Princess Mariya's lustrous eyes in the subdued twilight of the curtains gleamed more than usually bright with happy tears. She leaned over to her brother and kissed him, slightly catching her gown in the material of the curtain. Each made the other a warning gesture, and stood quiet for a moment under the faint light of the curtain, as if they wished still to remain in that world in which they were shut off from all the rest of the universe. Prince Andreï was the first to move away from the cradle, getting his head entangled in the muslin of the curtain as he did so.

"Yes, that is all that is left me now," said he, with a sigh.

CHAPTER X

SHORTLY after his reception into the Masonic brotherhood, Pierre, with full written instructions given him for his guidance in managing his estates, reached the government of Kief, where the larger number of his serfs were to be found.

When he reached Kief, he summoned all his overseers, and explained his intentions and desires. He told them that measures would be immediately taken for the unconditional emancipation from servitude of all his serfs; that till this were done the peasants must not be constrained to hard work, that the women and children must not be required to work at all; that assistance was to be freely rendered the peasantry; that corporal punishments were not to be employed, but reprimands; and that on each of his estates, hospitals, asylums, and schools were to be established.

Some of the overseers — and in the number were half-educated *ekonoms*, or stewards — listened with dismay, supposing that the young count's speech meant that he was dissatisfied with their management, or had discovered how they had been embezzling his funds. Others, after their first panic, found amusement in Pierre's thick, stumbling speech, and the new words which they had never before heard; a third set found simply a certain sense of satisfaction in hearing their barin talk; a fourth, and these were the sharpest, and at their head the chief overseer, perceived from this talk how it behooved them to manage with their barin, in order to subserve their own ends.

The chief overseer expressed great sympathy in Pierre's proposed plans; but he remarked that, over and above these reforms, it was indispensable to make a general investigation of his affairs, which were in a sufficiently unfortunate state.

In spite of Count Bezukhoï's enormous wealth at the time when Pierre entered upon his inheritance — and it was said that he had an income of five hundred thousand

rubles a year — he felt himself much poorer than when he received an allowance of ten thousand a year from his late father. He had a general dim idea that his expenses were somewhat as follows: interest to the "Society," [1] about eighty thousand rubles, on all his possessions; about thirty thousand stood him for the maintenance of his house in Moscow, and his pod-Moskovnaya, and the support of the three princesses; about fifteen thousand went in pensions; as much more to various charitable institutions; one hundred and fifty thousand were put down for support of the countess; about seventy thousand went in interest on his debts; the building of a church which he had begun two years before cost him about ten thousand a year; the rest, not far from one hundred thousand, was expended, he himself knew not how, and almost every year he found himself obliged to borrow. Moreover, each year his chief overseer had written to him about fires, about bad harvests, about the necessity of building new factories and works. And thus Pierre was at the very first confronted by what he had not the slightest taste or capacity for, the settlement of his affairs.

Pierre each day spent some time with his chief overseer in this business; but he was conscious that his efforts did not advance his interests a single step. He was conscious that his efforts were wasted on this business, that they did not have the slightest influence on his affairs, and were not calculated to help him on with his schemes. On the one hand, his head overseer pictured his affairs in the gloomiest colors, pointing out to Pierre the absolute necessity of paying his debts and undertaking new enterprises with the labor of his peasantry, a thing to which Pierre refused to listen; on the other hand, Pierre insisted on the project of emancipating his serfs, but to this the overseer opposed the imperious necessity of first paying the mortgage held by

[1] *Opekunsky Sovyét*, Orphan's Aid Society, the famous bank supported by the State, that loaned money on land and personal property, including serfs.

the Society, and consequently the impossibility of accomplishing the business rapidly.

The overseer did not say that this was absolutely impossible; he proposed, for bringing this about, the selling of certain forests in the government of Kostroma, some river lands, and an estate in the Crimea. But all these operations proposed by the overseer entailed complicated legal proceedings, replevins, permits, licenses, and so forth, so that Pierre quite lost his wits, and merely said, "Yes, yes, do so, then."

Pierre was not possessed of that practical bent for business which would have enabled him to grasp the whole matter immediately, and consequently he disliked it all, and merely pretended to take an interest in it in the overseer's presence. The overseer, on his side, pretended to consider all these efforts advantageous for the proprietor, and troublesome for himself.

In the large city of Kief, the capital of the province, Pierre had some acquaintances; those whom he did not know made haste to pay their respects to him, and gladly welcomed the millionaire, the largest landowner of the whole government. The temptations that assailed Pierre in his principal weakness — as he had confessed at the time of his entrance into the lodge — were also so powerful that he could not resist them. Again, whole days, weeks, months, of his life sped away constantly occupied with parties, dinners, breakfasts, balls, just as it had been in Petersburg, so that he had no time whatever for serious thoughts. Instead of the new life which he had hoped to lead, he still went on with the same old routine, only in different surroundings.

Of the three obligations of Freemasonry, Pierre acknowledged that he was not fulfilling the one that enjoined upon every Mason to be a model of moral living; and of the seven precepts of virtue, two he had not taken to heart, — virtuous living and love for death. He comforted himself with the thought that he was fulfilling one of the other obligations, the reformation of the human race, and that he possessed the other virtues, love of his neighbor, and particularly generosity.

In the spring of the year 1807 Pierre determined to return to Petersburg, making on his way a visit to all of his possessions, so as to assure himself as to what had been done toward carrying out his orders, and personally to learn in what condition lived the peasantry intrusted to him by God, and whom he was striving to benefit.

His head overseer, who considered all of the young count's ideas as perfectly chimerical, — disadvantageous for himself, for him, for the peasants themselves, — had made some concessions. Though he still represented that the emancipation of the serfs was an impossibility, he had made arrangements for the extensive erection, on all the estates, of schools, hospitals, and asylums, against the coming of the barin; everywhere he made arrangements for receptions, not, to be sure, on a sumptuous and magnificent scale which he knew would displease the young count, but rather semi-religious and thanksgiving processions, with sacred images and the traditional *khlyeb-sol*, — or bread and salt, — the Russian symbol of hospitality; such demonstrations, in fact, as he was certain from his knowledge of his barin's character would deeply touch him and delude him.

The southern spring, the comfortable, rapid journey in his Vienna calash, and the lonely roads had made a most pleasant impression on Pierre. These estates, none of which he had ever seen before, were each more picturesque than the other; the peasantry everywhere appeared prosperous and touchingly grateful to him for the benefits which he was heaping upon them. Everywhere they met him with processions and receptions, which, though they embarrassed him, filled his heart with a pleasant sensation.

In one place, the peasants brought him the khlyeb-sol and a holy picture of Peter and Paul, and besought his permission to add, at their own expense, in honor of his name-day and as a sign of their love and gratitude to him for the benefits conferred upon them, a new chantry to the church.

In another place he was met by women with children

at the breast, who thanked him for freeing them from hard work.

On a third estate he was met by a priest carrying a cross and surrounded by children, to whom, through the count's liberality, he was teaching reading and religion.

On all his estates he saw with his own eyes the massive stone foundations of edifices for hospitals, schools, and almshouses, building or almost built, and ready to be opened in a short time. Everywhere Pierre saw from the accounts of his overseers that enforced labor had been greatly reduced from what it had been, and he listened to the affecting expressions of gratitude from deputations of serfs in their blue kaftans.

But Pierre had no knowledge of the fact that where he had been met with the bread and salt, and where they were building the chantry of Peter and Paul, it was a commercial village where a *yarmarka*, or annual bazaar, was held on Saint Peter's day; that the chantry had been begun long before by some well-to-do muzhiks of the village, the very ones in fact who came to meet him, while nine-tenths of the peasants of this same village lived in the profoundest destitution.

He did not know that in consequence of his order to cease employing nursing women at work on his fields, these very same women were forced to do vastly harder work on their own lots of communal land. He did not know that the priest who came to meet him with his cross oppressed the muzhiks with his exactions, and that the pupils who accompanied him were placed with him at the cost of tears, and were often ransomed back by their parents for large sums of money.

He did not know that the edifices built, according to his plan, of stone were the work of his own laborers, and greatly increased the forced service of his serfs, which was really diminished only on paper.

He did not know that where the overseers pointed out to him on the books the reduction of the serfs' *obroks*, or money payments, by one-third, the consequence was that an amount corresponding was added to the forced labor of the peasantry.

And so Pierre was in raptures over his tour among his estates, and he fell back fully into that philanthropical frame of mind in which he had left Petersburg, and he wrote enthusiastic letters to his "preceptor-brother," as he called the Grand Master.

"How easy it is, how little strength it requires, to do so much good," said Pierre to himself. "And how little we trouble ourselves about it!"

He was happy over the gratitude, but felt mortified to be the recipient of it. This gratitude made him think how very much more he might have easily done for these simple-hearted, kindly people.

The chief overseer, a thoroughly obstinate and wily man, perfectly comprehending the intelligent but innocent young count, and playing with him as with a toy, when he saw the effect produced upon him by the receptions that he had himself so skilfully arranged, approached him all the more resolutely with arguments for the impossibility, and, above all, the uselessness, of emancipating the serfs, who were perfectly happy and contented as they were.

Pierre in the depths of his soul agreed with the overseer that it would be hard to imagine people more happy and contented, and that God only knew what would happen to them if they had their freedom; but still, though against his better judgment, he insisted upon what he felt was only justice.

The overseer promised to do all in his power to carry out the count's desires, clearly comprehending that the count would never be in a position to assure himself whether all his plans for the disposal of his forests and other lands for the sake of redeeming his mortgages to the Society had been carried out, or would ever ask or know how his costly edifices would stand empty, and the peasants would continue to contribute their labor and money, just the same as they did on other estates, that is, the utmost that they could give.

CHAPTER XI

On his return from his southern journey, in the happiest frame of mind, Pierre carried out his long-cherished purpose of going to make a visit to his old friend Bolkonsky, whom he had not seen for two years.

Bogucharovo was situated in the midst of a flat and uninteresting region, diversified with fields and forests of birch and evergreens, cleared and uncleared. The *barsky dvor*, or proprietor's place, was situated at one end of the straggling village which extended along on both sides of the straight highway. In front was a pond, recently dug and filled with water, though the grass had not yet had a chance to grow on the banks around; the house stood in the midst of a young grove, some of the trees of which were pines and firs.

The *barsky dvor* consisted of a granary and threshing-floor, the house-servants' quarters, the stable, a bath-house, and the wings of a great stone mansion, the semicircular façade of which was building. Around the house a young garden was planted. The fences were strong and the paths were new; under a shed stood two fire-engines and a barrel, painted a vivid green. The paths were straight, the bridges were well built and had railings. Everything bore the impress of extreme care and good management.

The house-serfs who met Pierre, in answer to his question where the prince lived, pointed to a small building standing at the very edge of the pond. Prince Andreï's old body-servant, Anton, helped Pierre down from the calash, told him that the prince was at home, and led him into a neat little anteroom.

Pierre was struck by the modesty of this diminutive, though scrupulously clean, little house, after the brilliant conditions of existence in which he had last seen his friend in Petersburg. He hurriedly went into a small hall, smelling of pine and not even plastered, and was about to go farther, but Anton preceded him on his tiptoes and knocked at the door.

"Now who's there?" was the reply, in a harsh, forbidding voice.

"A visitor," replied Anton.

"Ask him to wait;" and the noise of a chair pushed back was heard. Pierre went with swift steps to the door and met Prince Andreï face to face, as he came out, frowning and looking older than his years.

Pierre threw his arms around him, pushing up his spectacles, kissed him on the cheeks, and looked at him closely.

"Well, this is a surprise; very glad to see you," said Prince Andreï. Pierre said nothing; he was gazing at his friend in amazement, not taking his eyes from him. He was struck by the change that had taken place in Prince Andreï. His words were affectionate; there was a smile on his lips and face, but his eyes were dim and lifeless, in spite of his evident desire to make them seem to have a joyous and lively light. His friend was not so much disturbed that he had grown thinner and paler, but this expression of his eyes and the frown on his brow, the evidence of long-continued concentration on some one painful topic, amazed and estranged Pierre, who was not used to see him so.

As usual, on meeting after a long separation, it took some time to get the conversation into running order; they asked and answered various questions briefly in regard to things which both knew they should have to talk about afterward at length. At last they began to settle down a little more on what they had already touched upon, what had taken place in the past, and their plans for the future, about Pierre's journey, his undertakings, the war, and other topics.

That concentration and lifelessness which Pierre had already remarked in Prince Andreï's eyes was now expressed still more noticeably in the smile with which he listened to Pierre, especially when he spoke with animation of the past or the future.

It seemed as if Prince Andreï were trying, but without success, to feel an interest in what he said. Pierre was beginning to feel that it was in bad taste in Prince

Andreï's presence to speak of his enthusiasms, dreams, hopes of happiness, and of doing good. He was ashamed to tell about his new notions concerning Freemasonry, which had been especially renewed and excited during the latter part of his journey, He restrained himself for fear of seeming naïve; at the same time he had an irresistible desire to tell his friend as soon as possible that now he was an entirely different and much better man than he had been when he had known him in Petersburg.

"I cannot tell you what I have lived through since then. I should not know myself."

"Yes, yes, we have changed much since that time," said Prince Andreï.

"Well, and you," asked Pierre; "what are your plans?"

"Plans!" repeated Prince Andreï, in an ironical tone; "my plans!" he repeated again, as if he were astonished at such a word, "you can see for yourself, I am building; I intend next year to come here for good."....

Pierre said nothing, but still looked attentively at Prince Andreï's aged face.

"No, I wanted to ask," said he, but Prince Andreï interrupted him.

"But what is the use of talking about me? — Tell me, oh, yes, tell me about your journey, — all about what you expect to accomplish on your estates."

Pierre began to tell him what he had been doing for his peasantry, trying to conceal, as far as possible, his own part in the improvements made.

Prince Andreï several times finished Pierre's description for him, as if all that Pierre had done were an old story; and he seemed to listen, not only without interest, but even as if he felt ashamed at what Pierre told him. Pierre began to feel awkward and uncomfortable in his friend's society. He stopped talking.

"Now see here, my dear fellow, — *dusha moya*," said Prince Andreï, who evidently found it just as uncomfortable and irksome in his guest's society, "I am only camping out here, as it were.... came over simply to see

how things were going. I am going back to-night to my sister's. If you will go back with me, I'll introduce you to her. Oh, but I think you know her," he added, evidently trying to think of something to amuse a guest with whom he felt that he had nothing in common; "we will start after dinner. But now would you like to look around my premises?"

They went out and returned to the house in time for dinner, talking of the political news, and of their common acquaintances, like men who cared very little for each other. Prince Andreï spoke with animation and interest only in regard to the new farmhouses and other buildings which he was having constructed; but even here, in the midst of their conversation, and while they were on the scaffolding, and he was describing the projected arrangements of the house, he suddenly paused:

"However, there is nothing very interesting about this; let us go to dinner and then start."

At the dinner-table the talk turned on Pierre's marriage.

"I was very much amazed when I heard about it," said Prince Andreï.

Pierre flushed, as he usually did when it was mentioned, and said hurriedly: —

"I will tell you sometime how it all happened. But you know that it is all over and forever."

"Forever?" queried Prince Andreï, "there is no such thing as forever!"

"But you know, don't you, how it all ended? You heard about the duel?"

"And so you had to go through that, also!"

"There is one thing that I thank God for, and that is that I did not kill that man," said Pierre.

"Why so?" asked Prince Andreï; "to kill a mad dog is a very good thing."

"No, but to kill a man is not good — not right."

"Why is it not right?" urged Prince Andreï. "It is not for men to judge what is right and wrong. Men have always been in error, and always will be in error, and in nothing more than in what they consider to be right and wrong."

"Wrong is whatever is harmful to our fellow-men," said Pierre, with a sense of satisfaction that now, for the first time since his arrival, Prince Andreï had really brightened up and begun to talk, and was on the way to disclosing what had made him so different from what he used to be.

"And who has ever told you what is harmful for another man?" asked Bolkonsky.

"Harmful! harmful!" exclaimed Pierre, "we all know what that means for ourselves."

"Yes, we know what is bad for ourselves, but that which is bad for myself may not be bad for another man," said Prince Andreï, growing more and more animated. He added in French: "I know of only two real evils in life — remorse and illness. There is nothing good except the absence of these evils. To live for myself, avoiding only these two evils, is at present all my philosophy."

"But how about love for your neighbor, and self-sacrifice?" protested Pierre; "no, I cannot agree with you. It is a very little thing to live merely so as not to do evil, merely to be free from remorse. I have lived in that way; I have lived for myself, and I have wasted my life. And now only that I am living, I mean trying to live, for others" — Pierre corrected himself out of modesty — " only now do I realize the full happiness of life. No, I cannot agree with you; and you yourself do not mean what you say."

Prince Andreï looked silently at Pierre, and smiled satirically.

"Well, you are going to see my sister, the Princess Mariya. You and she will agree," said he. "Maybe you are right as far as you are concerned," he went on to say, after a short silence, "but every one must work out his own life. You have lived for yourself, and declare that you have almost wasted your life by this course, and you have found happiness only when you began to live for others. But my experience has been exactly the opposite. I have lived for glory — and what is glory? Is it not love for others, the desire to

do something for them, the yearning for their applause? And in that way I have lived for others, and have not almost, but wholly, wasted my life. But only since I have begun to live for myself alone, have I begun to feel more satisfied."

"But how can you live for yourself alone?" asked Pierre, growing heated; "there are your son, your sister, your father!"

"Ah, yes; but they are the same as myself, they are not 'other people,'" explained Prince Andreï; "but others, neighbors, *le prochain*, as you and the Princess Mariya express it, — they are the chief fountain-head of error and evil. *Le prochain*, your neighbor, is, for instance, those Kief muzhiks of yours, whom you are trying to load with benefits."

And he looked at Pierre with a provokingly satirical expression. It evidently provoked Pierre.

"You are jesting," said Pierre, who was constantly growing more and more excited; "how can there be error and evil in what I have desired — the accomplishment has been very trifling and wretched; but I mean in what I have desired to do in the way of benefiting them, and have accomplished in some small measure? What possible evil can there be in poor men, like our muzhiks, men just like ourselves, who grow up and perish without any comprehension of God and right, beyond mere forms and meaningless prayers, being taught the consoling belief in a future life, in rewards and compensations and joys to come? Pray what evil or error is there when men are dying of maladies without succor, and when it is so easy to help them materially, in my giving them medicine and a hospital, and a refuge for old age? And is it not a palpable and unquestionable benefit that when the muzhiks, the nursing women, have no rest either day or night, and I give them leisure and recreation?" said Pierre, stammering in his efforts to talk fast and keep up with his thoughts. "And I have done this, stupidly enough, feebly enough, but at all events I have done something toward it, and you will fail to persuade me either that what I have

done is not good, or that you yourself have any such notion. And above all," proceeded Pierre, "I know and am firmly persuaded that the pleasure of doing good in this way is the only true happiness that life affords."

"Yes, if you propound the question in that way, you make an entirely different one out of it," said Prince Andreï. "I am building a house, I am laying out a garden, and you are erecting hospitals; and some one else might come along and argue that both were a waste of time. But the decision as to what is right and what is good let us leave to Him who knows all things, and not try to decide it for ourselves. But I see that you want to argue the question." He added, "Give it to us, then."

They had left the table and were sitting on a flight of steps which took the place of a balcony.

"Well, let us have the discussion, then," said Prince Andreï. "You speak of schools," he went on to say, bending one finger, "and of education and so on; that is, you wish to take such a man as that" — pointing to a muzhik, who, as he passed by them, pulled off his hat — "and lift him from his animal existence and give him moral necessities; but it seems to me that his only possible happiness is his animal enjoyment, and that you want to deprive him of. I envy him; you want to make him like me. You say another thing: you propose to free him from work, but in my opinion physical labor is for him as much a necessity, as much a condition of his existence, as intellectual labor is for you or me. You cannot help thinking. I go to bed at three o'clock; thoughts crowd in upon me and I keep turning and twisting, and it is morning before sleep comes, and the reason is because I am thinking and cannot help thinking, just as he cannot help plowing and mowing; if he did not he would go to the tavern or make himself ill. Just as I could not endure his terrible physical labor, and should die within a week, so he could not endure my physical idleness; he would grow stout and die. In the third place, — but what was your third point?" Prince Andreï began to double down his third finger.

"Oh, yes, hospitals, medicines. Well, he has a stroke and dies, but you would bleed him, and cure him, and he would drag out a crippled existence for ten years more, a burden to every one. It is far easier and simpler for him to die. Others are born, and there are so many of them to take his place! If it were merely that you were sorry for the loss of a good workman, that would be a different thing, — for that's the way I look at it, but you want to cure him out of mere love for him. And that is not necessary so far as he is concerned; and then, besides, what a delusion it is that medicine ever anywhere cured any one! You might rather call it murder!" said he, frowning with disgust and turning from Pierre.

Prince Andreï expressed his thoughts with such clearness and precision that it was evident he had thought on these questions, and he spoke fluently and rapidly, like a man who has not had for a long time a chance to express his thoughts. His eyes kept growing more and more animated, in proportion as his ideas became pessimistic.

"Akh! this is horrible, horrible!" exclaimed Pierre. "What I cannot understand is how you can live, holding such opinions. Such moments of despair have come to me, but that was long, long ago at Moscow and abroad, but at such times I go down into the depths so that I cease to live; everything is disgusting to me.... myself above all! At such times I do not eat, or wash myself..... Well, is that the way with you?"

"Why should n't I wash myself? It is n't cleanly!" retorted Prince Andreï. "On the contrary, I have to struggle to make my life as agreeable as possible. I am alive and I am not to blame for that, and so it behooves me to make the best of it, not interfering with anybody else until death carries me off!"

"But what on earth induces you to live, cherishing such notions? Do you really intend to sit down doing nothing, without undertaking anything?"

"Even thus, life refuses to let me be in peace! I should be glad enough to do nothing, but here on the

one hand the nobility of the district have done me the honor of electing me their marshal. I barely got out of it. They could not understand that I had not a single qualification for the office, not a bit of that peculiarly good-natured and commonplace indefatigability which is needed for it. And then there is this house which I had to build, so as to have my own little nook where I could be free and easy. And then, again, there is the militia...."

"Why don't you serve in the army?"

"After Austerlitz!" exclaimed Prince Andreï, gloomily. "No, I thank you humbly, but I have vowed that I would never again serve in the Russian army. I would not, even if Bonaparte were here at Smolensk, threatening Luisiya Gorui; no, not even then would I serve in the Russian army. There, now I have told you," proceeded Prince Andreï, growing calmer. "But there is the militia; my father is commander-in-chief of the third district, and the only way that I could avoid joining the army again was to be with him."

"So you are in the service after all?"

"Yes, I am."

He was silent for a little.

"But why are you?"

"This is why. My father is one of the most remarkable men of his age, but he has grown old, and while he is not exactly cruel, he has too active a nature. He is so used to unlimited power that it makes him terrible, and now he has the power granted him by the emperor as commander-in-chief of the militia. If I had been two hours late, a fortnight ago, he would have hanged a registry clerk at Yukhnovo," said Prince Andreï, with a smile, "and so I serve because no one but me has any influence over him, and I often save him from acts which he would be sorry for afterwards."

"Ah, there now, you see!"

"Yes, but it is not as you understand it," retorted Prince Andreï in French. "It was not that I wasted any sympathy on the rascal of a clerk, who had been stealing boots from the militia. As far as he was con-

cerned, I should have been glad enough if he had been hanged; but I should have felt sorry for my father, which is the same thing as for myself."

Prince Andreï was again growing more and more excited. His eyes sparkled with a feverish light, as he tried to prove to Pierre that his action had nothing whatever of philanthropy in it.

"Well, now, look here, you want to free your serfs," he went on to say; "that is a very good thing, but not for you — for you never flogged any one or sent any one to Siberia — and still less advantageous for your peasants. If they are beaten and flogged and sent to Siberia, I imagine it does them no special harm. The peasant leads in Siberia that same cattle-like existence of his, and his scars heal over and he is just as happy as he was before. Now this might be a good thing for those who are morally perishing, who are preparing for themselves an old age of remorse, who try to stifle this remorse and become cruel and severe, for the reason that they have the power of punishing either justly or unjustly. That 's why I pity any one, and in such a case should desire the emancipation of the serfs. Perhaps you have never seen, but I have, — how good men, educated in these traditions of unlimited power, as they grow old and irritable, grow cruel and harsh, and are aware of it and cannot help themselves, and so become ever more and more unhappy."

Prince Andreï said this with so much feeling, that Pierre could not avoid conjecturing that these ideas of Prince Andreï's were suggested by his own father. He said nothing in reply.

"And this is what I lament over: human dignity, peace of mind, and purity, and not men's backs and heads, — which, however much they be flogged and shaved, will still remain nothing but backs and heads still."

"No, no, a thousand times no, I never should agree with you!" cried Pierre.

CHAPTER XII

In the afternoon, Prince Andreï and Pierre got into the calash and started for Luisiya Gorui. Prince Andreï occasionally glanced at Pierre and broke the silence with remarks, showing that he was now in the very happiest frame of mind.

Pointing to the fields, he told him about his agricultural improvements.

Pierre preserved a moody silence, replied in monosyllables, and seemed to be immersed in his thoughts.

Pierre felt that Prince Andreï was unhappy, that he was deluding himself, that he was ignorant of the true light, and that it was his duty to come to his aid, to enlighten him, and lift him up. But as soon as Pierre tried to think what and how he should speak, he was seized with the consciousness that Prince Andreï, by a single word, by a single argument, might destroy everything in his teaching, and he was afraid to begin; he was afraid of exposing to the possibility of ridicule the beloved Ark of his convictions.

"No, but why do you think so?" suddenly began Pierre, lowering his head, and taking the aspect of a bull about to charge. "Why do you think so? You have no right to think so!"

"To think how?" asked Prince Andreï, in amazement.

"About life, about man's destiny. It cannot be. I used to think exactly the same way, and do you know what saved me? — Freemasonry! No, don't smile! Freemasonry is not a religious, a ceremonial sect, as I once supposed, but it is something much better, it is the one expression of the best, of the eternal, in humanity."

And Pierre began to expound Freemasonry to Prince Andreï as he understood it.

He declared that Freemasonry was the doctrine of Christianity freed from political and religious bonds, the doctrine of equality, fraternity, and love.

"Our sacred brotherhood only has a practical conception of life; everything else is visionary," said Pierre.

"You must comprehend, my friend, that outside of this fraternity everything is full of falsehood and deception, and I agree with you that for an intelligent and good man nothing is left except to live out his life as you do, merely striving not to interfere with any one. But once adopt our fundamental principles, join our confraternity, come with us heart and soul, allow yourself to be guided, and you will immediately perceive, just as I did, that you are a part of a tremendous, invisible chain, the beginning of which is hidden in heaven," said Pierre.

Prince Andreï, silently looking straight ahead, listened to Pierre's discourse. Several times, when, owing to the rumble of the carriage, he failed to catch a word, he asked Pierre to repeat it. Pierre could see, by the unusual gleam in Prince Andreï's eyes and by his silence, that his words were not without effect, that Prince Andreï would not throw ridicule on what he said.

They reached a river which had overflowed its banks, and which had to be crossed by ferry. While they were arranging for the disposition of the calash and horses, the two young men went down on the ferry-boat.

Prince Andreï, leaning his elbows on the railing, looked in silence down along the brimming river, which gleamed under the rays of the setting sun.

"Well, what do you think about it?" asked Pierre. "Why are you so silent?"

"What do I think? I have been listening to what you said; all that is so," said Prince Andreï. "You say 'join our confraternity and we will teach you the purpose of life and the object of man's existence, and the laws that govern the world.' But who are 'we'? Simply men! How do *you* know all that? Why is it that I am the only one that fails to see what you are privileged to see? You see a kingdom of goodness and truth on earth, but I do not see it."

Pierre interrupted him.

"Do you believe in the future life?" he asked.

"In the future life?" repeated Prince Andreï, but Pierre gave him no time to reply, and took for granted that this very repetition of his words was a denial, the

more so because he had of old known Prince Andreï's atheistical convictions.

"You say you cannot see the kingdom of goodness and truth on earth. And I did not see it, and it is impossible to see it, if we look on our life here as the end of all things. On the earth, especially on this earth here," — Pierre pointed to a field, — "there is no truth; it is all lies and evil; but in the universe, in the whole universe, is the kingdom of truth, and now we are the children of the earth, but in eternity we are the children of the whole universe. Do I not feel in my own soul that I constitute a part of this mighty harmonious whole? Do I not have the consciousness that in this enormous, innumerable collection of beings in which Godhead is manifest — Supreme Force, if you prefer the term — that I constitute one link, one step between the lower orders of creation and the higher ones? If I see, clearly see, this ladder which rises from the plant to the man, then why should I suppose that it stops at me, and does not lead higher and ever higher? I know that, just as nothing is ever annihilated in the universe, so I can never perish, but shall always exist, and always have existed. I am conscious that besides myself spirits must exist above me, and that truth is in this universe."

"Yes, that is Herder's doctrine," said Prince Andreï. "But that is not enough to convince me, my dear; but life and death are what convince. You are convinced when you see a being who is dear to you, who is bound to you by sacred ties, toward whom you have done wrong, and have hoped to atone for the wrong," — Prince Andreï's voice trembled and he turned his head away, — "and suddenly this being suffers, is tormented, and ceases to be. Why is it? It cannot be that there is no answer, and I believe that there is one. That is what convinces a man, that is what has convinced me," said Prince Andreï.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Pierre, "and is n't that exactly what I said?"

"No! I only maintain that arguments do not convince one of the necessity of a future life, but this:

when you go through life hand in hand with a companion, and suddenly that companion vanishes, *there, into the nowhere*, and you are left standing by this gulf, and straining your eyes to look into it! And I have looked in!"

"Well, then! You know that there is a *there*, and that there is a *some one*. *There* is the future life. The *some one* is God."

Prince Andreï made no reply. The horses had been long harnessed again into the calash on the other bank, and the ferriage fees paid, and already the sun was half hidden and the evening frost was beginning to skim over the pools by the ferry with crystal stars, and still Pierre and Andreï, to the amazement of the servants, the drivers, and the ferry hands, stood on the ferry-boat talking.

"If there is a God and a future life, then truth must exist, then virtue must exist; and man's highest happiness consists in striving to attain them. We must live, we must love, we must believe," Pierre was saying. "Believe not that we exist for a to-day on this lump of earth, but that we have lived and shall live forever yonder in the Whole" — he pointed to the sky.

Prince Andreï was standing with his elbows resting on the railing of the ferry-boat and listening to Pierre, and, without turning away his eyes, he gazed at the red disk of the sun reflected in the brimming river.

Pierre came to a pause.

It was perfectly still. The boat had long been moored, and only the ripples of the current glided by the bottom of the boat with a faint murmur. It seemed to Prince Andreï that this lapping of the waves corroborated Pierre's words and murmured: —

"It is true; believe it!"

Prince Andreï smiled, and with a radiant, childlike, tender expression looked into Pierre's flushed and enthusiastic face, which, nevertheless, showed that shyness peculiar to him in the presence of a friend of superior attainments.

"Ah, yes! if it were only so," said he. "But let us

be starting," added Prince Andreï, and, as he stepped off the boat, he glanced at the sky, to which Pierre called his attention, and for the first time since Austerlitz he saw those lofty, eternal heavens, which he had looked into as he lay on the battle-field, and something long dormant, something that was the better part of himself, suddenly awoke with new and joyful life in his soul.

This feeling vanished as soon as Prince Andreï fell back again into the ordinary conditions of existence, but he knew that this feeling, though he was unable to develop it, still lived in him. His meeting with Pierre was for Prince Andreï an epoch with which to begin his new life, not indeed to outward sight, which remained unchanged, but in the inner world of his consciousness.

CHAPTER XIII

It was already quite dark when Prince Andreï and Pierre drove up to the principal entrance of the Luisogorsky mansion. Just as they reached there, Prince Andreï, with a smile, called Pierre's attention to the hubbub at the rear doorsteps. An old woman, bending under the weight of a birch-bark sack, and a short man, in black attire and with long hair, seeing the approach of the calash, started to run in through the back gates. Two women were hurrying after them, and all four, gazing at the carriage, hurried up the back stairs in affright.

"Those are some of Masha's 'Men of God,'" said Prince Andreï. "They took us for my father. And this is the only thing in which she dares think of going against his wishes; his orders are to drive these pilgrims out, but she likes to receive them."

"But who are these pilgrims, — 'Men of God,' as you call them?"

Prince Andreï had no time to reply to him. Servants came out to meet them, and he began to ask where the old prince was and how soon he was expected.

The old prince was still in town, but was expected at any time.

Prince Andreï took Pierre to his own chambers, which were always kept in perfect order for his reception in his father's house, and he himself went to the nursery.

"Let us go and find my sister," said Prince Andreï, rejoining Pierre. "I have not seen her yet: she is hidden away somewhere, talking with her 'Men of God.' It will make her very much confused, but you shall see her 'Men of God.' It 's queer, on my word!"

"But who are these 'Men of God'?" asked Pierre again.

"You shall see for yourself."

The Princess Mariya was genuinely confused, and her face blushed in patches when they joined her. In her cozy chamber, with the tapers burning in front of the holy pictures, on the divan behind the samovar, by her side sat a young lad with a long nose and long hair, and dressed in a monastic cassock.

In an arm-chair near by sat a wrinkled, lean old woman, with a sweet expression on her childlike face.

"André, why did n't you let me know?" said she, with gentle reproach, standing up in front of her pilgrims like a hen trying to protect her chicks.

"Charmed to see you. I am delighted to see you," said she to Pierre, still in French, as he stooped to kiss her hand. She had known him as a boy, and now his friendship for Andreï, his unhappiness with his wife, and, above all, his good, simple face, quite won her heart. She looked at him from her lovely lucid eyes, and her expression seemed to say, "I like you very much, but please do not make fun of my friends."

After they had exchanged the first greetings, they sat down.

"Ah, and here is the young Ivanushka," said Prince Andreï, with a smile, indicating the pilgrim lad.

"André!" exclaimed the Princess Mariya, in a beseeching tone.

"You must know that he is a woman," said Prince Andreï to Pierre.

"André, *au nom de Dieu!*" exclaimed the Princess Mariya.

It was evident that Prince Andreï's derisive treatment of the pilgrims and the Princess Mariya's inefficacious defense of them were matters of long standing between them.

"But, my dear girl," said Prince Andrei, "you ought, on the contrary, to be very grateful to me for explaining to Pierre your intimacy with this young man."

"*Vraiment?* Are you in earnest?" asked Pierre, with some curiosity and with perfect seriousness, — and for this the princess was especially grateful to him, — looking over his spectacles at Ivanushka's face, who, perceiving that the talk was concerning him, looked at all of them with cunning eyes.

It was entirely unnecessary that the Princess Mariya should have felt mortified on account of her friends. They were not in the least abashed. The old woman, dropping her eyes, though looking at the newcomers sidewise out of the corners of them, turned her cup bottom side up on the saucer, placed next it the half-gnawed lump of sugar, and sat silent and motionless in her chair, waiting to be asked to have another cup. Ivanushka, drinking out of his saucer, gazed at the young men from under his sly, womanlike eyes.

"Where have you been? To Kief?" asked Prince Andreï of the old woman.

"Yes, father," replied the old woman, who was inclined to be loquacious. "On Christmas day I was deemed worthy to partake of the holy sacrament with the saints. But just now I come from Kolyazin, father; a great blessing has been vouchsafed there...."

"Tell me, has Ivanushka been with you?"

"No, I have been all by myself alone, benefactor," said Ivanushka, striving to make his voice bass. "It was only at Yukhnovo that Pelageyushka and I met...."

Pelageyushka interrupted her companion; she was evidently anxious to tell what she had seen.

"In Kolyazin, father, a great blessing has been shown."

"What was that? New relics?" asked Prince Andreï.

"Come, do stop, Andreï," said the Princess Mariya. "Don't you tell him, Pelageyushka!"

"I o.... but why not, mother, why should n't I tell him? I love him. He is good; he is one of the God's elect, he gave me ten rubles once .... he is my benefactor .... I remember it very well. When I was in Kief, Kiriyusha the Foolish .... he's truly a man of God, he goes barefoot winter and summer .... said to me, 'What makes you wander round out of your own place,' says he to me; says he, 'Go to Kolyazin, there is a wonder-working ikon; the Holy Mother of God has manifested herself there.' So I said good-by to the saints, and I went there."....

No one interrupted; the old woman alone, in her monotonous voice, spoke, occasionally stopping to get her breath.

"I went there, my father, and the people there said to me, 'A great blessing has been vouchsafed to us. Holy oil has trickled down from the cheeks of the Holy Mother of God.'"....

"Well, that will do, that will do; you can tell the rest by and by," said the Princess Mariya, blushing.

"Let me ask a question of her," broke in Pierre. "Did you see it with your own eyes?" he asked.

"Indeed, I did, father; I myself was deemed worthy. Such brightness in her face, like light from heaven, and from the Virgin's cheeks it trickled and trickled."....

"But see here, that was a fraud," was Pierre's naïve comment, after listening with all attention to her story.

"Akh! Father, what do you say?" exclaimed Pelageyushka, in a tone of horror, turning to the Princess Mariya for protection.

"That's the way they deceive the people," he reiterated.

"Oh, our Lord Jesus Christ!" exclaimed the old woman, crossing herself. "Okh! don't say such a thing, father. And that's the way a certain anaral" — she meant to say general — "was an unbeliever; he used to say, 'The priests deceive.' Yes, and he was

took blind in consequence. And he dreamed that the *Matushka Petchorskaya*[1] came to him and says: 'Believe in me and I will cure you.' And so he began to beg them: 'Take me, oh take me to her.' And I tell you this as gospel truth — I see it with my own eyes. They took him, stone-blind as he was, straight to her; he fell on his knees, and says to her: 'Heal me, I will give thee,' says he, 'what the Tsar gave me.' And, father, I myself seen the star on her, just as he gave it to her. And so he got back his sight. It's a sin to speak so! God will punish you," said she, admonishingly, to Pierre.

"How did the star look on the holy picture?" asked Pierre.

"And did they promote the Virgin to be a general?" asked Prince Andreï, smiling.

Pelageyushka suddenly turned pale and clasped her hands.

"Oh, father, father! What a sin! And you with a son!" Her face flushed again. "Lord forgive him! Matushka, what does this mean?" she asked, turning to the Princess Mariya.

She arose, and almost weeping, began to pick up her bag. It was evident that it was both terrible and shameful to her to take advantage of benefactions in a house where such things could be said, and yet she regretted that it was now necessary for her to deprive herself of them.

"Now what amusement can you find in this?" asked the Princess Mariya. "Why did you come to my room?"

"No, Pelageyushka, I was only joking," said Pierre. "*Princesse, ma parole*, I didn't mean to hurt her feelings. It was only my way. Don't have such an idea; I was only joking," he repeated, smiling timidly, and anxious to smooth over his offense. "You see, I was only in fun, and he was, too."

The old Pelageyushka paused in doubt, but Pierre's

[1] The *matushka*, little mother (that is, the Virgin), of the Petchorsky monastery, or Monastery of the Catacombs, at Kief.

face showed such sincere repentance, and Prince Andreï looked now at her and now at Pierre with such a gentle expression, that she gradually recovered her confidence.

CHAPTER XIV

The pilgrim woman soon recovered confidence again, and, returning to her favorite theme, gave a long account of Father Amfilokhi, who was such a holy man in his life that his "dear little hands" smelled of incense, and how her friends the monks, during her last pilgrimage to Kief, had given her the keys to the catacombs, and how she, taking only some little buscuits — *sukhariki* — had spent forty-eight hours in them with the saints.

"I pray before one, I worship, and then I go to another. Then I take a nap and go and kiss the other relics, and oh, matushka, such peace, such blessed comfort — never did I want to come up into God's world again!"

Pierre listened to her with an attentive and serious expression. Prince Andreï left the room, and the Princess Mariya, leaving her "God's people" to finish drinking their tea, invited Pierre into the drawing-room.

"You are very kind," said she.

"Akh! truly I did not mean to offend her! I appreciate and prize so dearly such feelings."

The Princess Mariya looked at him without speaking, and a gentle smile played over her lips.

"I have known you a long time, and I feel as if you were my own brother," said she. "How do you find Andreï?" she asked hastily, not giving him time to respond to her affectionate words. "I feel very solicitous about him. In the winter his health was better, but this spring his wound opened again, and the doctor said that he ought to go away and be treated. And I am very apprehensive about his mental condition. His nature is so different from us women, and he cannot ease his grief by a good fit of crying. He carries it in

his heart. To-day he is jolly and full of life; but that is caused by your visit. He is rarely so. If you could only persuade him to go abroad. He needs activity, and this quiet, monotonous life is killing him. Other people don't notice it, but I see it."

At ten o'clock the servants rushed to the doorsteps, hearing the harness-bells of the old prince's carriage. Prince Andreï and Pierre also hastened to meet him.

"Who is this?" asked the old prince, as he got out of the carriage and caught sight of Pierre.

"Ah! I am very glad! Kiss me!" he cried, as soon as he learned who the young stranger was. He was in excellent spirits, and treated Pierre in the most friendly way.

Before supper, Prince Andreï, returning to his father's cabinet, found him in a hot discussion with Pierre. Pierre argued that the time was coming when there would be no more war. The old prince in a bantering but not angry tone maintained the opposite.

"Drain all the blood from men's veins and pour in water instead, and then you will have an end of war! Old women's drivel! old women's drivel!" he exclaimed, but still he affectionately tapped Pierre on the shoulder as he went over to the table where Prince Andreï had taken a seat, evidently not caring to enter the discussion, and was glancing over the papers which his father had brought from the city. The old prince went to him and began to talk with him about business.

"Count Rostof, the marshal, has not furnished half his quota, and when I got to town, he actually conceived the notion of asking me to dinner — I gave him an answer that settled him! But just look at this! Well, brother," said Nikolaï Andreyitch, addressing his son, but patting Pierre on the shoulder, "your friend is a fine young man, I like him very much. He warms me up. Many another has clever things to say, but you don't care to hear it. But this one succeeds in warming me up though I am an old man. Well, go on, go on," he added. "Maybe I'll come and sit down to supper with ye. I'd like another discussion. Make

yourself agreeable to my little goose, the Princess Mariya," he shouted after Pierre through the door.

During this visit to Luisiya Gorui, Pierre for the first time appreciated the real strength and charm of his friendship with Prince Andreï. This charm was manifested not so much by his relations with Andreï himself, as it was with all his relatives and the inmates of the house. Pierre felt that he was received on the footing of an old friend, both by the stern old prince and the sweet, shy Princess Mariya, neither of whom he had ever really known. Both of them soon grew to be very fond of him. The Princess Mariya, whose heart was won by his genial treatment of her pilgrim friends, looked at him from her big, lucid eyes, and even the little "yearling Prince Nikolaï," as his grandfather called him, smiled at Pierre and liked to go to him. Mikhaïl Ivanuitch and Mlle. Bourienne looked at him and smiled pleasantly while he talked with the old prince.

The old prince came down to supper; this was evidently on Pierre's account. During the two days of his visit at Luisiya Gorui, he treated him in the most flattering way, and often sent for him to come to his own room.

After Pierre had gone, and all the members of the family met, they began to express their opinions of him, as is always the case after the departure of a new acquaintance; but, as is rarely the case, they all agreed in saying pleasant things of him.

CHAPTER XV

Rostof, getting back from his furlough, for the first time felt and realized how strong were the ties that bound him to Denisof and all his regiment.

When he went back to his regiment he experienced a sensation analogous to that which came over him on his return to his home on the Pavarskaya. When he saw the first hussar of his regiment, with unbuttoned uni-

form, when he recognized the red-headed Dementyef, when he caught sight of the roan horses picketed, when Lavrushka joyfully shouted to his barin: "The count has come," and the tattered Denisof, who had been having a nap, came running out from his earth-hut and threw his arms around him, and the officers all came out to greet him, Rostof felt very much as he did when his mother and father and sister welcomed him home; tears of joy filled his throat and choked his utterance.

The regiment was also his home, and as sweet and dear to him as the home of his childhood.

After reporting to the regimental commander and being assigned to his old squadron, after taking his turn as officer of the day and forage purveyor, after getting into the current of all the small interests of the regiment, and coming to a realizing sense that he was now deprived of his freedom, and was confined to a narrow and rigid routine, — Rostof felt the same sense of restfulness, the same moral support, and the same consciousness of being at home, in his proper place, as he had felt while under the paternal roof-tree. There was nothing more of that mad confusion of the outside world in which he found himself out of place and often engaged in questionable actions; there was no Sonya, with whom he ought or ought not to come to an explanation; there was no choice offered him of going somewhere or not going somewhere; there were no longer those twenty-four hours which had to be filled with so many varied occupations; there was an end to that innumerable throng of people whose presence or absence was a matter of indifference to him; there was an end to those obscure and indefinable pecuniary relations with his father; an end to his recollections of those terrible losses to Dolokhof!

Here in the regiment all was open and simple. All the world was divided into two unequal divisions: one was "our" Pavlograd regiment, and the other — all the rest. And he had nothing whatever in common with this rest. In the regiment everything was known: who was lieutenant, who was captain, who was a good fel-

low, who was a rascal, and above all, who was his messmate. The sutler sold on credit, the pay was given quarterly. There was no necessity for thought or decision, provided only that one did nothing that was considered dishonorable in the Pavlograd regiment; but fulfil your duty, do what is commanded you in clear, explicit, and unmistakable language, and all will be well.

Coming back again to these explicit conditions of army life, Rostof felt a sense of comfort and satisfaction analogous to that experienced by a weary man when he lies down to rest. To Rostof his army life was all the more agreeable during this campaign from the fact that after his losses from his gambling with Dolokhof — an action which he could not forgive, in spite of the forgiveness of his relatives — he made up his mind to serve, not as formerly, but in such a way as to atone for his fault, to be scrupulously faithful, to prove himself a thoroughly admirable comrade and officer, in other words, a "fine man." This might seem quite too hard were he "in the world," but was quite possible in the regiment.

He had also determined, ever since the time of his gambling escapade, to pay back his debt to his parents within five years. They sent him ten thousand rubles a year; now he resolved to take only two, and to apply the remainder to the extinction of the debt.

Our army, after repeated marches and countermarches, with skirmishes at Pultusk and at Preussisch-Eylau, was concentrated in the vicinity of Bartenstein, where they were awaiting the arrival of the emperor and the beginning of a new campaign.

The Pavlograd regiment, belonging to that division of the army which had taken part in the movements of the year 1805, had been recruited to its full quota in Russia, and had arrived too late for these first actions of the campaign. It had been neither at Pultusk nor at Preussisch-Eylau, and now, at the beginning of the second part of the campaign, having united with the acting army, it was detailed to serve under Platof.

Platof's division was acting independently of the army. Several times the Pavlogradsui had taken part in skirmishes with the enemy, captured prisoners, and once even took Marshal Oudinot's baggage. During the month of April, the Pavlogradsui were stationed for several weeks in the vicinity of an utterly dilapidated and deserted German village without stirring from the spot.

It was thawing and cold; the rivers were beginning to break up; the roads were impassable, owing to the mud; for many days no provision had been brought for horses or men. As it seemed an impossibility for transport trains to arrive, the men scattered about among the pillaged and deserted villages in search of potatoes, but even these were scarce.

Everything had been devoured, and all the inhabitants had fled. Those who were left were worse than poverty-stricken; there was indeed nothing to take from them, and even the usually pitiless soldiery oftentimes let them keep the little that they had, instead of appropriating it for themselves.

The Pavlograd regiment had lost only two men, wounded in engagements, but they had lost almost half their numbers from sickness and starvation. Death was so certain if they went into the hospitals, that the soldiers suffering from fevers and swellings, caused by bad food, preferred to keep in the ranks — dragging themselves by sheer strength of will to the front, rather than take their chances in the hospitals.

As spring opened, they began to find a plant just showing above the ground; it resembled asparagus, and for some reason they called it "Mashka's sweetwort," though it was very bitter. They hunted for it all over the fields and meadows, digging it up with their sabers and devouring it, in spite of the injunction not to eat this poisonous plant. Later a new disease broke out among the soldiers, a swelling of the arms, legs, and face, and the physicians attributed it to the use of this root. But, notwithstanding the prohibition, the men of Denisof's squadron eagerly ate "Mashka's sweetwort,"

because for a fortnight they had been trying to subsist on the few remaining biscuits — half-pound rations being dealt out to each man, while the last consignment of potatoes had proved to be rotten and sprouted.

The horses also had been subsisting for a fortnight on thatching-straw taken from the roofs, and had become shockingly emaciated, and, even before the winter was over, covered with tufts of uneven hair.

Yet, in spite of this terrible destitution, officers and men lived just the same as usual. Just as always, though with pale and swollen faces, and in ragged uniforms, the hussars attended to their duties, went after forage and other things, groomed their horses, cleaned their arms, tore the thatch from roofs to serve as fodder, and gathered around the kettles for their meals, from which they got up still hungry, while they joked over their wretched fare and hunger. And just as usual during the hours when they were off duty, the soldiers built big fires, stripped and stood around them steaming themselves, smoked their pipes, sorted and baked their rotten, sprouting potatoes, and told stories about the campaigns of Patyomkin and Suvorof, or legends of Alyosha the Cunning, or of Mikolka Popovitch the Journeyman.

The officers also as usual lived in couples, or in threes, in unroofed and half-ruined houses. The older ones looked after the procuring of straw and potatoes and other means of victualing the men. The younger ones were occupied as usual, some with card-playing (money was plentiful if provisions were not), some with innocent games, — *svaïka*, a kind of ring toss, and quoits or skittles. Little was said about the general course of matters, partly because nothing positive was known, partly because there was a general impression that the war was going badly.

Rostof lived just as before with Denisof, and the friendship that united them was closer than ever since their furlough. Denisof never spoke of Rostof's family, but, by the affectionate friendship manifested by the commander for his subordinate officer, Rostof felt

assured that the old hussar's unfortunate love for Natasha was an additional factor in the strength of his affection.

Denisof evidently tried to send Rostof as rarely as possible on dangerous expeditions, and to shield him, and, after a skirmish or anything of the sort, displayed intense delight to find him safe and sound.

On one of his expeditions Rostof found an old Pole and his daughter with an infant at the breast, in a deserted, ruined village, where he had gone in search of provisions. They were almost naked and starving, and had no means of getting away. Rostof brought them to his lodgings, installed them in his own rooms, and kept them for several weeks, until the old man got well. One of Rostof's comrades, while talking about women, began to make sport of Rostof, declaring that he was the slyest of them all, and that it was no wonder that he did not care to introduce his comrades to the pretty little Polish woman whom he had rescued.

Rostof took the jest as an insult, and, losing his temper, said such disagreeble things to the officer, that Denisof had great difficulty in preventing a duel. When the officer had gone, and Denisof, who knew nothing about what relationship Rostof bore toward the Polish woman, began to upbraid him for his temper, Rostof said: —

"Well, maybe you are right.... she is like a sister to me, and I cannot describe how offensive that was to me. Because .... well, because ...."

Denisof gave him a rap on the shoulder and began swiftly to march up and down the room, not looking at his friend. This was a habit of his at moments of mental excitement.

"What a deucedly fine bweed all those Wostofs are!" he exclaimed, and Rostof noticed tears in his eyes.

CHAPTER XVI

In the month of April the troops were cheered by the news that the sovereign was coming to the army. Rostof did not have the privilege of taking part in the review made by the emperor at Bartenstein, for it happened that the Pavlogradsui were stationed at the advanced posts, a considerable distance in front of Bartenstein. They were established in bivouacs. Denisof and Rostof lived in an earth-hut excavated for them by their soldiers, and covered with boughs and turf.

This earth-hut was constructed as follows, according to a plan much in vogue at that time: a trench three feet and a half wide, a little less than five deep, and about eight long was dug. At one end steps were constructed, and this formed the entry, the "grand staircase"; the trench itself constituted the abode, in which those who were fortunate, as, for instance, the squadron commander, had a board set on posts on the side opposite the entrance; this served as the table. On each side along the trench the earth was hollowed away to half its depth, making a bed and divan. The roof was so constructed that in the middle it was possible to stand erect under it, and one could sit up on the beds by leaning over toward the table.

Denisof, who lived luxuriously, because the men of his squadron were fond of him, had an extra board in the pediment of the roof, and in this board was a broken but mended pane of glass. When it was very cold, coals from the soldiers' fires were brought on a bent piece of sheet-iron and set on the steps in the "reception-room," as Denisof called this part of the hovel, and this made it so warm that the officers, who used to come in great numbers to visit Denisof and Rostof, could sit there in their shirt-sleeves.

In April Rostof happened to be on duty. One morning, about eight o'clock, returning home after a sleepless night, he ordered some coals to be brought, changed his linen, which had been wet through by the rain, went

through his devotions, drank his tea, got thoroughly warmed, put his belongings into order in his own corner and on the table, and, with his face flushed by the wind and the fire, threw himself down on his back, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms for a pillow. He was indulging in pleasant anticipations of the promotion which was likely to follow his last reconnoitering expedition, and was waiting for the return of Denisof, who had gone off somewhere. Rostof was anxious to have a talk with him.

Behind the hut, he heard Denisof's high-pitched voice; he had evidently returned in a bad humor. Rostof went to the "window" to look out and see whom he was berating; he recognized the quartermaster, Topcheyenko.

"I have given you special orders not to let them eat that woot, Mashka's what-you-call-it," cried Denisof. "And here I 've seen it with my own eyes; Lazarchuk was bwinging some in fwom the field."

"I have given the order, your high nobility, but they won't listen to it," replied the quartermaster.

Rostof again lay down on his bed, and said to himself with a feeling of content: "Let him kick up a row and make as much fuss as he pleases; I 've done my work, and now I 'll lie down; it 's first-class!"

He heard Lavrushka, Denisof's shrewd and rascally valet, join his voice to the conversation going on outside the hut. Lavrushka had something to tell about ox-carts laden with biscuits which he had seen as he was going after provisions.

Denisof's sharp voice was again heard behind the hut, and his command, "Second platoon to saddle!"

"What can be up?" wondered Rostof.

Five minutes later, Denisof came into the hut, climbed up with his muddy boots on his bed, lighted his pipe in grim silence, tossed over all his belongings, got out his whip and saber, and started from the hut. In reply to Rostof's question, "Whither away?" he gruffly and carelessly replied that he had something to attend to.

"May God and the soveweign be my judges!" he

exclaimed as he went out, and then Rostof heard the hoofs of several horses splashing through the mud. Rostof did not take any pains to inquire where Denisof had gone. Warm and comfortable in his corner, he soon fell asleep, and it was late in the afternoon when he left the hut.

Denisof had not yet returned. The weather had cleared up bright and beautiful. Near a neighboring hut two officers and a yunker were playing *svaïka*, merrily laughing as they drove the *redki*, or mumblepegs, into the loose, muddy ground. Rostof joined them. In the midst of the game the officers saw a train approaching them; fifteen hussars on emaciated horses followed the wagons. The teams, convoyed by the hussars, approached the picketing station, and a throng of hussars gathered round them.

"There, now, Denisof has been mourning all the time," said Rostof, "and here are provisions after all!"

"See there!" cried the officers. "Won't the men be happy!"

A short distance behind the hussars rode Denisof, accompanied by two infantry officers, with whom he was engaged in a heated discussion. Rostof started down to meet him.

"I was ahead of you, captain," declared one of the officers, a lean little man, evidently beside himself with passion.

"See here! I have told you that I would not weturn 'em!" replied Denisof.

"You shall answer for it, captain; this is violence — to rob an escort of their wagons. Our men have not had anything to eat for two days."

"And mine have not had anything to eat for two weeks," replied Denisof.

"This is highway robbery. You 'll answer for it, my dear sir," repeated the infantry officer, raising his voice.

"What are you bothewing me for! Hey?" screamed Denisof, suddenly losing his temper. "I am the one who is wesponsible, and not you. What is the object

of all your buzzing here? Forward!.... Marsch!" he cried to the officers.

"Very good!" screamed the little officer, not quailing and not budging. "If you insist on pillage, then I...."

"Take yourself off to the devil! Get out of here!" and Denisof rode his horse straight at the officer.

"Very good, very good," reiterated the officer, with an oath, and, turning his horse, he rode off at a gallop, bouncing in his saddle.

"A dog on a fence, a weal dog on a fence," shouted Denisof, as he rode away. This was the most insulting remark that a cavalryman could make to a mounted infantryman. Then as he joined Rostof, he burst into a loud laugh.

"I wescued 'em from the infantwy, I cawied off their 'twansport' by main force," said he. "What! do they think I would let my men pewish of starvation?"

The wagons which had been brought to the hussars were consigned to an infantry regiment, but Denisof, learning through Lavrushka that the "transport" was proceeding alone, had ridden off with his hussars and intercepted it. The soldiers had as many biscuits as they wished, and even enough to share with other squadrons.

The next day the regimental commander summoned Denisof, and, covering his eyes with his spread fingers, he said:—

"This is the way I look at it: I know nothing about it, and I have nothing to do with it; but I advise you to go instanter to headquarters and report this affair to the commissary department, and, if possible, give a receipt for so many provisions received; unless you do, the requisition will be put down to the infantry: the matter will be investigated, and may end badly."

Denisof went straight from the regimental commander's to the headquarters, with a sincere intention of adopting his advice. In the evening he returned to his hut in a condition such as Rostof had never seen his

friend before. He could hardly speak or breathe. When Rostof asked him what the matter was, he only broke out in incoherent oaths and threats, in a weak and husky voice.

Alarmed at Denisof's condition, Rostof advised him to undress, drink some cold water, and send for a physician.

"They are going to twy me for wobbewy—okh! Give me a dwink of water; let 'em twy me, I will beat the waskals evewy time, and I'll tell the empewor. Give me some ice," he added.

The regimental surgeon came in and said that it was absolutely necessary to take some blood from him. He filled a soup-plate with dark blood from Denisof's hairy arm, and then only was he in a condition to tell all that had taken place.

"I get there," said Denisof, telling his story. "'Where is your head man here?' They show me. 'Can't you wait?' 'I have pwessing business; come thirty versts, impossible to wait; let me see him!' Vewy good; out comes the wobber-in-chief, he, too, undertakes to lecture me: 'This is highway wobbewy.' 'A man,' says I, 'is not a wobber, who takes pwovisions to feed his soldiers, but one who fills his own pockets.'—'Will you please keep quiet!' 'Vewy good.' 'Sign a weceipt at the commissioner's,' says he, 'and your affair will take its due course.' I go to the commissioner's. I go in. And there at the table, who do you suppose? No! Guess.... Who has been starving us?" screamed Denisof, gesticulating his wounded arm, and pounding the table with his fist so violently that the board almost split and the glasses on it jumped up. "Telyanin!—'So it's you, is it, who's been starving us? Once before you had your snout slapped for you, and got off cheap at that. Ah! what a.... what a....' and I began to give it to him. I enjoyed it, I can tell you," cried Denisof, angrily and yet gleefully showing his white teeth under his black mustache. "I should have killed him, if they had not sepawated us."

"Here, here, what are you shouting so for? Calm

yourself," said Rostof. "You 've set your arm bleeding again. Wait, it must be bandaged."

They bandaged Denisof's arm, and got him off to bed. The following day he woke jolly and calm.

But at noon, the adjutant of the regiment, with a grave and regretful face, came into Rostof and Denisof's earth-hut, and with real distress served upon Major Denisof a formal document from the regimental commander, who had been called to account for the proceeding of the day before. The adjutant informed them that the affair was likely to assume a very serious aspect, that a court-martial commission had been convened, and that on account of the severity with which just at that time rapine and lawlessness were treated, he might consider himself fortunate if the affair ended with mere degradation.

Those who felt themselves aggrieved represented the affair as in somewhat this way: that after the pillage of the transport, Major Denisof, without any provocation and apparently drunk, had made his appearance before the "commissary," called him a thief, threatened to thrash him, and when he was dragged away, he had rushed into the office, struck two chinovniks, and sprained the arm of one of them.

Denisof, in reply to a fresh series of questions from Rostof, laughed, and said that he thought some one else had been there in that condition; but that all this story was rubbish, fiddle-faddle, that he was not afraid of any court-martials, and that if these villains dared to pick a quarrel with him, he would answer them in a way that they would not soon forget.

Denisof spoke with affected indifference about all the affair; but Rostof knew him too well not to perceive that at heart — though he hid it from the rest — he was afraid of a court-martial, and was really troubled by this affair, which evidently might have sad consequences. Every day, inquiries, summonses, and other documents kept coming to him, and on the first of May he was required to turn over his command to his next in seniority, and appear at the headquarters of the divisions to

make his defense in the matter of pillaging the provision train.

On the evening preceding the day of the trial, Platof made a reconnoissance of the enemy, with two regiments of Cossacks and two squadrons of hussars. Denisof, as usual, went out beyond the lines, in order to make an exhibition of his gallantry. A bullet sent from a French musket struck him in the fleshy upper portion of his leg. Most likely Denisof, in ordinary circumstances, would not have left the regiment for such a trifling wound, but now he profited by this occurrence, gave up his command of the division, and went to the hospital.

CHAPTER XVII

In the month of June occurred the battle of Friedland, in which the Pavlogradsui took no part, and this was followed immediately by an armistice.

Rostof grievously missed his friend, and, as he had not had any news of him since he left the regiment, and was doubly uneasy about his trial and the result of his wound, he took advantage of the armistice and went to the hospital to make inquiries about Denisof.

The hospital was established in a small Prussian village, which had twice been sacked by the Russian and French armies. For the very reason that it was summer, when everything in nature was beautiful, this village, with its ruined roof-trees and fences and its filthy streets, its ragged inhabitants, and the invalid and drunken soldiers wandering about, presented an especially gloomy appearance.

The hospital had been established in a stone mansion with many broken panes and window-frames, and situated in a yard with the remains of a ruined fence. A number of pale-looking soldiers, bandaged and swollen, were walking up and down, or sitting in the sun in the yard.

As soon as Rostof entered the house, he was envel-

oped by the odor of putrefaction and disease. On the doorstep staircase he met the Russian military surgeon, with a cigar in his mouth. The surgeon was followed by a Russian *feldsher* or assistant.

"I can't be everywhere at once," the doctor was saying. "Come this evening to Makar Alekseyevitch's; I 'll be there."

The feldsher asked him some question.

"Eh! do as well as you know how! It does n't make any difference, does it?" The doctor caught sight of Rostof mounting the stairs. "What are you doing here, your nobility?" asked the doctor. "What are you doing here? Because a bullet has n't touched you, do you want to be carried off by typhus, batyushka? This is the house of leprosy!"

"What do you mean?" asked Rostof.

"Typhus, batyushka! It 's death for whoever comes in here. Makeyef," he pointed to his assistant, "Makeyef and I are the only two left to wriggle! Five of our brother doctors have died already. When a new man comes, it 's all up with him in a week," said the doctor, with apparent satisfaction. "The Prussian doctors were invited, but our allies did not like it at all."

Rostof explained his anxiety to find Major Denisof of the hussars.

"I don't know; I don't remember him. You can imagine: I have charge of three hospitals; four hundred sick is too many. It 's a very good thing for benevolent Prussian ladies to send us coffee and lint at the rate of two pounds a month; if they did n't, we should be utterly lost." He laughed. "Four hundred, batyushka! and they send me all the new cases. There are four hundred, are n't there? Hey?" he asked of the feldsher. His assistant looked annoyed. It was evident that he was impatient for the too loquacious doctor to make haste and take his departure.

"Major Denisof," repeated Rostof. "He was wounded at Moliten."

"I think he 's dead. How is it, Makeyef?" asked the doctor, in an indifferent tone, of the feldsher

The assistant simply repeated the doctor's words.

"Tell me, was he a tall, reddish man?" asked the doctor.

Rostof described Denisof's appearance.

"Yes, there was, there certainly was such a person," exclaimed the doctor, seeming to show a gleam of satisfaction. "But that person, I'm sure, must have died; however, I'll make inquiries; I had the lists; you have them, Makeyef, haven't you?"

"The lists are at Makar Alekseyevitch's," replied the feldsher. "But you might inquire in the officers' ward; there you would find out for yourself," he added, turning to Rostof.

"Ekh! you'd better not go," said the surgeon. "You wouldn't like to be kept here!"

Rostof, however, took leave of the surgeon, and begged the feldsher to show him the way.

"Don't you lay the blame on me," shouted the doctor, up from the bottom of the stairs.

Rostof and the feldsher went along the corridor. The hospital odor was so powerful in this dark corridor that Rostof took hold of his nose, and was obliged to pause to collect his strength before he could go farther.

At the right a door opened and a thin, sallow-looking man, on crutches, barefooted, and in his shirt-sleeves, appeared. As he crossed the lintel, he gazed with gleaming, envious eyes at the approaching men. Glancing through the door, Rostof saw that the sick and wounded were lying in the room over the floor, on straw, and on their cloaks.

"May I go in and look?" he asked.

"What is there to see?" replied the officer.

But for the very reason that the feldsher was evidently reluctant to have him go in, Rostof was determined to investigate the soldiers' ward. The effluvium, which he had already smelt in the corridor, was still stronger here. It had also changed somewhat in character: it was sharper, more penetrating, one could be certain that this was the very place where it originated.

In a long room, brilliantly illuminated by the sun, which poured in through the wide windows, lay the sick and wounded in two rows, with their heads to the walls, leaving a passageway between their feet. The most of them were asleep or unconscious, and paid no attention to the visitors. Those who had their senses, either lifted themselves up, or raised their thin, yellow faces, and all, without exception, gazed at Rostof with one and the same expression of hope that help had come, of reproach and envy at seeing another so strong and well.

Rostof went into the middle of the ward, glanced through the half-open doors into the adjoining rooms, and on both sides saw the same spectacle. He paused and silently looked around him. He had never expected to see such a thing. In front of him, almost across the narrow passageway, lay, on the bare floor, a sick man, apparently a Cossack, as his hair was cropped, leaving a tuft. This Cossack lay on his back, with his huge legs and arms sprawled out. His face was a livid purple. His eyes were rolled up so that only the whites could be seen, and the veins in his bare legs and arms, which were still red, stood out like cords. He was thumping his head on the floor and hoarsely muttering some word which he repeated over and over again. Rostof listened to what he was saying, and at last made out what the word was: this word was "water — water — water!"

Rostof looked around in search of some one to put the man in his place and give him a drink.

"Who looks after the sick here?" he asked of the feldsher. Just at that moment a train-soldier, detailed to act as nurse, came along, and, scraping, made a low bow before Rostof.

"I wish you good-morning, your high nobility," cried the soldier, rolling his eyes on Rostof, and evidently mistaking him for some important official.

"Lift him up; give him water," said Rostof, pointing to the Cossack.

"I will, your high nobility," said the soldier, with

alacrity, rolling his eyes round still more attentively, and craning his neck, but still not stirring from the spot.

"No, there 's nothing I can do here," thought Rostof, dropping his eyes; he was about to go on, but felt the consciousness that an entreating glance was fixed upon him from the right, and he turned around to see. Almost in the very corner of the room, an old soldier was sitting on a cloak. He had a thin, stern face, as yellow as a skeleton, and a rough, gray beard; he looked entreatingly at Rostof. A neighbor of the old soldier on one side seemed to be whispering something to him, and pointed to Rostof. Rostof realized that the old man was determined to ask him some favor. He went nearer and perceived that one leg was affected with gangrene, and that the other had been amputated above the knee. Another neighbor of the old man's lay motionless at some little distance from him, with his head thrown back; this was a young soldier, whose snub-nosed face, still covered with freckles, was as white as wax; the eyes rolled up under his lids.

Rostof looked at the snub-nosed soldier, and a cold chill ran down his back.

"But this one, it seems to me, is...." he began, turning to the feldsher.

"We have already begged and prayed, your nobility," said the old soldier, with his lower jaw trembling. "It was all over this morning. Why! we are men, and not dogs."

"I will see to it immediately, he shall be removed, he shall be removed," hurriedly said the feldsher. "I beg of you, your nobility...."

"Come on, come on," replied Rostof, also hurriedly, and dropping his eyes and shrinking all together, trying to pass unobserved under the gauntlet of those reproachful and envious eyes fixed upon him, he left the room.

CHAPTER XVIII

Passing along the corridor, the feldsher led Rostof into the officers' ward, which consisted of three rooms, communicating by opened doors. There were beds in these rooms; the sick and wounded officers were lying and sitting on them. Some, in dressing-gowns, were pacing up and down the rooms.

The first person whom Rostof met in the officers' ward was a little slim man, with one arm gone, and wearing a cap and dressing-gown, who was walking up and down the first room with a pipe in his mouth. Rostof, on catching sight of him, racked his brains to remember where he had seen him.

"What a place for God to bring us together again!" exclaimed the little man. "I'm Tushin, Tushin, don't you remember? I brought you back safe at Schöngraben! Well, they've lopped off a little morsel, see here!" said he, smiling, and pointing to the empty sleeve of his khalat. "And you're hunting for Vasili Dmitrievitch Denisof. He's one of our chums!" he said, on learning whom Rostof wanted. "Here, here," and Tushin drew him into the second room, where several men were heard laughing loudly.

"I declare! how can they think of living here, much less of laughing?" wondered Rostof, with the odor of dead bodies which he had found in the soldiers' ward still in his nostrils, and still seeing those envious glances fixed upon him and following him, and the face of that young soldier with the upturned eyes.

Denisof, with his head buried under the bedclothes, was sound asleep on his bed, although it was noon.

"What? Wostof? How are you, how are you?" he cried, in exactly the same voice as when he was with the regiment; but Rostof observed with pain that, hidden under this show of ease and vivacity, there was a shadow of a new and disagreeable asperity in Denisof's expression, and in his words and tones.

His wound, in spite of its insignificance, was still un-

healed, though six weeks had passed since the skirmish. His face, also, had the same pallor and look of puffiness that characterized all the inmates of the hospital. But it was not this that so especially struck Rostof: he was amazed by the fact that Denisof did not seem to be glad to see him, and smiled unnaturally. Denisof did not once inquire about the regiment or about the general course of affairs. When Rostof spoke of these things, Denisof did not even listen.

Rostof noticed also that it was distasteful to Denisof to be reminded of the regiment, and in general of that larger and freer existence going on outside of the hospital. It seemed as if he were trying to forget his former life, and the only thing that interested him was his quarrel with the commissary chinovniks.

In reply to Rostof's question how the affair was going, he immediately pulled out from under his pillow a document which he had received from the commission, and the rough draft of his own reply to it. He brightened up as he began to read his document, and he called Rostof's attention to the keen things which he said against his enemies in his reply. Denisof's acquaintances of the hospital, who had crowded around Rostof as a person from the outside world, gradually scattered as soon as Denisof began to read his paper. By their faces, Rostof perceived that all these gentlemen had more than once heard the whole story and were heartily sick of it. Only one, his neighbor of the next bed, a stout Uhlan, still kept his seat on his hammock, frowning gloomily, and smoking his pipe; and the little, armless Tushin continued to listen, though he shook his head disapprovingly. In the midst of the reading, the Uhlan interrupted Denisof.

"Now, it's my opinion," said he, turning to Rostof, "that the only thing to do is simply to petition the sovereign for pardon. They say now there are going to be great rewards, and a mere matter of a pardon...."

"I petition the soveweign!" exclaimed Denisof, in a voice in which he tried hard to maintain his old-time energy and vehemence, but which sounded helplessly feeble.

"What for? If I had been a highway wobber, I might petition for pardon, but here I am court-martialed because I 'cawy these wobbers thwough clean water,' as the saying is. Let 'em twy me, I 'm not afwaid of 'em! I have served my Tsar honowably, and my countwy, and I have not been a thief! and they degwade me, and.... See here! listen to what I wite 'em in stwaightforward language. This is what I wite: 'If I had been an embezzler....'"

"It 's cleverly written, no question about that," said Tushin. "But that is not the point, Vasili Dmitritch." He turned also to Rostof: "He must give in, and this is what Vasili Dmitritch will not hear to doing. Now, there, the auditor himself told you that it was a bad business."

"Let it be bad business, then," exclaimed Denisof.

"And the auditor wrote a petition for you," continued Tushin, "and you had better sign it and give it to him. He" — meaning Rostof — "has influence at headquarters. You won't find a better chance."

"Yes, but have n't I told you that I won't stoop to cwinge," interrupted Denisof, and once more he set out to finish his document.

Rostof did not dare to argue with Denisof, although he felt instinctively that the course indicated by Tushin and the other officers was the one advisable; and although he should have counted himself happy to find a chance to render Denisof a service, he knew Denisof's unbending will and righteous wrath.

When Denisof had finished reading his venomous diatribe, which had consumed more than an hour, Rostof had nothing to say, and in the gloomiest frame of mind he spent the rest of the day in the society of Denisof's companions, who had gathered around him again, talking. He told them all the news, and listened to the tales of the others. Denisof preserved a moody silence all the afternoon.

Late in the afternoon, Rostof got up to go, and asked Denisof if there was nothing that he could do for him.

"Yes, wait," said Denisof, glancing at the officers,

and, pulling some papers out from under his pillow, he went to the window, where stood an inkstand, and began to write.

"You can't split an ax-head with a whip," said he, as he came away from the window, and gave Rostof a large envelope. This was the petition to the emperor, which the auditor had written for him; in it nothing was said whatever about the faults of the commissary department, but he simply craved pardon.

"Hand it in; it's evident...." he did not finish his sentence, and smiled a painfully unnatural smile.

CHAPTER XIX

On his return to the regiment, and having made his report to the commander in regard to Denisof's condition, Rostof set out for Tilsit with the petition to the sovereign.

On the twenty-fifth of June, the French and Russian emperors had met at Tilsit. Boris Drubetskoï begged the distinguished individual to whose staff he was attached for permission to be present at the conference which was to be held at Tilsit.

"I should like to see the great man with my own eyes," said he, speaking of Napoleon, whom he, like every one else, had always hitherto called Buonaparte.

"You mean Buonaparte?" asked the general, with a smile.

Boris looked inquiringly at his general, and immediately perceived that the general was trying to quiz him.

"Prince, I am speaking of the Emperor Napoleon," he replied.

The general, with a smile, tapped him on the shoulder. "You'll get on," said he, and he took him with him.

Boris was one of the few who were there at the Niemen on the day when the emperors met; he saw the rafts with the monograms; he saw Napoleon ride down the bank past the French Guards; he saw the Emperor

Alexander's thoughtful face, as he sat in silence in the inn on the bank of the river, waiting for Napoleon to come; he saw the two emperors get into the boats, and Napoleon, who was the first to reach the raft, go forward with swift steps to meet Alexander, give him his hand, and then disappear with him under the pavilion.

Ever since his entry into the highest circles, Boris had conceived the habit of carefully observing whatever was going on around him and recording it. During the time of the interview at Tilsit, he inquired the names of the personages who came with Napoleon, remarked the uniforms which they had on, and listened with great attention to the words spoken by all the men of importance. At the moment the emperors went into the pavilion, he looked at his watch, and he did not fail to look at it again at the moment Alexander came forth from the pavilion. The interview lasted an hour and fifty-three minutes; this fact he wrote down that very same evening, together with many others which he felt had historical significance.

Thus, the emperor's suite being very small, the fact of being present at Tilsit at the time of the interview was, for a man who prized success in the service, fraught with deep meaning; and Boris, who enjoyed this privilege, felt that his position was henceforth secured. He was not only known by name, but was always seen and taken for granted. Twice he was sent on errands to the emperor himself, so that the emperor came to know his face, and the inner circle not only ceased to shun him as "a new person," as before, but would have been surprised at his absence.

Boris lodged with another aide, the Polish Count Zhilinski. Zhilinski, though a Polyak, had been educated in Paris, was rich, was passionately fond of the French, and almost every day, during the time of the interview at Tilsit, he and Boris used to have the officers of the Guards and members of the imperial French staff to breakfast and dinner with them.

On the evening of the sixth of July, Count Zhilinski, Boris's chum, was giving a dinner to some of his French

acquaintances. At this dinner, the guest of honor was one of Napoleon's aides; there were a number of the officers of the Imperial Guard, and a young lad belonging to an old aristocratic French family, who was Napoleon's page.

That same day, Rostof, profiting by the darkness to pass unrecognized, proceeded to Tilsit, in civil dress, and went to the apartment occupied by Zhilinski and Boris.

Rostof, in common with the whole army from which he came, was as yet far from experiencing that change which had taken place at headquarters and in Boris, in regard to Napoleon and the French — to look upon them as friends instead of foes.

As yet, all connected with the army still continued to hold their former derisive feeling of ill-will, scorn, and fear of Bonaparte and the French. Only a short time before, Rostof, in talking with a Cossack officer of Platof's division, had contended that, if Napoleon had been taken prisoner, he would have been treated, not as a sovereign, but as a criminal.

Even more recently, falling in with a French colonel, who had been wounded, Rostof had become heated in trying to prove that there could be no peace between a lawful sovereign and a criminal like Bonaparte.

It struck Rostof strangely, therefore, to see in Boris's rooms French officers, in the very same uniforms which he had been in the habit of viewing in an utterly different light, across from the skirmishers' lines.

The moment he saw a French officer looking out of the door, that feeling of war, of hostility, which he always experienced at sight of the foe, suddenly took possession of him. He paused at the threshold, and asked in Russian if Drubetskoï lived there.

Boris heard the unwonted voice in the entry, and came out to meet him. At the first moment, on recognizing Rostof, a shade of annoyance crossed his face.

"Ah! is it you? Very glad, very glad to see you," said he, nevertheless, and coming towards him with a smile. But Rostof had noticed his first impression.

"It seems I have come at the wrong time," said he. "I should not have come, but I had business," he added coldly.

"No, I was only surprised that you had got away from your regiment. I'll be with you in a moment," he shouted, in reply to some one calling him from within.

"I see that my visit is untimely," repeated Rostof.

The expression of annoyance had entirely disappeared by this time from Boris's face; apparently having considered and made up his mind what course to pursue, he seized his visitor by both hands, with remarkable ease of manner, and drew him into the adjoining room. Boris's eyes, fixed calmly and confidently on Rostof, were, as it were, shielded by something — as if there were a screen, the blue spectacles of high society — placed in front of them. So it seemed to Rostof.

"Akh! please say no more about being come inopportunely," said Boris. He drew him into the room where the table was set for dinner, introduced him to the guests, calling him by name, and explaining that he was not a civilian, but an officer in the hussars, and an old friend of his. "Count Zhilinski," "*le Comte* N. N.," *le Capitaine* S. S.," said he, naming the guests. Rostof scowled at the Frenchmen, bowed stiffly, and said nothing.

Zhilinski was evidently displeased at the intrusion of this new Russian individual into his circle, and had nothing to say to Rostof. Boris, affecting not to notice the awkwardness produced by the introduction of the newcomer, and still displaying the same easy grace and impenetrable look of his eyes with which he had received Rostof, tried to enliven the conversation.

One of the Frenchmen turned, with characteristic Gallic politeness, to the stubbornly silent Rostof, and remarked that he supposed he had come to Tilsit to see the emperor.

"No, I came on business," replied Rostof, laconically.

Rostof's ill-humor had come on immediately at noticing the annoyance expressed in Boris's face, and, as

usually happens with people who are out of sorts, he imagined that all were looking at him with unfriendly eyes, and that he was in their way. And, in truth, he was in their way, for he took no part in the conversation that was just beginning.

"And why is he sitting there?" the glances that were fixed on him seemed to say. He got up and went to Boris.

"I know I am a constraint to you," said he, in a whisper. "Come, let me tell you about my business and I will be going."

"No, not in the least," replied Boris. "But if you are tired, let us go into my room, and you can lie down and rest."

"Well, really ...."

They went into Boris's little sleeping-room. Rostof, without sitting down, began in a pettish tone — as if Boris were in some way to blame for the matter — to tell him about Denisof's affair, and asked him if he could and would send in the petition for Denisof, through the general on whose staff he was serving, and see to it that Denisof's letter reached the emperor.

When the two were alone together, Rostof, for the first time, found it awkward to look into Boris's eyes. Boris, sitting with his legs crossed, and pressing the slender fingers of his right hand into his left, listened to Rostof in the same way as a general listens to a report from his subordinate; sometimes he glanced around, and then again looked into Rostof's face with that peculiar veil of impenetrability over his eyes. Rostof felt awkward every time that he did so, and he looked down.

"I have heard of things like that, and I know that the sovereign is very strict in such cases. I think it would be best not to bring it to his majesty's attention. In my opinion, it would be better to give the petition directly to the commander of the corps..... And, as a general thing, I think ...."

"Then you don't care to do anything. Why not say it right out!"

Rostof almost shouted, not looking at Boris's eyes.

Boris smiled. "On the contrary, I will do all that is in my power. But I thought...."

At this moment, Zhilinski's voice was heard, calling Boris back.

"Well, go, go, go!" said Rostof, and, excusing himself from the supper, and remaining alone in the little chamber, he paced for a long time up and down, and listened to the lively French conversation in the adjoining room.

CHAPTER XX

No day could have been more unfavorable for presenting Denisof's petition to the emperor than that on which Rostof went to Tilsit. He himself could not appear in the presence of the general-in-charge, for the reason that he was in civilian's dress, and had come away without leave of absence; and Boris, even if he had had the best will in the world, could not do this on the day that followed Rostof's arrival at Tilsit.

On that day, the ninth of July, the preliminary articles of peace were signed; the emperors exchanged orders, Alexander received that of the Legion of Honor, and Napoleon that of Saint Andrew of the first degree; and on that same day a dinner was to be given to the Preobrazhensky battalion by the battalion of the French Guards. The emperors had both agreed to be present at this banquet.

Rostof felt so ill at ease, and so offended with Boris, that when, after the supper was over, Boris came back to talk with him, he pretended to be asleep, and on the next day he left the house early in the morning, taking especial pains not to see him.

Nikolaï, in his civilian's hat and coat, wandered about the city, gazing at the French and their uniforms, studying the streets and residences where the French and Russian emperors were lodged. On the square he saw tables laid out, and men making preparations for the banquet; along the streets he beheld draperies with

the Russian and French colors entwined, and the letters A. and N. in monogram. In the windows of the houses there were also flags and monograms.

"Boris is n't willing to help me, and I won't have anything more to do with him, that's a settled thing," said Nikolaï to himself. "It's all over between us; but I won't leave town until I have done the best I could for Denisof, and at least handed his petition to the sovereign. To the sovereign?.... He is there!" said Rostof to himself, involuntarily wandering back to the mansion occupied by Alexander.

In front of the door stood saddle-horses, and the suite were assembling, evidently for the purpose of escorting his majesty on a ride.

"At any moment I may see him," said Rostof to himself. "If I could only put the letter straight into his hands! But would n't they arrest me, on account of being out of uniform? Impossible! He would understand on whose side justice lay. He understands everything, he knows everything! Who could be more just and generous than he? Besides, if they were to arrest me for being here, what harm would it be?" he asked himself, catching sight of an officer going into the house where the emperor lived. "It seems people do go in! Eh! it's all nonsense, I will go and give the petition to the sovereign myself, — so much the worse for Drubetskoï, who drives me to it."

And suddenly, with a resolution which was unexpected even to himself, Rostof grasped the letter in his pocket, and went straight to the residence occupied by his sovereign.

"Now, this time I will not miss my chance, as I did at Austerlitz," he said to himself, expecting every moment to meet the emperor, and feeling the blood rush to his heart at the mere thought. "I will fall at his feet and beseech him. He will lift me, listen to me, and even thank me. 'I am glad of any opportunity of doing good, but to right wrongs is my greatest happiness,'" said Rostof, imagining the words which his sovereign would say to him. And, though he had to

run the gauntlet of the inquisitive glances fastened upon him, he went up the front steps of the imperial residence.

From the porch, a broad staircase led straight up-stairs. At the right was a half-open door. Below, at the foot of the staircase, was still another door, leading to the ground floor.

"What do you wish?" asked some one.

"To give a letter, a petition, to his majesty," said Rostof, in a trembling voice.

"A petition? It should go to the general-in-charge; please pass this way," he indicated the door leading to the ground floor. "But he won't receive it."

On hearing this voice, so cold and unconcerned, Rostof was panic-stricken at his audacity; the thought that he might at any moment meet his majesty was so entrancing, and, at the same time, so terrible to him, that he felt like running away, but the kammer-fourrier, who came to meet him, opened the door into the general's office, and Rostof went in.

A short, stout man, thirty years of age, in white trousers, Hessian boots, and a batiste shirt apparently meant for summer only, was standing in this room; a valet was behind him, buttoning a pair of handsome new braces, embroidered in silk, as Rostof could not help noticing. This gentleman was talking with some one in the next room. "Devilishly well made," this man was just saying, but, when he caught sight of Rostof, he stopped and frowned.

"What is it you want? A petition?"

"What is it?" asked the individual in the next room.

"Another petitioner," replied the man in the braces.

"Tell him to come later. He's going out; we've got to go with him."

"Come later, to-morrow, to-morrow. It's too late now." ....

Rostof turned round and was about to go, when the man in the braces stopped him. "Who is it from? Who are you?"

"It's from Major Denisof," replied Rostof.

"And who are you? An officer?"

"Yes, a lieutenant, Count Rostof."

"What audacity! Give it to your general. And begone with you, begone." And he began to put on the rest of the uniform handed to him by his valet.

Rostof went down into the entry again, and noticed that on the steps there were still many officers and generals in full parade uniform, and that he would have to pass by them all. Cursing his audacity, his heart sinking within him at the thought that at any moment he might meet the sovereign, and be mortified, and even put under arrest in his presence, appreciating all the impropriety of his conduct, and regretting it, Rostof, with downcast eyes, was hastening away from the house, which was now surrounded by the glittering officers of the suite, when a well-known voice called him by name, and some one's hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Well, batyushka, what are you doing here without a uniform?" demanded a deep bass voice.

This was a general of cavalry, formerly commander of the division in which Rostof served. During that campaign he had won the signal favor of the sovereign.

Rostof was startled, and began to make his excuses, but when he saw the general's good-natured, jocose face, he drew him to one side, and began, in a voice choked by emotion, to lay his whole case before him, and begged the general to take the part of Denisof, who was well-known to him. The general listened to Rostof's story and shook his head gravely. "Pity, pity; he's a brave fellow; give me his letter."

Rostof had only just handed him the petition and finished telling Denisof's whole story, when quick steps and a jingling of spurs were heard on the staircase, and the general, leaving him, hurried to the steps. The gentlemen composing the sovereign's suite were hastening down from the staircase and going to their horses. The equerry, Hayne, the same one who had accompanied the sovereign at the battle of Austerlitz, brought up the emperor's steed, and then on the staircase was heard the slight squeak of steps, which Rostof instantly

knew. Forgetting his apprehension of being recognized, Rostof, with many other curious spectators, from among the natives, went close to the doorsteps, and again, though two years had passed, he recognized those adored features, the same face, the same glance, the same gait, the same union of majesty and sweetness. And that feeling of enthusiasm and love for his sovereign rose in Rostof's soul with all its former force.

The emperor wore the Preobrazhensky uniform, white chamois leather breeches, Hessian boots, with the star of an order which Rostof did not know. It was the *Légion d'Honneur.* As he came out on the steps, he held his hat under his arm and was putting on his gloves. He paused, glanced around, and his glance seemed to light up all about him. He said a few words to one of the generals. He also recognized the general who had been formerly commander of Rostof's division, gave him a smile, and beckoned to him.

All the suite moved away from them, and Rostof noticed that this general held a rather long conversation with the sovereign.

The emperor said a few words in reply, and took a step toward his horse. Again the crowd of the suite and the crowd of spectators, with Rostof in their number, followed after the emperor. Standing by his steed, with his arm thrown over the saddle, the sovereign turned to the cavalry general, and spoke in a loud voice, evidently intending that he should be heard by all: —

"I cannot, general, and I cannot because the law is more powerful than I," said the emperor, and he put his foot in the stirrup. The general respectfully inclined his head; the emperor got into the saddle and rode at a gallop down the street. Rostof, forgetting himself in his enthusiasm, joined the crowd and ran after him.

CHAPTER XXI

On the square where the emperor was going, the battalion of the Preobrazhentsui stood facing the street on the right; on the left stood the battalion of the French Guards, in their bearskin caps.

Just as the sovereign rode up toward one flank of the battalion, which presented arms, another throng of mounted men galloped up to the other flank, and Rostof recognized Napoleon at their head. It could have been no one else. He rode at a gallop, wearing his cocked hat, with the ribbon of Saint Andrew across his breast, with his blue coat unbuttoned over his white waistcoat. Riding up to Alexander on his Arabian steed, gray, of extraordinarily good blood, with crimson housings embroidered in gold, he took off his hat, and, at this motion, Rostof, as a trained cavalryman, could not help noticing that Napoleon sat awkwardly and unsteadily on his horse. The battalions shouted "Hurrah!" and "*Vive l'empereur!*" Napoleon said something to Alexander. Then the two emperors dismounted and shook hands. Napoleon's face wore a disagreeably artificial smile. Alexander, with a courteous expression, made some remark to him.

Rostof, notwithstanding the trampling of the horses of the mounted *gendarmes* constantly backing into the throng, followed every motion of the two emperors, not taking his eyes from them. It struck him as most extraordinary that Alexander treated Napoleon as an equal, and that Bonaparte bore himself toward the Russian Tsar also as an equal, as if this proximity to the sovereign were perfectly natural and usual with him.

Alexander and Napoleon, with a long train following them, passed along toward the right wing of the Preobrazhensky battalion, straight toward the throng that had collected there. By some chance, the throng was allowed to press so near the emperors, that Rostof, who found himself in the very front row, felt anxious lest he should be recognized.

"Sire, I crave permission to grant the Legion of Honor to the bravest of your soldiers," said a shrill, precise voice, dwelling on every syllable. These words were spoken by the diminutive Bonaparte, looking straight up into Alexander's eyes. Alexander listened attentively to what he said, and inclined his head with a pleasant smile.

"To the one who conducted himself most gallantly during this last war," added Napoleon, laying equal stress on each syllable, with an unconcern and self-confidence which aroused Rostof's indignation. At the same time, Napoleon glanced round on the ranks of Russian soldiery drawn up before him, and still presenting arms and immovably looking into their sovereign's face.

"Will your majesty permit me to consult with the colonel?" asked Alexander, and he made a few hasty steps toward Prince Kozlovsky, the commander of the battalion. Bonaparte began, meantime, to be drawing his glove from his small, white hand, and when it tore he threw it away. An aide, hastening forward, picked it up.

"To whom shall it be given?" asked the Emperor Alexander, in a low tone, in Russian, of Kozlovsky.

"Whom would you designate, your majesty?"

The sovereign frowned with annoyance, and glancing round, said:—

"Yes, but I must give him an answer."

Kozlovsky, with a resolute look, glanced along the ranks, and his eyes rested on Rostof.

"He could n't by any possibility choose me?" said Rostof to himself.

"Lazaref," commanded the colonel, knitting his brows, and the first man in the front rank briskly stepped forward. This was Lazaref.

"Where are you going? Stand there!" whispered various voices to Lazaref, who did not know where to go. He stood in trepidation, looking askance at his colonel, and his face twitched, as is generally the case with soldiers summoned to the front. Napoleon bent

his head back a little, and stretched his small, plump hand behind him, as if he wished something to be handed him. The faces of his suite, who at that instant surmised what was going to take place, showed some perplexity; there was whispering, some object was handed from one to another, and a page, the very one whom Rostof had seen at Boris's the evening before, sprang forward, and, respectfully bowing over the outstretched hand, and not causing it to remain a single instant, placed in it an order, on a red ribbon.

Napoleon, not looking at it, closed two fingers, and retained the badge between them. Then he went up to Lazaref, who, with staring eyes, continued to gaze steadfastly at his sovereign and no one else. Napoleon looked at the Emperor Alexander, signifying by this that what he was doing now he did out of consideration for his ally. The little white hand with the badge touched the button of the soldier Lazaref. Napoleon seemed to realize that all that was necessary to make this soldier forever fortunate, decorated, and distinguished above every one else in the world was for this white hand of his merely to touch this soldier's breast! Napoleon simply suspended the cross on the soldier's chest, and, dropping his hand, returned to where Alexander was standing, as if he knew that the cross must needs stick to the man's breast. And the cross really did stick there!

Officious Russian and French hands instantly seized the cross and fastened it to the man's uniform. Lazaref had gazed moodily at the little man with white hands who had been doing something to him, and he continued to present arms, with his eyes again directed straight at Alexander's face, as if he were asking his sovereign whether it were his duty still to stand there, or whether he should go back, or whether there was anything else for him to do. But as no orders were given him, he stood in exactly the same motionless attitude for some time.

The sovereigns mounted and rode away. The Preobrazhentsui, breaking ranks, began to mingle with the

French Guardsmen, and took their seats at the tables which had been prepared for them.

Lazaref was assigned to the seat of honor. Russian and French officers pressed around him, congratulated him, and shook hands with him. A throng of officers and the public crowded around, merely to get a sight of the man. The hum of conversation in French and Russian, and bursts of hearty laughter, began to be heard around the table erected in the square.

Two officers, with flushed faces, feeling gay and happy, passed by Rostof. "What a treat, brother! All served on silver!" said one. "Did you see Lazaref?"

"I did!"

"To-morrow, they say, the Preobrazhentsui are going to give them a dinner."

"Is that so? What luck for Lazaref! twelve hundred francs pension for life!"

"How's that for a cap, children!" cried a Preobrazhenets, putting on a Frenchman's shaggy bearskin.

"Marvelously fine; very becoming!"

"Have you heard the countersign?" asked one Guardsman of another. "Day before yesterday, it was '*Napoléon, France, bravoure!*' Yesterday, '*Alexandre, Russie, grandeur*'; one day our sovereign gives the watchword, and the next, Napoleon. To-morrow the sovereign is going to confer the George on the bravest of the Guards. He can't help it. He's got to keep up his end!"

Boris and his friend Zhilinski also came out to witness the banquet to the Preobrazhentsui. As they returned, Boris noticed Rostof standing near the corner of a house.

"Hullo, Rostof! Good-morning; we missed each other," said he, and he could not refrain from asking what had happened to him, so strangely dark and disturbed was Rostof's face.

"Nothing, nothing," replied Rostof.

"Will you join us?"

"Yes, by and by."

Rostof stood for a long time by the house-corner, gaz-

ing at the feasters. His mind was filled with painful reflections which he could never bring to a satisfactory conclusion. Strange doubts had risen in his mind. Now he recalled Denisof and the change that had come over him, and his obstinacy, and the whole hospital, with those amputated legs and arms, with all that filth and disease. It came up so vividly in his imagination, at that instant, he had such a lively sense of that fetid odor of putrefaction, and that dead body, that he glanced around to see what might be the cause of it. Then, in contrast, he recalled that self-conceited Bonaparte, with his little white hand: he was emperor now, the loved and valued friend of the Emperor Alexander! For what purpose, then, all those amputated legs and arms, and those men killed? Then he remembered Lazaref rewarded, and Denisof punished and unforgiven. He found himself indulging in such strange thoughts that he was frightened.

The savor of the viands and the pangs of hunger drove him out of this mood; he had to get something to eat before going back. He went into an inn which he had seen that morning. He found so many people there, and so many officers, who, like himself, had come in citizen's dress, that he had difficulty in getting dinner.

Two officers of the same division as his own joined him. The conversation naturally turned on the peace. These officers, Rostof's friends, like the majority of the army, were dissatisfied with the peace which had been concluded after Friedland. They maintained that, if only they had held out a little longer, Napoleon would have laid down his arms, that he had no supplies or ammunition for his troops.

Nikolaï ate in silence, and kept drinking. He alone drank two bottles of wine. The inner conflict which had risen in his soul, instead of finding solution, tormented him more than ever. He was afraid to express his thoughts, and he could not get rid of them. Suddenly, at the remark of one of the officers that it was a humiliation to look at the French, Rostof began to declaim with a heat and violence wholly uncalled for, and therefore very amazing to the officers.

"And how, pray, can you decide what would have been best?" he shouted, his face flushing suddenly crimson. "Why do you judge the sovereign's actions? What right have we to sit in judgment on him? We cannot appreciate or understand the sovereign's actions!"

"But I have n't said a word about the sovereign," replied the officer, who could not explain Rostof's violence on any other ground than that he was drunk.

But Rostof did not heed him.

"We are not diplomatic chinovniks; we are soldiers and nothing else," he went on to say. "We are commanded to die, and we die. And if we are punished, then of course we must be to blame; it is n't for us to criticise. It is sufficient for our sovereign, the emperor, to recognize Bonaparte as emperor, and to conclude peace with him; then, of course, it must be so. For if we once begin to criticise and sit in judgment, then there will be nothing sacred left. We shall be declaring that there is no God, no nothing!" screamed Nikolaï, pounding the table with his fist with quite unnecessary vehemence, as his friends felt; in reality it was demanded by his feelings. "It 's our business to fulfil our duty, to fight, and not to think, and that 's the end of it," he said in conclusion.

"And drink," said one of the officers, wishing to avoid a quarrel.

"Yes, and drink," replied Nikolaï. "Hey, there! another bottle!" he cried.

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